

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1810.

ART. I. *Observador Portuguez, Historico e Politico, de Lisboa, desde o dia 27 de Novembro do Anno de 1807, em que embarcou para o Brazil o Principe Regente Nosso Senhor e toda a Real Familia, por Motivo da Invasam dos Francezes neste Reino, &c. Contém todos os Editaes, Ordens publicas e particulares, Decretos, Successos fataes e desconhecidos nas Historias do Mundo; todas as Batalhas, Roubos e Usurpaçoens, até o dia 15 de Setembro de 1808, em que foram expulsos, depois de batidos, os Francezes. Lisboa. 1809.*

THE tyranny which was exercised over the press in Portugal produced a race of authors in that country more resembling in their frame of mind the writers of the middle ages than those of modern times. The people sunk into an intellectual torpor under the paralyzing despotism of church and state; and the number of readers was in consequence so small, that literature never became a trade. There was therefore no occupation for that execrable race who, either in their own naked character as libellers, or under the assumed title of satirists and critics, acquire notoriety by paudering to envy or malice; and as little scope was there for political adventurers, who hope to rise in the world by tying themselves to the tail of a party-kite. No man became an author for the sake of gain, or for the hope of preferment; and, except a few young poets, there were none who published for the love of reputation. Their sonnets and pastorals, and *glosas*, easily past the various Boards of Censure, which presented an insuperable barrier to all works that tended, in the slightest degree, to expose the errors and abuses of the existing government. For the last century, scarcely any book of history or of travels appeared in Portugal. So greatly indeed have authors been

deterred from publication, by the obstacles which the Boards of Censure presented, and so little has there been to tempt them in the rewards or applause which the public could bestow, that a very large proportion of Portuguese literature exists at this day in manuscript. Men were always found who delighted in acquiring knowledge for its own sake, who amused themselves in composing works for their own instruction and that of their friends, contented with self-applause, and with the thought that they were preparing materials for which future historians would be grateful.

The author of the *Portuguese Observer* is a man of this description. During the tyranny of Junot, he collected every edict which was issued, kept a faithful journal of the events passing within his own knowledge, and procured accounts on which he could rely from other parts of the kingdom. When this melancholy task was begun, there could have been no other feeling to alleviate it, than the desire of leaving to posterity a faithful detail of an aggression, at that time unparalleled for injustice and cruelty in the annals of Europe. On the deliverance of his country, he was enabled to publish as much of this journal as prudence would permit; much, he confesses, has been withheld, because the times required it; that is to say, he has been unwilling to make himself obnoxious by exposing the misconduct of individuals; and there is as yet no liberty of the press in Lisbon. But though he admits that it has not been possible for him to relate the whole truth—his book contains nothing but the truth: this he solemnly affirms; it is corroborated by the testimony of persons best acquainted with the transactions of that period, and the work itself bears the strongest marks of veracity.

According to this writer, the circumstance which made the Prince of Brazil resolve upon retiring to his vast empire in America, was the communication of the secret treaty of Fontainebleau from the English court. Had this measure been earlier resolved on, the act itself might have been one of the sublimest spectacles recorded in history; but the haste with which it was conducted rendered it a scene of confusion. On the part of the emigrants, nothing was to be seen but hurry and disorder—on the part of the people, astonishment and dismay. Sir Sidney Smith offered to bring his fleet abreast of the city, and there, seconded by the indignant populace, dispute every inch of the ground with the invader. Lisbon, he said, was surely as defensible as Buenos Ayres. It was well for Junot, that this resolution was not effected.

The first division of the French army, consisting of 10,000 men, reached the villages adjoining Lisbon on the 29th of November, while the Prince and his faithful followers were sailing out of the river. They arrived without baggage, having only their knapsacks, and a half-gourd slung from their girdle as a drinking cup; their

... muskets.

muskets were rusty and many of them out of repair: the men were mostly bare-foot, foundered with their march, and almost fainting from fatigue and want of food. The very women of Lisbon might have knocked them on the head. On the following day, the royal guard of police went out to meet Junot, and he made his entrance into the city. A proclamation had previously been circulated, in which the General added to his other titles that of Great Cross of the Order of Christ, an honour conferred on him by that very Prince whom he came to entrap and destroy. 'Inhabitants of Lisbon!' he said, 'I come to save your port and your Prince from the malignant influence of England. That Prince, otherwise respectable for his virtues, has permitted himself to be drawn away by perfidious counsellors, to be delivered by them to his enemies: they alarmed him for his personal safety—his subjects were regarded as nothing, and your interests were sacrificed to the cowardice of a few courtiers. People of Lisbon, remain at peace in your houses, fear nothing from my army—nor from me; our enemies, and the criminal are the only persons who ought to fear us. The Great Napoleon, my master, sends me to protect you: I will protect you.'

The first act of this protection was to seize the fortresses upon the river, and fire upon the ships which had not yet got out. The shops were shut; the streets full of people; and the discount upon the paper money rose to 50 per cent. The next day, December 1, was the anniversary of the Acclamation—of that revolution which restored the crown of Portugal to its rightful heir. What a day for those inhabitants of Lisbon who loved their country, and were familiar with the history of its age of glory! Powder-waggons were now creaking through the streets; the patrols and the whole force of the police were employed in calming and controuling the people who beheld all this with indignation, and an instinctive longing to vindicate themselves. The parish ministers went from house to house, informing the inhabitants that they must prepare to quarter the French officers, and collecting matrasses and blankets for the men. In the midst of all this, so violent a storm of wind arose, that it shook the houses like an earthquake; and in the terror which it occasioned many families fled into the open country. Many buildings were injured; the treasury and arsenal unroofed; and the tide suddenly rose twelve feet. The circumstance was noted in the Paris papers; and, in the spirit of those writers who speak of the tempest which occurred at Cromwell's death as something supernatural, it was added that no sooner had the French flag been hoisted, than the elements were calmed, and the sun broke forth in all his splendour. This interpretation however could not be current at Lisbon, because the French flag was not hoisted there till ten days after the storm.

The troops entered Lisbon mostly by night, and without beat of drum. Eleven thousand were now posted in the city from Belem to the Grilo, and from the Castle to Arroios. The generals of division and brigade took possession of the houses of those fidalgos who accompanied the Prince, and of the principal merchants; and as the first fruits of that protection which the religion of the country was to experience, all persons in the great convents of Jesus, the Paulistas, and S. Francisco da Cidade, who had any relations by whom they could be housed, were ordered to turn out, that the French soldiers might be quartered in their apartments. On the 3d the merchants were called on for a forced loan of two millions of cruzados, and this at a time when their ships had been seized in France, when a British squadron blockaded the port of Lisbon, when the ships from Brazil were warned off by that squadron and sent to England, and all foreign commerce utterly destroyed! Every day, almost every hour, brought with it some new mark of French protection. Account was taken of the property of all those persons who followed the Prince, that it might be confiscated. M. Hermann was added to the Regency, and made minister of finance and of the interior by an appointment of Buonaparte, which by its date sufficiently proved, if any proof had been needed, that whatever the conduct of the Prince might be, that tyrant had resolved to usurp the kingdom. The edict which Junot had issued on his first entrance into Portugal was now printed and circulated in Lisbon. Beginning in the usual stile of French hypocrisy, it ended with their usual insolence and cruelty. Every Portuguese, it said, who not being a soldier of the line was apprehended in an armed assembly, should be shot. If any Frenchman was killed in the country, the town or village to which the district belonged where the murder was committed, should be fined in not less than three times the amount of its whole annual rents, and the four principal inhabitants taken as hostages for the payment. And as an exemplary act of justice, the first city, town, or village, in which a Frenchman was assassinated, should be burnt to the ground. When this decree was issued the Prince of Brazil was in alliance with France, and Junot protested that he was entering as a friend, expressing his confidence that the fine city of Lisbon would joyfully receive an army which alone could preserve it from becoming the prey of the English.

The next measure was an edict for the confiscation of English goods, ordering all persons who had any English property in their possession to give an account of it within three days, on pain of being fined in a sum ten times the amount of the property concealed, and even of corporal punishment, if it was thought proper to inflict

flict it. On the same day the use of fire-arms in sporting was prohibited throughout the whole kingdom, and any person detected in carrying fowling pieces or pistols without a licence from General Laborde, the commandant of Lisbon, was to be considered as a vagabond and highway murderer, carried before a military commission, and punished accordingly. The next day all kinds of arms whatsoever were prohibited; and the wine-sellers were ordered to turn out all soldiers at seven in the evening, on pain of a heavy fine, and of death for the third offence. The troops, as they continued to arrive, were quartered in all the convents, and their women with them, as if to insult the religious feelings of the people. Complaints were made that the officers required those persons upon whom they were billeted to keep a table for them: an order was issued in which Junot expressed his displeasure, saying that the French officers in Portugal were to consider themselves as in garrison, and had no right to demand any thing more than lodging, fire, and lights. He reminded them also that the Emperor had placed them on the same footing as the grand army, in consequence of which they would regularly receive extraordinary pay sufficient to defray all their expenses. This edict was in the true spirit of the French generals; it was something to be published in foreign newspapers as a proof of the good order which they observed: meantime all the superior officers not merely compelled those upon whom they had billeted themselves, to furnish a table, but every kind of provision also for the entertainments which they thought proper to give. Many persons gave up their houses to these insolent guests and retired into the country; still they were obliged to support the establishment, and answer all the demands which the intruders chose to make.

There now appeared a pastoral letter from the Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon, written at the request, that is to say, under the orders of Junot. The author of this journal apologizes for its abject and servile language: its secret meaning, he says, will be apparent if it is read with attention; and its effect was, as the venerable pastor intended, to strengthen the veneration of the Portuguese for their religion, and tend to the destruction of the impious wretches who were profaning it. It is to be regretted that so faithful and patriotic a writer should, in his wish to excuse another, attempt to justify what ought not even to be published. For whatever may have been the Patriarch's secret desires, and however his language may have belied his heart, certain it is that he now betrayed his country, and as far as in him lay, contributed to its degradation and destruction. He told the Portuguese that the French were come to assist them; that they were under the protection of Napoleon the Great, whom God had destined to support and defend religion, and to constitute the

happiness

happiness of his people. 'You know him,' said he; the whole world knows him: confide therefore with unalterable security in this prodigious man, whose like has not been seen in any age. He will diffuse over us the blessings of peace, if you respect his determinations.' In this manner, exhorting them passively to submit to whatever might occur, he entreated all his clergy by the bowels of Christ Jesus, to concur with him in impressing upon them the duty of resignation and submission. This address was intended to prepare the people for what followed; and on the succeeding day the French flag was hoisted upon the arsenal. It is the system of Buonaparte and the infamous ministers of his tyranny to break down, by a series of insults, the spirit of every nation which is unhappy enough to be brought under his yoke. Two days the French colours remained flying there; on the 3d, the French troops were drawn up in the square of the Rocio, when Junot thanked them in the Emperor's name for the constancy with which they had endured the hardships of their march. Heaven, said he, has favoured us in our object of saving this fine city from the oppression of the English, and we have now the glory of seeing the French flag planted in Lisbon. He then called upon them to cry, *Long live the Emperor Napoleon!* at the same moment the French colours were hoisted on the castle, a salute of twenty guns was fired, and repeated by all the forts upon the river. This was about mid-day; the Portuguese had been murmuring from the moment the flag appeared upon the arsenal, and this new insult increased their shame and indignation. Without plan, without leaders, without other arms than sticks and stones and knives, they attacked the guards in the Great Square, between five and six in the evening: Junot was giving a grand dinner in honour of some victory—it was abruptly ended—his officers hastened to their posts, and the Portuguese traitors who were his guests fled to their own houses. The tumult continued about three hours. It was then so far suppressed that Junot with most of his generals went to the Opera, and there displayed the French flag as if in triumph. The greater part of the few Portuguese who were present left the theatre. While this bravado was going on, cannon were planted at head-quarters, and gun-boats stationed so as to command some of the market places and streets. At day-break the streets were full of soldiers, horse and foot patrolling the town; but wherever a Frenchman ventured to appear alone he was immediately attacked. Many families fled into the country. Junot published an edict ordering that every person taken in arms should be carried before a military commission: he prefixed to it this sentence as a text for his bloody laws, '*Rebellion is the greatest of all crimes.*' He then fortified the castle, threw

threw up new works, and planted batteries, from which he threatened to destroy Lisbon if the insurrection was renewed.

These disturbances were not attended with much bloodshed, and no executions followed them. The Portuguese troops had not joined the people—for no plan had been concerted, and the resistance when attempted was perfectly hopeless. Their disposition however was well known; and the regiments which had been called from the provinces by the Prince immediately before his embarkation, were now ordered back to their respective stations. It was found that the decree for the discovery and confiscation of English property and goods had produced little effect: the three days allowed for giving in an account elapsed on the 7th, and on the 8th the term was prolonged for eight days more, with heavy denunciations against those persons who should attempt to evade it. That part of the decree which related to English property might easily be obeyed by those who chose to obey it; but the confiscation of all English goods, in a place where half the goods were English, was a measure as impracticable as oppressive; and the day after Junot had issued his second edict upon the subject, he found it necessary to publish a third, modifying the former two, and in fact confessing their absurdity. It appeared, he said, that in virtue of these decrees, the merchants and shopkeepers could not dispose of many articles of English manufacture; that the want of these articles kept out of the market a great number of things which were in daily use, and would therefore raise the price of those which were not prohibited; they were therefore permitted to sell such articles as were not actually the property of British subjects, under the following conditions. 1. That an account of the British goods in their possession should be delivered in, and permission to sell them obtained from the commissary at Lisbon, or some public functionary in the provinces. 2. That this permission should not be granted, unless the kind, quality, measure, quantity, and price of the article for sale were specified. 3. That the vender should hold himself responsible for the amount of all which he disposed of, and for that purpose should enter in his books the quantity of the thing sold, the price, and the name of the purchaser.

A few days before Christmas the priests were forbidden to celebrate cock-mass, that the people might not have that opportunity of assembling by night. It was ordered that no bells should be sounded on that night, and even the use of the little bell which precedes the sacrament when it is carried through the streets was prohibited. On the day after these orders were issued, the Inquisitor General published a pastoral letter repeating and enforcing the base language of the patriarch. It was received with indignation by the people: the author of this diary says, that they condemned the

inquisitor because they read only the written words, and did not discover the hidden meaning; but when the Spaniards and Portuguese shall have worked out their own deliverance, which, whatever disasters they may now experience, sooner or later they assuredly will do, both nations will do well to remember that the inquisition betrayed the government by which it had so long been encouraged, and the people whom it had so long oppressed and degraded.

Great exultation was manifested by the French at the news that Russia had declared against England; this they had considered as the most difficult of all their projects, and the only thing requisite to ensure their full success. But the same day brought tidings that many of the Brazil ships had been warned off by the blockading squadron, and though a Russian fleet was lying in the Tagus, Junot had ocular proofs that these northern allies could not enable France to wrest from Britain the dominion of the seas. Lisbon is dependant for great part of its corn upon foreign supplies—to provide against the scarcity which was now foreseen, it was decreed that all farmers and corn dealers who were indebted to the crown, should pay half the amount in grain, which was to be delivered to the French commissariat at the current prices. As the government was now effectually converted into a military usurpation, it became easy to simplify its operations, and most of the persons formerly employed in civil departments were dismissed from office. Some were at once turned off, others had documents given them, entitling them to be reinstated upon vacancies—a few had some trifling pension promised them. The miseries of servitude were now fully felt in Lisbon, which but a few weeks before had been one of the most flourishing cities in Europe. Whole families were suddenly reduced to poverty and absolute want. All who depended for employment and subsistence upon foreign trade were now destitute. Their trinkets went first, whatever was saleable followed—these things were sold at half their value, while the price of food was daily augmenting. Persons who had lived in plenty and respectability were seen publicly asking alms, and women, hitherto of unblemished virtue, walked the streets offering themselves to prostitution, that the mother might obtain bread for her starving children, the daughter for her starving parents. These were sights which the French generals and officers beheld without compunction; but the consequences which their invasion produced in the provinces threatened to affect themselves. Their march through the country had been like that of an army of locusts, leaving famine wherever they past—the peasantry, some utterly ruined by this devastation, and all hopeless because of the state to which Portugal was reduced, abandoned themselves to the same kind of despair

despair which in some parts of South America contributed to exterminate the Indians, and at one time materially distressed and endangered their cruel conquerors. They thought it was useless to sow the seed, if the French were to enjoy the harvest; and so generally did this feeling operate, that the mock regency which acted under Junot, found it necessary to issue orders compelling them to go on with the usual business of agriculture.

The encouragement of agriculture was made a pretext for breaking up the Portuguese army. Every subaltern and soldier who had served eight years, or who had not served six months, was discharged, and ordered to return to his own province. The Spanish general at Porto, acting upon the same system as Junot, and as yet unsuspecting of the fate which the French were preparing for his own country, issued a similar order; and the Marquis de Socorro, who commanded at Setubal, as governor of the new kingdom, in which he expected that that miserable puppet and traitor the Prince de la Paz would soon be invested, disbanded by one sweeping decree all the Portuguese militias, discharged all the married men from the regular army, and invited all others to apply for leave of absence. In the partition and invasion of Portugal, the wretched court of Madrid was as guilty as that of the Tuilleries; but the conduct of the Spaniards during the invasion was far different from that of their treacherous allies. Neither insult nor outrage was committed by them, and while all the measures of the French were directed to the two purposes of enslaving the Portuguese, and enriching themselves, the Spanish generals courted and obtained the good opinion of the people. The province of Alem-Tejo suffered no exactions during the time that it was under the Marquis de Socorro; and while Junot's edicts were in one uniform spirit of tyranny, the Spanish Marquis was offering rewards to those who raised the greatest crops, or bred the most numerous flocks and herds. Some of his decrees indicated a curious passion for legislating. He addressed circular instructions to the judges, enjoining each of them when he had notice of any civil suit, to call the parties before him, hear their respective statements, and advise them to settle the dispute by arbitration. If they persisted in their appeal to the laws, he was then to require from each, before the process went forward, a written statement of the case, and the documents which were to support it. If the thing contested did not exceed eighty mil-reis in value, he might pronounce summary judgment without farther examination; the party cast, however, retained a right of appeal to the superior courts. If the value exceeded this sum, the parties were again to be exhorted to come to some accord, or at least to agree upon shortening the process, and avoiding all unnecessary delay and expense; and the judges were empowered

empowered to do this, even without the consent of the parties, and come as summarily as possible to the merits of the case.

This decree implied good intentions, however inadequate the means may have been to produce the end designed; but another of the Marquis's projects seems to have been borrowed from the policy of Japan. Every parish was to be divided into districts, containing not less than one hundred houses, not more than two. Each district was to chuse one among its inhabitants with the title of commissioner, whose duty it should be to make out a list of all the members of his district, their ages and occupations, to interfere in all family disputes for the purpose of accommodating them, to prevent all idleness, and to keep all persons to their respective employments. If they were not obedient to his admonitions, he was to denounce them to the magistrates, that due punishment might be inflicted. He was also to walk his rounds for at least an hour every night, accompanied with four of the most respectable men of the district, to see that no prohibited games were played in the taverns, and that nothing was committed offensive to good morals. Such a system of police, if it were practicable in Europe, would be pernicious; but though the Marquis was a visionary politician, his feelings seem to have been originally so good, that it is to be lamented such a man should have become the tool of the French, and sacrificed his life and his honour in their service.

The conduct of the Spanish soldiers corresponded with the disposition of their chiefs: accustomed to the same habits of life, attached to the same idolatry as the Portuguese, and speaking a language so little different that they mutually understood each other; the Spaniards lived among them like men of the same country; and as long as the power remained in their hands, the people of Alem-Tejo experienced none of those insults and oppressions under which the inhabitants of Lisbon were suffering. Notice was given in that city that all Brazilians who wished to return to their own country might obtain passports and permission to embark in neutral ships. All who could assign any pretext for availing themselves of the permission, hastened to purchase passports, and the money which the French exacted in this instance was cheerfully paid. Meantime the most rigorous measures were taken to prevent any person from effecting his escape to the English squadron. All the fishing boats were divided into districts denoted by letters, and then numbered, and compelled to have their letter and number painted on the bow and quarter in white, and of a foot high. The master of every boat was bound to carry a list containing the letter of his district, the number of his boat, his name, his dwelling-place, and the number and names of the men on board: this list was to be his passport at the different batteries, and his protection

tection from the guard or watch-boats which patrolled the river, and were charged to apprehend every person whose name was not inscribed in the list, and to seize the vessel as a prize. The magistrates of every district were also to deliver a list of all the owners of fishing-boats, in order that their property might be seized in case of any infraction of these rules; and a counter-list was to be kept on board the floating battery. All the owners, of whatever district, were to appear every Saturday at this floating battery, and have their lists verified. Every boat which had any communication with the English squadron, was to be confiscated; and all were bound to be within the bar at sun-set on pain of being fined one six and thirty for the first offence, three for the second, and confiscation of the boat and corporal punishment for the third.

About the middle of January, Junot went, with more than his usual pomp, to the Foundry, broke the portraits of the Braganza kings, and gave orders that the Portuguese arms should no longer be placed upon the cannon. Two days afterwards he returned, and ordered the royal arms that were carved in stone over the entrance, to be defaced: no Portuguese would be the instrument of this poor insult, though the workmen were tempted by the offer of a six and thirty. Some French soldiers were then told to do the work; they broke the crown in pieces, and defaced the shield; and no sooner had they left the place, than the populace eagerly gathered up the fragments of the crown to preserve them as relics. It was remarked that the invaders became more insolent after they had disbanded the Portuguese troops. As a body they could not have feared them; but every individual was, in some measure, restrained by the apprehension of individual vengeance; and any tumult which might take place would have been rendered far more serious if the military, as was natural, had taken part with the people. They now began to insult the Portuguese with scoffs and sarcasms, and openly to plunder them. This was not always done with impunity. A man at Mafra killed two Frenchmen with a reaping hook: he was put to death for it; but, to his last breath, he gloried in what he had done, and repeated, that if all his countrymen were like him, there should not a single Frenchman remain alive. The name of this brave Portuguese was Jacinto Correia.

On the first of February the guns were fired, and Junot informed the people in a proclamation that the fate of Portugal was decided and her future felicity secured, because Napoleon the Great had taken her under his omnipotent protection. The House of Braganza had ceased to reign, and the fine country which formerly had been their portion was now to be governed in his name, and by the general-in-chief of his army. 'The duties,' said Junot, 'which this mark of beniginity and confidence, on the part of my master,

ter, imposes upon me, are difficult to fulfil, but I hope worthily to discharge them. I will open roads and canals, that agriculture and national industry may once more flourish. The Portuguese troops, commanded by their most approved leaders, will soon form one family with the soldiers of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Friedland; and there will be no other rivalry between them than that of valour and discipline. The good administration of the public revenues will secure to every one the reward of his labours. Public instruction, that mother of national civilization, shall be extended over the provinces, and Algarve and Beira will one day have their Camoens. The religion of your forefathers, the same which we all profess, shall be protected. Justice shall be freed from the delay and arbitrary will which paralysed it heretofore; the public tranquillity shall no more be disturbed by robbers, and deformed mendicity no longer drag its filthy attire through this superb capital.' The Portuguese author bursts out in a strain of indignant irony upon what he calls this French masterpiece, this oracle of felicity. 'The roads and canals which were opened,' he exclaims, 'were saccages, deaths, and desolations; the public instruction was, that all the schools were closed; that the professors were driven out to find subsistence where they could; that some of the scholars fled, and some died of hunger! The protection which the French afforded to religion was, that they stript the altars, stole the church plate, murdered the priests, defaced the images, and mocked the God who created them! The administration of justice was, that whoever had money won his cause—whoever could get the interest of a physician to his excellency—of a Colonel Prost, a Prince of Salm-salm, a General Loison, a madame—French or Portuguese, carried every thing, and overcame all difficulties. Robbers there were indeed none, after the French entered; for they were ashamed to exercise their vocation before such expert proficients as the soldiers of Napoleon. There was not an olive-yard which they did not cut down when they wanted fire; not a house in which they did not take up their quarters as in an inn; and when they went out of it, they were loaded with the bed-clothes. Deformed mendicity was no longer to appear; but the number of mendicants was tripled, and they lay dying for want in the streets! And the tranquillity and security of the people was, that they forsook the villages and fled into the wilds, and even there were persecuted and hunted down.'

The device of Buonaparte was now placed over the arsenal: it was an eagle upon an anchor. The official seals were ordered to bear the same impress as those of the French empire, with this inscription, 'Government of Portugal;' and on the same day that possession was thus taken for the omnipotent Napoleon, and protection

section promised in his name, an edict appeared, dated from Milan, December 23, imposing a war contribution-extraordinary of 100,000,000 of franks upon the kingdom of Portugal, as a ransom for individual property of every kind. Junot decreed, that the two millions of cruzados already paid, (which he raised as a loan, and now called a contribution,) should be accounted as part of this sum, and allowed for in the final payment. Six millions were to be paid by the commercial part of the country, one third on the first of March, one on the first of May, and the remaining one on the first of August. All goods of English manufacture being, on account of their origin, liable to confiscation, were to be ransomed by the merchants and tradesmen who possessed them, at a third of their value. All the gold and silver of all the churches, chapels, and fraternities, within the city of Lisbon and its district, was to be carried to the mint within fifteen days, no other plate being excepted than what was necessary for decent worship. In the provinces, the collectors of the tenths were to receive the church plate, and transmit it to the mint, and the amount was to be carried to the contribution. All archbishops, bishops, religious orders, and dignitaries, who possessed any revenue from land or cattle of any kind, should contribute two-thirds of the whole yearly income, if that income did not exceed 16,000 cruzados, and three-fourths if it did; for which they were to be excused from paying the tenths for the current year! Every person enjoying a benefice producing from six hundred to nine hundred mil-reis per year, should contribute two-thirds of his income, three-fourths if it exceeded the latter sum. All commendadors of the religious orders, or of Malta, should also pay two-thirds of their revenue. The donatories of crown property were to pay a double tax. All owners of houses, half the rent for which they were let, or a proportionate sum if they inhabited them themselves. All land-holders, two-tenths, in addition to the former imposts. The tax upon horses, mules, and servants, was doubled. The Juiz do Povo, under orders of the *Senado*, was to rate all trading bodies, and booth and stall keepers, and compel them to pay their assessment by distress; and shops, which were not under the jurisdiction of the *Senado*, were to be rated, in like manner, by the *Mesa do Bem Commum*, or Board of General Good, under the inspection of the Royal Junta of Commerce. 'Behold,' says the Portuguese author, 'here is the happiness promised in the name of the great Napoleon! This is the protection of religion, and of the subject! This is the friend of the people, of commerce, and of industry!' The mint was now, from morning till night, surrounded with persons carrying their little plate, or trinkets, for sale, many of them beseeching, with tears, and for the love of God, that they

they might be admitted first, pleading the urgency of their distress. The situation of Lisbon, at this time, is one to which history affords no parallel. It suffered neither pestilence, nor famine, nor war—and yet all these visitations could scarcely have produced a greater scene of misery: and the calamity did not admit of hope; for when could the Portuguese look for deliverance? Provisions were dear indeed, but the markets were regularly supplied; and those who had money could always procure food. But a large proportion of the inhabitants were thrown out of employment. The contribution was rigorously exacted, and suicide, which had scarcely ever been heard of in Portugal, became now almost a daily act. There is no inhumanity like that of avarice. One of the noblest charitable institutions in the world was the Royal Hospital at Lisbon. Under the house of Braganza it might have vied with any thing in England; under the usurpation of the French, more than a third part of all its patients perished for want of food.

Junot meantime was giving fetes, and amusing himself and his guests with the dancing girls of the Opera. But the French never suffer either their follies or their vices to interrupt or impede their business, and in all his measures Junot proved himself the fit instrument of the tyrant whom he served. A quarrel took place at Caldas between some French and the Portuguese regiment of Porto. Loison, the most ferocious of the French Generals, was sent to inquire into it: he shot nine Portuguese, three of whom were men of some property in the country, disarmed the whole regiment, and disbanded it. So sensible was Junot of the growing impatience of the people under their intolerable burthens, that having occasion to coin silver, he ordered it to be struck as usual in the name of the Prince Regent, but with the date of the preceding year. The temper of the people was indeed sufficiently manifest; if the English squadron appeared to stand in shore, the heights in the city were covered with multitudes eagerly watching every movement of the ships, and secretly praying that they might be destined for the recovery of Lisbon. The law against the use of fire arms was renewed with severer penalties, and all the customary sports of the Entrudo, the carnival preceding Lent, were prohibited. The contribution was levied with the utmost rigour: the property of those who had not money to satisfy this iniquitous demand, was seized; and the owners of untenanted houses were compelled to pay half the rent for which they would have been let. The lowest hucksters, stall-keepers, and labourers were summoned before the Juiz do Povo to be assessed in their portion, and the merchants were ordered to appear in tallies before the Junta of Commerce, and there reciprocally discuss their affairs, and tax each other! The persons who had purchased passports for Brazil were alarmed by an order for stop-
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ping the American vessels in which they had embarked: this however was only done to extort farther bribes, and when nothing more could be squeezed out of them, they were permitted to sail. Several vessels cleared out under Kniphausen colours, and with passports for the north of Europe. They were in reality bound for Brazil, and paid each from 3,000 cruzados upwards to have the deception winked at. Many persons got on board beyond the bar, others were secreted in the hold, and others dispersed themselves as sailors, daubing their hands with pitch, lest it should be discovered that they had not been accustomed to manual labour. Many escaped to the English squadron. Heavier punishments were enacted against those who attempted thus to escape, and every person assisting was sentenced to death. Higher rewards were offered to informers; and all persons inhabiting the house from which any one had escaped, were ordered to give information of his flight within eight and forty hours.

One act of oppression more was to be exercised upon a nation already so cruelly oppressed; her troops were to be marched off to join Buonaparte's armies, a first sacrifice of blood to that insatiable tyrant, and soon to be followed by his accursed conscription. Many soldiers deserted: in consequence of this the French code of martial law was declared to be applicable to the Portuguese army, and death became thereby the punishment of desertion. The office of Intendant of Police, vacated by the absence of the traitor Novion, who marched to France with his regiment, was conferred on Lagarde, a Frenchman, and one of the most rapacious of the race. He took up his abode at the Inquisition, and converted it into a receiving house for suspected persons. A curious specimen soon occurred of this man's administration. A quarrel took place in the Mouraria between a Portuguese soldier and three Frenchmen, and the Portuguese was killed. The scene of this transaction happened to be the St. Giles's of Lisbon, and it occasioned a great tumult among the inhabitants of the Rua Guja, or Dirty Street, and three other such sties of vice and beggary; more French collected; the mob, however, had the advantage, and the riot was not appeased till a French serjeant of grenadiers was killed, a soldier mortally wounded, and three others severely cut by the knives of the Portuguese. Upon this, an order appeared from M. Lagarde, decreeing that twelve of the inhabitants of these streets who bore the worst character, should be apprehended and imprisoned for three months, unless they declared who were the chief instigators of the riot; that all the common prostitutes who lodged in these four streets should quit them within four days, on pain of having their heads shaved, and being banished from Lisbon; and that all eating and drinking houses in the said streets should be shut up for six months, unless

unless the owners would give information against some person concerned in the disturbance. The result of this order was, that every strumpet who could pay a six and thirty was suffered to continue in her abode as not being concerned in the tumult; that the taverners paid from one to five pieces each as they were able; the eating houses from eight mil-reis to two pieces; and the twelve hostages from twelve mil-reis to six pieces each; and the sum total which M. Lagarde extorted from these wretches, as the price of two Frenchmen killed and three wounded, according to an exact account, amounted to 862 mil-reis.

Junot had now been created Duke of Abrantes, and a deputation of fidalgos was sent to Bayonne, there to receive from the Corsican a constitution for Portugal. Every new measure which might serve to rivet the chains of that unhappy country was regarded with delight by the party of traitors who had sold themselves to France: hitherto no fears had clouded their triumph; but the face of things was now about to be changed. The villanous designs of Buonaparte upon Spain were known to Junot; and that General perceiving how deep an interest was felt in the transactions of Aranjuez, not only by the Spanish soldiers, but by the people of Lisbon also, lost no time in taking precautions against the effects of their agitation. The merchants were ordered to send all the musquets, guns, and other arms used on board their ships to the arsenal, there to be held in deposit till they obtained a licence for their ships to sail; and all persons dealing in arms of any kind were in like manner to deliver them up. They had no sooner been collected than the guns were spiked, and the stocks of the musquets broken. The first measure taken against the Spanish troops was to confine them to their quarters in the evening, a spirit of animosity against the French having shown itself as soon as they knew that Ferdinand was gone to Bayonne. Junot then divided them, sending some to Mafra, and distributing others among the fortresses, so that only one regiment remained in the city. He spread a report that Portugal was to be united to Spain, and that the French were about to retire. This was designed to conciliate the Spaniards, and to exasperate the Portuguese against them; and at the same time, to soothe the latter, it was asserted that the contribution would be excused, and all confiscated property restored. Official notice was handed round that the deputies had been received with the utmost benignity at Bayonne, and that the Emperor Napoleon had given them unequivocal proofs of his compassionate disposition; in fine, every kind of happiness was now to be showered down upon Portugal.

While this was the language of the French, the real feelings which prompted it were sufficiently manifested by all the measures of the military usurpation. The streets were filled with patrols on the

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Prince Regent's birth-day; and that his name, if possible, might be put out of remembrance, a ship which was called after him was ordered to be renamed the Portuguese. In like manner the Maria I. was to be called the City of Lisbon; and even the name of the St. Sebastian was changed: for as superstition is never so contagious as in a time of distress, Junot feared lest the strange faith of the Sebastianists should spread, and produce some desperate effort. That faith had been probably invented, certainly encouraged, during a former usurpation of Portugal by a patriotic party, whose object was to effect the emancipation of their country, and who for more than half a century never lost sight of that object till they had accomplished it. The superstition still existed; and Junot had some reason to think that politic heads were at work once more to inflame it, now when it might again be useful. About the middle of March an egg was produced with the letters V. D. S. R. P. distinctly traced in the shell, and apparently formed with it. It was said to have been laid in this state by a hen belonging to one José Caetano da Costa, and the Sebastianists immediately interpreted the letters to signify, *Vive Dom Sebastian, Rei de Portugal*. The trick* had been well executed. Many experiments were made to ascertain how the letters had been formed, but all failed; other eggs were inscribed, but no person could succeed in giving the same varnish to the inscription as on the rest of the shell. Crowds assembled round the house where this prodigy had been produced, and the egg was sent round in a silver salver to those who had sufficient interest or authority to be entrusted with such a treasure, till after it had been three days the topic of conversation in Lisbon, it was carried to Junot. The fact of his altering the name of the St. Sebastian shows what importance he attached to the circumstance, and to a superstition once so prevalent, never obsolete, and so easy to be revived.

The command of Alem-Tejo was given at this time to Kellerman, who has since rendered himself so infamous by his edict in Spain for hamstringing and blinding all the cattle left for the purposes of agriculture within the district under his authority. He bore in Portugal a less odious character than most of the other generals. His rapacity, however, was equal to the cruelty which he has since manifested. As soon as he entered upon his new government, he imposed an additional contribution upon the province, requiring

* It is curious that a similar trick, though far less skilfully contrived, was practised about the same time by Mary Bateman, the Yorkshire witch. This woman, with her characteristic cruelty, forced into the ovary of one of her hens three eggs at different times, with the words *Crist is coming* scratched upon them. They were dropped in the nest, and she carried on a gainful trade by shewing them for a penny to credulous multitudes.

10,000 cruzados novos from Evora, 8000 from Elvas, eight from Portalegre, six from Villa Viçosa, and rating the other places in like proportion to their population. Kellerman was in this instance the dupe of his own greediness: thinking to secure the whole plunder for himself, he ventured to exact it by his own will and pleasure, without any order from Junot or M. Herman the French Minister of the Interior. Complaint was made to them, and the General was ordered to refund the whole which had been paid. This was regarded as the most extraordinary circumstance during the whole usurpation; but the fact was, that what Junot resented was the slight shown to his own authority, not the injury done to the Portuguese. Alem-Tejo had little leisure to rejoice in this act of grace:—the patriotic war in Spain was known in that province as soon as it broke out; and about six hundred Spaniards who were in garrison at Cezimbra, and other places dependant upon the government at Setubal, collected and began their march with flying colours towards their own country. A French detachment of nearly the same force was sent from Lisbon to pursue them. They came up with the Spaniards at Pegoens. In affairs of small parties tactics are of little avail; success depends upon individual courage, and then it is that the strength of a good cause is made apparent. The French were defeated: they brought back their wounded to Lisbon; for to have left them out of the immediate protection of an army would have been leaving them to certain death. They were landed at night, that the loss might be as little public as possible; it was, however, soon known that there were above 180 wounded. This was the first act of open war which took place in Portugal. Tidings soon arrived that the Spaniards at Porto had seized the French general in that city, and marched to join the patriots. Junot now for the first time perceived that his situation was become dangerous as well as difficult, and the next day he disarmed and confined the 5000 Spaniards who still remained in Lisbon and the adjoining country.

Tidings were now arriving of insurrections in every quarter, and Junot began to prepare for defending himself in Lisbon:—he set men to work in fortifying the castle, employed the watermen in filling the cisterns, laid in stores and fodder, and removed thither all the arms from the foundery. The festival of St. John the Baptist was near at hand; the vespers of this and of a few other festivals occurring about the same time, are celebrated with bonfires in Portugal, as they formerly were in England: the ceremony is as old as the worship of the Kelts, even perhaps before their entrance into Europe; and it is one of the many Pagan customs which Catholicism made its own. Junot now forbade all rejoicings upon these occasions:—any person letting off fire-works as usual, making

making any use of gunpowder, or kindling a bonfire, was to be imprisoned eight days, and fined in proportion to his means; parents were to be answerable for their children, schoolmasters for their boys, masters for their servants, tradesmen for the people in their employ: the public walk was not to be open in the evening, and all concourse in the streets was prohibited. Individuals were ordered to deliver up all the weapons in their possession, because of the danger which would result to the well-disposed inhabitants of Lisbon, if their tranquillity should be disturbed by designing men. One detachment was sent to quell the patriots in the north of Portugal, another upon the same service to the south: the men marched out of the city with provisions and kettles upon their backs, and every one had a loaf fixed upon his bayonet. Preparations were made for an encampment upon the Campo d'Ourique, from whence and from the castle the French might command the city. At the same time it was ordered that no person should quit it without a special licence from the Intendant General; and all who had retired into the country within the last fortnight were ordered to return on pain of imprisonment. This was designed as a new means of extorting money; for all persons who had any place to retire to, had already left Lisbon, expecting that some tumult would give the French an opportunity of sacking the town, and they were now obliged to purchase permission to remain where they were.

Junot's famous proclamation had already been issued: 'Portuguese,' it said, 'what delirium is this! into what an abyss of evils are you about to plunge! After seven months of the most perfect tranquillity and harmony, what reason can you have for taking arms? And against whom?—against an army which is to secure your independence, which is to maintain the integrity of your country—a numerous, brave, and veteran army, before which you would be scattered like the sands of the desert before the impetuous breath of the winds of the South!'—In the same strain of bombast and impudent falsehood the French general proceeded to threaten and flatter, bidding them beware of the English heretics, who sought equally to debase their country and destroy their religion—telling them that the Emperor Napoleon, at his intercession, had graciously remitted half the contribution, and that he was on the point of accomplishing all their wishes—that this was the moment in which they were about to reap the fruit of their good fortune, the moment in which Portugal was to be made happy:—this too was the only moment they had to implore the clemency of the Emperor—His armies were already upon their frontiers—every individual taken in arms should be instantly shot; and every town or city which should rise against the French should be delivered up to pillage,

totally destroyed, and all its inhabitants put to the sword. Notwithstanding this boastful language, Junot was well aware that the storm was gathering round him. The French squadron at Cadiz had been captured—Spain was in arms—The English general at Gibraltar, and the English admiral, without waiting for instructions from home, were co-operating with a people whose generosity the English had always acknowledged, whom it was painful to think of as enemies, and whom, the instant they rose against the oppressor, we regarded as friends and brethren. The Portuguese were in insurrection—England was mistress of the seas—her flag was always in sight from Lisbon—and it was not to be doubted but that on the first favourable moment she would send an army to the assistance of her oldest and most faithful ally. However the usurping Duke of Abrantes might vaunt, he felt that his dukedom was held by an insecure tenure, and, looking forward to a retreat, gave orders that the church plate should with all speed be melted down into bars, for more convenient removal, that he might not leave the country without his booty.

We have two lessons to learn from the French—the art of provisioning an army, and that constant activity which never suffers it to remain unemployed, but attacks the enemy whenever and wherever they are weakest. In these points, and in these only, they are our superiors;—in the field we have never failed to show them that, in the words of the celebrated war-song,

We are the sons of the men
Who conquer'd on Cressy's plain;
And what our fathers did,
Their sons can do again.

Junot's measures were taken with a promptness equal to the occasion. He hoped to crush the insurgents before any English could arrive to their assistance; and wherever they ventured to oppose a regular body of French troops, the event was what he had expected and foreseen. Two hundred patriots were killed in the streets of Villa Viçosa, and twelve who were taken prisoners shot as rebels by orders of General Avril. Twelve hundred, according to the French account, fell before Beja; every man taken in arms was put to death, and every house from which the enemy had been fired upon was burnt. 'Beja has revolted,' said Kellerman, in a proclamation to the people of Alem-Tejo, 'Beja no longer exists: its guilty inhabitants have been cut off with the edge of the sword, and its houses delivered up to pillage and to the flames. Take ye all warning by this terrible example, and learn from it that it was not in vain the Commander in Chief told ye the clouds of the rebels would be scattered before us, like the sands of the desert before the impetuous breath of the winds of the South.' Junot called

called other means to his assistance. Three infamous dignitaries of the patriarchal church issued a pastoral letter, under his orders, denouncing excommunication against all persons who directly or indirectly assisted the patriots. This was dispersed over the provinces, accompanied by a letter from the French Intendant General, in which he asked the Portuguese why they subjected themselves to the weight of the French power, at a moment when the *Almighty Authority** thought only of laying aside the rights of conquest, and of governing with mildness. 'Is it,' said he, 'before a few handfuls of Portuguese that the star of the great Napoleon is to be darkened, or the arm deadened of one of his most valiant and skilful captains?'—It is but too well known how deeply the baneful superstition of the Romish church has rooted itself in Portugal; but in this instance the threat of excommunication was regarded with contempt;—the people knew that their most sacred duty was to deliver their country, that no devotion could be so holy as the sacrifice of their own lives in such a cause, no offering so righteous as the blood of an invader.

Basely as the Spaniards have been calumniated here, the fate of the Portuguese has been still harder. The writers who have been most successful in slandering the Spaniards, and deadening that generous ardour in their cause, which was at one time as universal in Great Britain as it was honourable to the British character, are persons who having professed the most opposite opinions, as they happened to suit their own immediate purposes, have proved themselves to have no other principle whatever than that of self-interest. But the Portuguese have been hastily condemned by men of a far different stamp. Even so truly profound and philosophical a writer as Ardent, speaks of them with contemptuous injustice in the work for which Palm was murdered. 'The Spaniards,' he says, 'will again become what they once were, one of the most admired and powerful nations in Europe: but Portugal will remain in a state of servitude as it deserves; for separated from Spain, it is a wen on a sound body.' The German philosopher truly prophesied the regeneration of the Spaniards; and had he known the character of the Portuguese equally well, his opinion of them would have been more favourable and less erroneous. The people are uncorrupted, and their courage and patriotism were abundantly proved by the manner in which they rose against the French, at a time, when, to use the words of Lord Wellington, their troops had been completely dispersed, their officers had gone off to Brazil, and their arsenals had been pillaged, or were in the power of the enemy. 'Their revolt,' says that competent judge, 'under the circumstances

* This phrase is literally translated from the original blasphemy of the proclamation.

in which it has taken place, is still more extraordinary than that of the Spanish nation.' While Kellerman and Avril were ravaging Alem-Tejo, Margaron attacked Leiria, where a handful of students from Coimbra had proclaimed the Prince Regent. Six hundred patriots, according to the French bulletin, were left upon the field of battle. According to the *Portugueze*, the French, while they were opposed to an undisciplined and half-armed peasantry, divided their force, which consisted of nearly 5000 men, entered the city on every side, and put to the sword all whom they found in the streets, without distinction of age or sex. It was stated in the bulletin that the banners of the insurgents were taken and presented to his Excellency the Duke of Abrantes. The real history of these banners is a curious proof of the manner in which the French bulletins are fabricated: the soldiers on their march fell in with a party of devotees going to the Cirio da Ameixoeira, mounted upon mules and asses, with music playing, and flags flying, such as are to be seen at an English puppet-show. The sight of the French put the whole procession to the route, and the flags which they threw away in their flight were picked up, to form an article in the next bulletin.

Loison mean time was laying waste the north of Portugal. Alfedrinha was burnt by him, and above 3000 patriots killed in battle. His own loss was said to be only twenty killed, and from thirty to forty wounded. This bulletin, however, is said by the *Portugueze* author to be notoriously false—that which followed will only provoke a smile in England. 'On the 10th of July forty English landed at the foot of the village of Costa, to obtain provisions. That post was defended by only five of the 31st regiment of light infantry. Notwithstanding the disproportion of numbers, these five men, in sight of all the inhabitants, attacked the forty English, forced them to leave upon the beach all that they had purchased, and pursued them to the sea. Three conscript-lads of the 66th regiment saw a boat from the English squadron making towards the land, near Cascaes. They hid themselves till it reached the shore, then rose up from their ambush, fired upon it, killed the pilot, who was the master of Admiral Cotton's ship, and obliged two English officers, and six sailors, or marines, who were in the boat, to lay down their arms and surrender as prisoners of war, an instance of presence of mind and courage which does great honour to these three lads.' When the French Admiral Latouche, during the blockade of Toulon, boasted in an official letter that the whole British fleet had fled before him, Nelson said, if his character for not being apt to run away, were not established by that time, it was not worth his while to put the world right. Nevertheless, he swore that if he took the Frenchman he would make him eat his letter. General Thiebault, who signed the bulletin, fell

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at Vimieira—had he been made prisoner, it certainly ought to have been administered to him in a sandwich.

If the victories of the French over the Portuguese be not more truly related than these exploits against our sailors, the patriots sustained little loss. It was not however possible that they could withstand such a force of regular troops,—and the French soldiers made full use of the license which their rascally commanders allow them in the field:—they returned to Lisbon with cart loads of plunder, and every man with his knapsack full—the pillage which Loison and Margaron brought back amounted to more than half a million of cruzados. This, however, was the least mischief which they committed. Junot talked of houses delivered over to desolation and death, of flourishing cities transformed into heaps of ashes and wide sepulchres—he did not enumerate among the triumphs of his troops the outrages committed upon the women. Their vengeance fell next upon Evora. Loison, with Margaron and Solignac under his command, and a powerful detachment marched for that city:—the patriots had collected a few regular troops, with the militia of the country, and some Spaniards came to their assistance; they posted themselves advantageously about a mile from the town, and sustained an attack of some hours before the position was forced. Junot asserted that 1000 were left dead on the field, 4000 wounded, and 3000 made prisoners—the Portuguese with equal exaggeration, affirmed the victory cost the French 3000 slain. The city was given up to be pillaged, nine hundred persons of different sexes and ages were put to the sword in the streets and churches, eight and thirty clergymen were murdered, among them the Bishop of Maranham. The nunneries were broke open, and women were equally the victims of their cruelty and their lust.—Loison himself shook his sabre over the head of the Archbishop, a venerable man, nearly ninety years of age, of distinguished learning, and still more eminent for his virtues. He promised him, however, that his property should not be touched; yet after this promise, Loison himself, with some of his favourite officers, entered by night the Archbishop's library, which was one of the finest in Portugal; they threw down every book, in hopes of discovering valuables behind them, broke off the gold and silver clasps from the magnificent bindings of the rarest part of the collection, and in their rage that they found so little plunder, tore in pieces a whole file of manuscripts. They took every gold and silver coin from his cabinet of medals, and every jewel and bit of the precious metals in which the relics were set, or which decorated any thing in his oratory. And when the Archbishop was taking his afternoon sleep, and had laid his episcopal ring upon the table as usual at such times, Loison's prowling eye fixed upon the jewel as he past through the room,

and he was seen to pocket it. These facts are not mentioned in the work before us, but they are related upon the most unquestionable authority.

Evora was sacked on the 30th of July; two days afterwards Sir Arthur Wellesley landed, and the subsequent events are sufficiently notorious. The iniquity of Buonaparte's conduct towards Portugal has been put out of sight by his blacker wickedness towards Spain. Conscience, says a state-villain, in one of Ben Jonson's plays,

‘Conscience!—

Poor plodding priests and preaching friars may make
Their hollow pulpits and the empty aisles
Of churches ring with that round word: but we
That draw the subtle and more piercing air
In that sublimed region of a court,
Know all is good we make so, and go on
Secur'd by the prosperity of our crimes.’

At present this might be the Corsican's motto. Such has been the career of that imperial barbarian, that he obtains an amnesty for his old crimes by perpetrating new ones; and his perjuries and assassinations have ceased to excite astonishment in Europe, because they are now looked upon as regular parts of his political system. Even in this country there are men who, when they are reminded of his guilt, think it a sufficient reply to tell us of his greatness; and would have us fall down and worship the golden image at the very time when the Spaniards are walking through the burning fiery furnace. These men serve the tyrant whom they flatter, and are more truly and efficiently his agents than the miserable wretches in his pay. They are never weary of exaggerating the wisdom and the power of Buonaparte;—according to them, it is still the English who disturb the quiet of the continent; he is the regenerator and benefactor of Spain and Portugal, who reforms their laws, purifies their religion, and puts an end to the abuses of their governments. The Spanish chiefs ‘*have only a little hour to strut and fret,*’ and we ought to congratulate ourselves upon their fall. Callous and cowardly sophists! it is thus that while they belie the feelings, they labour to deaden the courage, and sacrifice the honour of England.

ART. II. *Elements of Geometry, Geometrical Analysis, and plane Trigonometry.* With an Appendix, Notes, and Illustrations. By John Leslie, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. pp. xvi. 494. Edinburgh: Brown and Crombie. London: Longman and Co.

PROFESSOR Leslie presents himself to the notice of the scientific world with pretensions of no ordinary kind. He advances with a bold, unhesitating step, as if he rather meant to extort applause, than to abide the award of sober criticism. Such of our readers as recollect the controversy which agitated the minds, and wrecked the patience, of the Edinburgh literati in 1805, will not greatly wonder at this deviation from the usual courtesy of authors. Those who may not have heard of this controversy, notwithstanding the anxiety of the disputants to make it known, will thank us for the following particulars. In the year 1804, Mr. Leslie published 'an Experimental Inquiry into the Nature and Propagation of Heat,' a work which, as we have already had occasion to observe, contained some very interesting results, together with sundry disquisitions on topics not very immediately connected with the subject, nor always well understood by the author. In one of these, he recommended Hume's 'Essay on necessary Connexion, as a model of clear and accurate reasoning,' and especially as it made 'the relation of cause and effect nothing more, at bottom, than a constant and invariable sequence.' This remark, which doubtless implies an approbation of the most dangerous parts of Hume's philosophism, might have sunk into oblivion, had not Mr. Leslie offered himself for the mathematical chair at Edinburgh, vacant by the removal of Professor Playfair on the death of Doctor Robison. On this occasion, the clergy of Edinburgh, 'illiberal, narrow-minded men,' were weak enough to suppose that a person who could step out of his way to recommend an atheistical writer, in a work of pure science, might, in like manner, wander from his duty, and infuse similar poisons into his mathematical lectures; nor would they give him credit for being a man of religion, although he declared, 'that he regarded the religious institutions of his native country as at once rational, decent, and impressive.' The philosophers of Edinburgh entered warmly into his defence: a contest was thus produced between them and the divines; in which the latter, notwithstanding the violence of their assailants, maintained their ground with the coolness of men who had the better side of the question both in point of morals and argument. The philosophers, vexed
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to be 'foiled by musty pieces of divinity,' brought serious accusations against the whole body; the divines modestly refuted them. The philosophers re-advanced their charges; the divines remonstrated, but abstained from recrimination. The matter was laid before the General Assembly, where it was eagerly contested, and where the point was finally decided in his favour by a majority of twelve. Yet 'genuine philosophy' had here no cause for exultation. 'The best talents (it was ruefully observed) that Scotland could furnish from the church, the peerage, the academy, and the bar, were powerfully displayed (yet with so slender a triumph!) in defending maxims of received and demonstrated philosophy against the incoherent rhapsodies, the boisterous defamation, and the ignorant jargon of men, among whom the truth seemed disregarded, or utterly unknown: that is, 'the demonstrated philosophy' of men who affirmed that what 'uniformly preceded another in the order of occurrence' was the cause of it, against 'the ignorant jargon' of those who affirmed that though the ebbing of the tide 'uniformly preceded' the flowing of the tide, and morning 'uniformly preceded' noon 'in the order of occurrence,' yet was not the ebb the cause of the flow, nor morning the cause of noon. So high, indeed, was the estimation in which Mr. Leslie's talents were held, and so loud the outcry against the persecution which he experienced, that nearly one fourth of a celebrated journal was occupied in detailing his merits, and calling down public execration upon the 'vindictive malice' of his enemies; 'malice' which pursued 'a man distinguished above his competitors; long known to his countrymen as a *profound and inventive geometer*: a man who honoured his country by his genius, and by a life devoted to the labours of science.' The consequence of all this was that Mr. Leslie at length obtained the professorship; the jarring tones of controversy gave way to the song of victory; and the philosophers of Europe were invited to join in celebrating this triumph of intellect and metaphysics over ignorance and fanaticism.

We feel no inclination to re-judge the question: we must, however, be permitted to exercise our faculties in examining the pretensions of Professor Leslie to so much notoriety, and in guessing at the state of philosophical and mathematical talent in a country, where acquirements of so moderate a cast as this gentleman really possesses could be so highly extolled.

That our readers may judge how far we are justified in adopting this language, we shall proceed to give them an account of the book now on our table: first allowing Professor Leslie to speak for himself, to describe his own plan, and to appreciate his own merits,—by making a copious extract from his preface.

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‘ We should form a wrong estimate, did we consider the Elements of Euclid, with all *its* merits, as a finished production. That admirable work was composed at the period when geometry was making its most rapid advances, and new prospects were opening on every side. No wonder that its structure should now seem loose and defective. In adapting it to the actual state of the science, I have, therefore, endeavoured carefully to retain *the spirit* of the original, but have sought to enlarge the basis, and to dispose the accumulated materials into a regular and more compact system. By simplifying the order of arrangement, I hope to have considerably smoothed the toil of the student. The numerous additions which are incorporated in the text, so far from retarding, will rather facilitate his progress, by rendering more continuous the chain of demonstration. *To multiply the steps of ascent, is in general the most expeditious mode of gaining a summit.*

‘ The view which I have given of the nature of proportion, in the fifth book, will, I flatter myself, be found to remove the chief difficulties attending that important subject. The sixth book, which exhibits the application of the doctrine of ratios, contains a copious selection of propositions, not only *beautiful in themselves*, but that *pave the way* to the higher branches of geometry, or lead immediately to valuable practical results. Yet the appendix, without claiming *the same degree of utility*, will not be deemed the least interesting portion of the volume, since the ingenious resources which it discovers are calculated to afford a very pleasing and instructive exercise.

‘ The part which has cost me the greatest pains, is that devoted to geometrical analysis. The first book consists of a series of *the choicest problems, rising above each other in gradual succession.* The second and third books are almost wholly occupied with the researches of the ancient analysis. In framing them, I have consulted a great variety of authors, some of whom are of difficult access. The labour of condensing the scattered materials will be duly estimated by those, who, taking delight in such fine speculations, are thus admitted at once to a *rich and varied repast.* The analytical investigations of the Greek geometers are indeed models of simplicity, clearness, and unrivalled elegance; and though miserably defaced by the riot of time and barbarism, they will yet be regarded by every person capable of appreciating their beauties as some of the noblest monuments of human genius. It is matter of deep regret, that algebra, or the modern analysis, from the mechanical facility of its operations, has contributed, especially on the Continent, to vitiate the taste and destroy the proper relish for the strictness and purity so conspicuous in the ancient method of demonstration. The study of geometrical analysis appears admirably fitted to improve the intellect, by training it to habits of precision, arrangement, and close application. If the taste thus acquired be not allowed to obtain undue ascendancy, it may be transferred with eminent utility to algebra, which, *having shot up prematurely*, wants reform in almost every department.

‘ The elements of trigonometry are as ample as my plan would allow. I have explained fully the properties of the lines about the circle, and
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the calculation of the trigonometrical tables; nor have I omitted any proposition which has a distinct reference to practice. The last problem is of essential consequence in marine surveying.

'Having already exceeded the ordinary limits, it perhaps unfortunately became requisite to curtail the notes and illustrations, with which the volume concludes: yet the more advanced student may peruse the few historical and critical remarks with CONSIDERABLE advantage. Some of the disquisitions, and the solutions of certain more difficult problems relative to trigonometry and geodesiacal operations, in which the modern analysis is sparingly introduced, are of a nature sufficiently interesting, I would presume, to claim the notice of proficients in science.'

'Abstract pursuits will be found nowise unfriendly to the cultivation of elegant literature, or incompatible with the most vigorous play of imagination. When the connexion and mutual dependence of the several branches of knowledge are clearly understood, it may be expected that our academical institutions, happily released from the trammels of antiquated forms, will hasten to show their liberality, in extending to the mathematical studies the same protection which has hitherto been almost exclusively confined to the scholastic arrangements.

'It is the nature of mathematical science, to advance in continual progression. Each step carries it to others still higher. As its domain swells on the sight, new relations are described, and the more distant objects seem gradually to approximate. But, while science thus enlarges its bounds, it likewise tends uniformly to simplicity and concentration. The discoveries of one age are, perhaps in the next, melted down into the mass of elementary truths. What are deemed at first merely objects of enlightened curiosity, become, in due time, subservient to the most important interests. Theory soon descends to guide and assist the operations of practice. To the geometrical speculations of the Greeks, we may distinctly trace whatever progress the moderns have been enabled to achieve in mechanics, navigation, and the various complicated arts of life. A refined analysis has disclosed the harmony of the celestial motions, and conducted the philosopher, through a maze of intricate phenomena, to the great laws appointed for the government of the universe.'—Preface, page vi to xii.

In the preceding quotation, we know not which most to admire, the modesty and correctness of the author's statements, the elegance of his language, or the matchless beauty and congruity of his imagery. On each of these we could descant with pleasure, were we not anxious to proceed to the body of the work.

The part devoted to the Elements of Geometry is comprized in six books. Book I. contains principles, definitions, and forty propositions, in which are developed the chief truths given in the first 46 propositions of Euclid's first book. Mr. Leslie, who is determined to be original, has omitted the axioms altogether; because, as he says, 'they are now rejected as totally useless, and rather apt to produce obscurity.' This is a point which we shall not stop to contest with the Professor: we presume that in the oral delivery of his lectures,

lectures, he takes care to explain whether every thing or nothing in geometry be self-evident, and thus to establish the perfect inutility of axioms. But this is not the only particular in which the Professor deems it more philosophical to invert 'the usual procedure;' for he gives no definition of a point, line, or angle; which indeed can scarcely be necessary in geometry, because, as Mr. Leslie remarks, with his usual propriety of metaphor, 'that science is supereminently distinguished by the luminous evidence, which constantly attends every step of its march.' He gives, however, instead of definitions, what he calls ideas of a straight line, an angle, and the position of a plane; which are any thing but perspicuous and correct. Considering the diversity of particulars which lie before us, we cannot stop to specify all our objections; but shall merely remark that Mr. Leslie defines 'a right angle' as 'the fourth part of an entire circuit or revolution,' and 'a reverse angle' as the 'retroflected divergence of the two sides, or the defect of the angle from four right angles;' leaving our readers to wonder at the hardihood of the man who, after this ridiculous display, could complain of Euclid's definition of an angle 'as obscure and altogether defective,' and add 'it is curious to observe the shifts to which the author of the Elements is obliged to have recourse.'

We have also to complain of several of the enunciations and demonstrations in this book. Thus, the enunciations of propositions 10 and 34 include definitions; a thing which is not very consistent with 'the finest specimens of logical deduction,' any more than the professor's introduction of a demonstration among his definitions, def. 10, page 7. The demonstrations to props. 1, 2, 9, 11, 12, 20, 23, and 25, of this book, are loose, defective, and unsatisfactory. In the first and second, it is not shewn that the circles used in the constructions must necessarily intersect: hence neither the problem nor the theorem is demonstrated; and of course all the dependent propositions, that is, all the rest of the work, is unsupported. Such is the mode in which Mr. Leslie 'smooths the toil of the student,' and 'renders more continuous the chain of demonstration.' But farther, the demonstrations of propositions 9, 11, 20, are not sufficiently general; that of proposition 12 contains a *petitio principii*; and that of proposition 25 is all but nonsense. The professor, however, is very proud of it; for, after accusing the unhappy Euclid (against whom he seems to entertain a mortal antipathy) of 'evading the difficulty' respecting parallel lines, he adds, 'the investigation now given, seems the best adapted to the natural progress of discovery. It is almost ridiculous to scruple about the idea of motion, which I have employed for the sake of clearness.' Be it so; we will not, then, object to the demonstration

tion on that account; our objection is, that the author has unawares fallen into the 'fallacia suppositionis,' and that therefore his vaunted demonstration is of no more use, than tables of compound interest would be to determine the nature of thunder.

We proceed to Book II. where we have five definitions, and thirty-five propositions. The latter contain most of those in Euclid's second book, with others collected from West, Stone, &c. Among the demonstrations, we complain of the 3d, as defective and unsatisfactory; of the 4th, as unnecessarily operose; and of the 19th, as incomplete, for want of a diagram. The proposition is, 'In any triangle, the square described on the base is equivalent to the rectangles contained by the two sides and their segments intercepted from the base by perpendiculars let fall upon them from its opposite extremities.' To the demonstration the author has only attached the figure belonging to the case when the vertical angle of the triangle is obtuse; but he says in a note, at page 461, 'The figure representing the other case of this elegant proposition, where the vertical angle is acute, was inadvertently omitted in the text, and has since been accidentally mislaid.' But could he not supply the deficiency in a note, as in other cases? could not his invention, 'animated by the zeal, and supported by the active perseverance,' of which he boasts in his preface, enable him to overcome 'the difficulty' of sketching a diagram, which almost any boy in the lowest Edinburgh class might draw in five minutes?

The author ought to have told his readers, with respect to prop. 18, 'In any triangle, the rhomboids described on two sides are together equivalent to a rhomboid described on the base, and limited by these and by parallels to the line which joins the vertex with their point of concurrence', (a theorem of which the celebrated 47th of Euclid's 1st book is only a particular case,) that it is given in *Pappus's Mathematical Collections*, and that it has survived what he calls, with peculiar elegance, 'the riot of time and barbarism.'

In the notes to prop. 15, 28 of this book, the Professor has exhibited three methods of finding right-angled triangles whose sides shall be rational. Two of these are given analytically, as below. Let n denote any odd number; then, according to Pythagoras, n , $\frac{n^2-1}{2}$, and $\frac{n^2+1}{2}$, or, according to Plato, $2n$, n^2-1 , and n^2+1 , will represent the perpendicular, base, and hypotenuse respectively of a right-angled triangle. A more general rule, however, should have been inserted: for example, m^2+n^2 =hypotenuse, m^2-n^2 =base, $2mn$ =perpendicular; where m and n are taken at pleasure, provided m be greater than n . There are also two curious series for the same purpose, which should not have

have been omitted in a book intended for collegiate education: they are,

$$1\frac{1}{2}, 2\frac{2}{3}, 3\frac{3}{4}, 4\frac{4}{5}, 5\frac{5}{6}, 6\frac{6}{7}, \&c.$$

$$1\frac{1}{3}, 2\frac{2}{5}, 3\frac{3}{7}, 4\frac{4}{9}, 5\frac{5}{11}, 6\frac{6}{13}, \&c.$$

in each of which progressions, if the denominator of any fraction be taken for the base, and the corresponding integer multiplied by the denominator, and the numerator added to the product for the perpendicular, the hypotenuses of the triangles so constructed will be rational.

The Third Book comprizes seven definitions and thirty-nine propositions, many of which are the same as those in Euclid's Third Book; but, like the preceding part of the Professor's work, often thrown into an order widely different from his, and which frequently appears to us to be far from logical and natural. Here the only objectionable definition is the 4th: 'A straight line is said to be *inflected* in a circle, when it terminates at the circumference.' We are much inclined to believe, notwithstanding the authority of Professor Leslie, that inflexion means bending; and we cannot, therefore, bring ourselves to say, as we ought in conformity with this definition, that a chord is a straight line bent in a circle. Phraseology equally appropriate graces Mr. Leslie's performance at pages 98, 192, 207, 367, 370, &c.

The demonstration of some of the propositions in this book also are unsatisfactory. Thus, in prop. 7, the proof is incomplete, unless a figure be drawn for the case when DE intersects the diameter AB. In the demonstration of prop. 9, the words 'on the same side of the diameter HB' are superfluous. In prop. 23 our author calls 'the inclination of two straight lines' the 'angle which they form,' thus tacitly admitting the correctness of Euclid's definition of an angle, though at p. 455 he had called it 'obscure and defective.' But, as Mr. Leslie remarks, 'the conception of an angle is one of the most difficult in the whole compass of geometry'; which may, perhaps, account for his language in the demonstration of prop. 26, where he speaks of 'the angle ACD formed by the opposite portions CA, CD, of the diameter,' that is, of the angle formed by two segments of a right line, contrary to the 9th definition of Euclid's first Book, in which it is affirmed that 'a plane rectilineal angle is the inclination of two straight lines to one another, which meet together, but are not in the same straight line.'

Book IV. relates to the construction of polygons, their inscription in, and circumscription about, circles. It contains six definitions, and 24 propositions. In this book we notice no errors, except a verbal one in prop. 12, where angles are called 'adjacent,' which are at the greatest possible distance from each other. Several

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ral of the problems, however, might be constructed and demonstrated more simply; and the book much improved by the introduction of such of the propositions from L'Huilier's elegant little treatise, 'Polygonométrie,' as are susceptible of simple geometrical investigations and constructions. Professor Leslie, though often barren in point of information, is always fruitful in the invention of words: thus, at pages 136, and 395, we have 'accrescent triangles,' a species of geometrical figure which no preceding geometer has characterized.

In a note at p. 461 the Professor says,

'A curious and most unexpected discovery was lately made by Mr. Gauss, who has demonstrated, in a work entitled *Disquisitiones Arithmeticae*, published at Brunswic in 1801, that certain very complex polygons can yet be described merely by help of circles. Thus a regular polygon, containing 17, 257, 65537, &c. sides, is capable of being inscribed, by the application of elementary geometry; and in general, when the number of sides may be denoted by $2n+1$, and is at the same time a prime number. The investigation of this principle is rather intricate, being founded on the arithmetic of sines and the theory of equations; and the constructions to which it would lead are hence, in every case, unavoidably and most excessively complicated.'

Our author here states a fact, but assigns a wrong reason for it. It by no means follows, that because Gauss's investigations are 'founded on the arithmetic of sines and the theory of equations,' the constructions should 'unavoidably be excessively complicated.' The principle of the celebrated Cotesian theorem rests on the arithmetic of sines and the theory of equations; yet the theorem itself, instead of being 'unavoidably complicated,' is remarkably simple. Indeed, we cannot help conjecturing that Mr. Leslie has never seen Gauss's book, but obtained his information on this subject from Legendre's Geometry. A more complete view of Gauss's method than Legendre has given would be a valuable acquisition to the English student. It is not consistent with our purpose to present it here; we merely state one result. The cosine of the central angle of the polygon of 17 sides, expressed in square roots, is as follows:

$$\text{Cos. } \frac{\pi}{17} = -\frac{1}{16} + \frac{1}{16}\sqrt{17} + \frac{1}{16}\sqrt{34-2\sqrt{17}} - \frac{1}{8}\sqrt{\left\{(17+3\sqrt{17}) - \sqrt{34-2\sqrt{17}} - 2\sqrt{34+2\sqrt{17}}\right\}};$$

the cosines of the multiples of that angle have a similar form, and the sines have one radical more. A French translation of M. Gauss's work was published by M. Pouillet-Delisle, in 1807.

The Fifth Book, like the Fifth Book of Euclid's Elements, is devoted to the subject of proportion. It abounds in frothy writing, incorrect

incorrect reasoning, and contemptuous notices of the Alexandrian geometrician.

'Through the whole contexture of the Elements we may discern the influence of that mysticism which prevailed in the Platonic school.— (p. 463.)

Euclid 'has contrived rather to *evade* difficulties than fairly to meet them. He seems not indeed to *grasp* the subject with a steady and comprehensive hold.' (*ibid.*)

'Euclid's famous definition leaves us to grope at random after its object, and to seek our escape by having recourse to some auxiliary train of reasoning or induction.' (p. 465.)

How happy for the student, that he is at once relieved from *l'action de tâter*, by the following luminous definition of the Professor!

'Two pairs of quantities of a similar composition, being formed by the same *distinct aggregations* of their elementary parts, constitute a *proportion*.' (p. 147.)

Mr. Leslie now introduces the concise notation of Algebra into his system of Geometry; though for its introduction at this precise place we can see no substantial reason, unless it be that Mr. John West has done just the same thing in his 'Elements of Mathematics,' published at Edinburgh, in 1784. Mr. West was assistant to the late Professor Vilant, of St. Andrew's, at the time when Mr. Leslie studied at that famous university. We regret to say that this profound and self-taught geometer (as he is called in the Encyclopædia Britannica) has not acknowledged his obligations to his former preceptor; for that Mr. Leslie has adopted many of his notions from this part of West's book, cannot for a moment be doubted by any person who has seen both performances. His supposed improvements upon West's plan are mere failures; most of the demonstrations are loose in the extreme; the fundamental propositions, on which the succeeding ones rest, being proved only in the case of *commensurable* quantities.

If geometry, however, in the hands of Professor Leslie, be not characterised by the correctness of its processes, and the irresistible conviction of its demonstrations, it is, notwithstanding, favourable, as he remarks, 'to the most vigorous play of imagination:' this we are now about to prove. Speaking of the subject which is exemplified in the 6th book, the author says,

'It easily unfolds the primary relations of figures, and the sections of lines and circles; but it also discloses with admirable felicity that vast concatenation of general properties, not less important than remote, which, without such aid, might for ever have escaped the penetration of the geometer. He is thus placed on a commanding eminence; from

which he views the bearings of the objects below, surveys the contours of the distant amphitheatre, and describes the fading verge of a boundless horizon.' (p. 176.)

Now, what would the reader guess is the 'commanding eminence' from which the fading limit of an unlimited horizon may be descried, and the contours of the distant amphitheatre surveyed? What is this geometrical Pisgah from which the mathematician is to enjoy such delightful prospects? Truly it is none other than Mount 'Proportion'! Reviewers, it is known, are beings

* Of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.'

But this affected verbiage was so irresistibly ludicrous, that our gravity gave way at once.

Among the demonstrations to the 38 propositions comprehended in this 6th Book, Mr. Leslie takes care to introduce some that are faulty, as if to preserve his character for consistency by the sacrifice of his reputation for accuracy. The first proposition, 'Parallels cut diverging lines proportionally' is proved satisfactorily when the segments of one of the lines are commensurable. But, says the Professor, 'should the segments AD and AB be incommensurable, they may still be expressed numerically, and that to any required degree of precision.' This we think, at least, questionable; and we shall continue to think so, until Mr. Leslie furnish numerical expressions for the incommensurable quantities of

⁵ $\sqrt{9}$ and ¹⁰ $\sqrt{21}$, correct only to the fifteenth place of decimals. The principle to which Mr. Leslie appeals, without quoting it, is to be found in the 5th book of West's Elements:—'If from any magnitude its half be taken away, and from the remainder its half, and so on continually; there shall at length remain a part of that magnitude less than any magnitude proposed.' But in the use of it he does not guard very carefully against the introduction of error; as we shall speedily shew.

Mr. Leslie's 5th proposition in this Book has this general enunciation:—'To cut off the successive parts of a straight line.' This we do not comprehend. The particular enunciation of the same problem is,—'Let AB be a straight line from which it is required to cut off successively the half, the third, the fourth, the fifth, &c.' Here, again, the language conveys a wrong idea: for after having taken away the half, and the third, there is not a fourth of the line left. The fact is, that the Professor simply means to shew how to cut off any aliquot part from a given line, beginning at one of its extremities.

In prop. 7 it is affirmed that 'If a straight line be divided *internally*

nally and externally in the same ratio, half the line is a mean proportional between the distances of the middle from the two points of unequal section.' This enunciation is absurd, and indeed unintelligible without the aid of the demonstration which accompanies it. Who, before Professor Leslie, ever thought of the *external* parts of a straight line? Besides, in his external division the part AD is greater than the whole AB. If the learned Professor had not asserted that 'the axioms are totally useless, and rather apt to produce obscurity,' we should have ventured to remind him that his mode of dividing is contradictory to Euclid's 9th axiom, in which it is affirmed that 'The whole is greater than its part.' Mr. Leslie, however, is so fond of this external division, that he introduces it again in his 20th proposition. At prop. 11, too, we have an equally ridiculous phraseology:—'A straight line which bisects, either internally or externally, the vertical angle of a triangle, will divide its base into segments, internal or external, that are proportional to the adjacent sides of the triangle.' The truth is, that the line which bisects the vertical angle of a triangle, will also bisect it externally, (if the word externally have any meaning,) that is, it will bisect the complement of the angle to four right angles: but such line will never effect what Mr. Leslie means to designate by the external division of the segments of the base. The enunciation of our author's friend West, though faulty, is preferable to the above: he says, 'If a straight line bisect the vertical angle of a triangle, or the angle *adjacent* to it, and meet the base, the segments of the base will be directly proportional to the other two sides of the triangle; and conversely.' Mr. Leslie adds a scholium to this proposition, which contains an assertion, relative to a supposed geometrical truth, glaringly erroneous.

In the demonstration of prop. 35, 'The arcs of a circle are proportional to the angles which they subtend at the centre,' our author has again recourse to Mr. West's maxim respecting continual bisections which we have already quoted. Of the two angles ACB, BCD, which he compares, he divides the former by continual bisections, until he obtains an angle ACa 'less than any assignable angle.' Then he applies this angle repeatedly about the same centre C until by its multiplication he 'fills up the angle BCD nearer than by any possible difference.' Now, of all the reasoning that ever entered a system of geometry, this is surely the worst. For, let the multiple of the indefinitely small angle which is nearer the angle BCD than 'by any possible difference' be Q, then if m represent the number of duplications of the extremely small angle requisite to produce Q, we have $\frac{Q}{2^m}$ for that small angle.

Therefore it is not 'less than any assignable angle,' for it may be assigned. Hence the demonstration is self-contradictory: if the angle ACa be less than any assignable angle, any person except this 'profound and inventive geometer' would see at once that no multiple of it can be finite.

Mr. Leslie subjoins an Appendix to his Elements, divided into two parts. In the first, which is avowedly taken principally from a scarce tract by Schooten, problems are solved by means of the ruler only; in the second part, drawn from Mascheroni's Geometry of the Compass, problems are solved by means of compasses only. Here, a very useful problem is omitted, viz. 'To describe a circle to pass through three given points.' This is the more to be regretted, because the construction by the help of the compasses alone is more simple than that usually given in the Elements, and because it follows at once as a corollary to our author's 19th proposition.

It is now time to direct our attention to the Treatise on Geometrical Analysis, which, the Professor says, 'is the part that has cost him the greatest pains.' It is divided into three books, of which the first 'consists of a series of the *choicest* problems rising above each other in gradual succession.' With the demonstrations of these we cannot profess ourselves to be always satisfied. Thus, prop. 10, 'From two given points in the circumference of a given circle, to *inflect*, to another point in the circumference, straight lines that shall have a given ratio.' The analysis and composition here given are accurate; but it would have been advantageous to the student, had Mr. Leslie shewn that this problem is essentially the same, as 'having the base of a plane triangle given, together with the vertical angle and the ratio of the legs, to find the triangle.' A construction like the following might then have been given. Let Q be the given angle, or, in other words, the angle in the segment. Set off upon the lines whose inclination constitutes the angle, from the point Q , the lines QM , QN , in the assigned ratio, and join MN : then upon the given base AB make a triangle ABC similar to MNQ , by VI. 31, of this work, and the thing is effected. The demonstration follows at once from VI. 13.

Prop. 17. 'Two straight lines being given, to draw, through a given point, another straight line, cutting off segments which are together equal to a given straight line.' The demonstration of this is very tedious; and after all the author has not shewn between what limits the problem is possible.

The Second Book on Geometrical Analysis comprises restitutions of the attempts of 'Apollonius and his illustrious contemporaries.' The first four propositions relate to what is technically

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termed the 'section of ratio;' the general problem being, 'Through a given point to draw a straight line intercepting segments on two straight lines, which are given in position, from given points and in a given ratio.' Propositions 5 to 10 inclusive relate to the 'section of space:' here the general problem is, 'Through a given point, to draw a straight line cutting off segments from given points on straight lines given in position, and which shall contain a rectangle equal to a given space.' Nine of the 10 propositions which are devoted to these two general problems deserve commendation: we are sorry we cannot say as much of the remainder of the disquisitions on analysis.

The problem concerning 'inclinations,' or that in which it is proposed 'to draw a right line through a given point, so that the part thereof intercepted between two given lines may be of an assigned length,' is considered by Mr. Leslie in props. 20, 26, of Book II.—On these we have to remark, that in prop. 21, no limitation is traced; in prop. 22, there is no subdivision of cases; in prop. 23 the cases and limitations are not specified; in props. 24, 25, no limitations stated; though these are absolutely necessary to the complete resolution of the problem. Two important propositions relating to this inquiry are also omitted, namely, those which make the 4th and 6th problems in Burrow's Restitution.

The remainder of the 2d book on analysis is employed about the problem of 'Tangencies,' which is thus enunciated in Halley's Translation of Pappus:—*E punctis rectis et circulis, quibuscunque tribus positione datis, circulum ducere per singula data puncta, qui, si fieri possit, contingat etiam datas lineas.* This naturally falls into ten distinct propositions, which, if a point be represented by (.), a line by (1), and a circle by (0), may be stated very briefly, according to the several data, in the following order:—(. . 1), (. 1 1), (1 1 0), (. 1 0), (1 0 0), (. . 0), (. 0 0), (0 0 0), (...), (1 1 1). Mr. Leslie has solved all but the 5th, 7th, and 8th of our enumeration. Prop. 27, Book II. agrees with our (. . 1). The author properly enough divides it into two cases, but does not notice that the second case (viz. when the given line is *not* parallel to the line joining the given points) is susceptible of two answers. As to the remaining problems we are told that 'they are easily reduced to the cases already solved:' yet Mr. Leslie seems to think otherwise in his notes; where he gives the prop. marked by our (. 0 0). Even, in this supplementary proposition we trace his usual deficiencies, for he has only presented one case out of three into which the problem manifestly divides. With regard to the other problems omitted, viz. (1 0 0), and (0 0 0), we have only to observe that each comprizes four cases, the construction of which ought by all

means to have been given, in order to render this part of the work an adequate representation of the problem of tangencies.

Book the Third commences with seventeen propositions relative to 'Plane Loci.' Here, of course, our author has availed himself of the labours of Dr. Simson, so that this part of the work may be expected to partake of the excellencies and defects of that great geometer's disquisition on this subject. The general problem discussed by Apollonius, according to the enunciation of Pappus, is this :—

'Any number of right lines being given in position, if from any point there be drawn to right lines given in position, other right lines under given angles ; and if the rectangle under one of the right lines so drawn, and a right line given in magnitude, augmented by the rectangle under another of those right lines and another right line given, is equal to the rectangle made by a third of those right lines and another right line given in magnitude, and so on : that point is in a right line given in position.'

Such is the general problem as originally proposed : which is widely different from that given by Mr. Leslie, he having, rightly enough, included circles among the Loci. Still his deduction of propositions is excessively defective, as he has neither considered the case where three parallel lines are given in position, nor those in which the two, three, or more given lines diverge from different points : besides this, in what he has done his method has the inconvenience of proceeding successively from a given number of right lines, to the number next greater by unity ; while the mutual connection between the several cases is never shewn perspicuously. Thus it happens that the most curious properties respecting plane loci are not exhibited at all, and especially the three following :

1st. Any number of right lines being given in position on a plane, and any other number of lines also being given in position on the same plane : a right line is the locus (if it be determinate) of points from each of which demitting perpendiculars upon all those right lines ; the sum of the rectangles of the perpendiculars let fall upon the first set of right lines, into right lines given in magnitude ; is to the sum of the rectangles of the perpendiculars demitted upon the remaining right lines into so many other right lines given in magnitude, in a given ratio.

2d. Any number of right lines being given in magnitude and position upon a plane, a right line is the locus of the vertices of triangles having those right lines for bases, and of which the aggregate is given. This is a generalization of Euclid I. 37.

3d. Any number of points being given in position on a plane, and any number of right lines given in position on the same plane :
a cir-

a circumference of a circle is the locus of points from each of which drawing right lines to the points given, and perpendiculars to the right lines given in position, the sum of spaces which have to the squares of the first right lines given ratios, is to the sum of the rectangles of the perpendiculars into right lines given in magnitude, in a given ratio. This is a generalization of propositions 5 and 7, lib. ii. of Apollonius de Locis Planis.

We may farther remark, respecting Professor Leslie's propositions on Plane Loci, that some of the demonstrations are merely algebraical, exhibited in a very disadvantageous form.

The remainder of Book III. on Geometrical Analysis relates to porisms, and isoperimetrical figures. With respect to the seven propositions devoted to the latter, we have a few remarks to offer.

Prop. 26. 'In a straight line given in position, to find a point, whose distances from two given points on the same side, shall together be the least possible.' In the demonstration of this proposition the synthesis is omitted.

Prop. 27. 'Straight lines drawn from two given points to the circumference of a given circle are the least possible, when they make equal angles with a tangent applied at the point of inflexion.' This proposition is demonstrated, in our author's estimation, by referring to 1. 19, of his Elements: but the proposition referred to is not applicable to the point in hand, at least, without additional steps; the proposition, therefore, is not demonstrated.

Prop. 28. 'To find a point, whose distances from three given points are [together] the least possible.' The demonstration depends upon that of the preceding proposition, and is, of course, inadmissible.

Prop. 30. 'To find a triangle with a given perimeter, and standing on a given base, which shall contain the greatest area.' The demonstration of this is made to rest upon two assertions, one of which is without proof, the other a disputable proposition which is as often false as true. First, it is affirmed, that with a given base, and the area 'a maximum, the corresponding altitude must *evidently* be the greatest possible.' Why is it evident? Mr. Leslie has no where proved, that when the bases of triangles are given, the surfaces are as the altitudes. 2dly. 'Lines inflected from the points A and C, to any point in the parallel DE, must be together greater than those drawn to any other parallel.' This is only true under certain conditions, and when true, requires proof; so that, notwithstanding the Professor's absolute assertion, this proposition must be considered as undemonstrated.

Prop. 31. 'If a polygon have all its sides given, except one, it will

will contain the greatest area, when it can be inscribed in a semi-circle of which that indeterminate side is the diameter.' In this proposition also, the demonstration is made to stand upon the merely repeated affirmation that maximum triangles with given bases have the greatest possible altitudes. But Mr. Leslie ought to know that repeating an assertion and establishing its truth, are not perfectly similar operations.

Prop. 32. 'A circle contains, within a given perimeter, the greatest possible area.' Here again Professor Leslie's reasoning is unsatisfactory. He proves that 'an isoperimetrical figure has its area always increased by doubling the number of its sides. Continuing this duplication, therefore, the regular polygons which arise in succession will have their capacity perpetually enlarged. Whence the circle, as it forms the limit, or *extreme boundary* of all those polygons, must with a given circumference, contain the greatest possible space.' This reasoning, as far as it relates to polygons, is correct; but when it is transferred to circles in the loose manner of Mr. Leslie, it is highly ungeometrical. However much the number of sides of the polygons be augmented, they still remain polygons, and what is predicated of them cannot, by any process of fair deduction, be transferred to circles. The difficulty is not overcome by talking of limits, with our author, as '*extreme boundaries*,' the process is as absurd as it would be to infer the nature of a fence from a chemical analysis of the soil which it encloses. T. Simpson and Legendre managed this matter much better; but they had not learnt that it was 'more philosophical to invert the *usual* procedure.'

Indeed, the theorem, so far as relates to rectilinear figures, may be demonstrated very easily from a few propositions, each of which may be established by a perfectly elementary process. Thus

(a). Of all figures of the same number of sides, and of the same perimeter, the greatest is regular or equilateral.

(b). If a circle and a figure that may be circumscribed about another circle are isoperimeters, the surface of the circle is a geometrical mean between that figure, and a similar figure circumscribed about the first circle.

(c). If a circle and a figure circumscribable about another circle are equal; the perimeter of that figure is a geometrical mean between the periphery of the circle, and the perimeter of a similar figure circumscribed about that circle.

Now, let C represent a circle, F a figure isoperimeter to that circle, and circumscribable about some circle, and F' a figure similar to F and circumscribed about C. Then,

Prop. (b.) $F : C :: C : F'$; where $C \triangleleft F' \therefore F \triangleleft C$.

Again,

Again, if $C=F$ (c.) Periphery C : Perimeter $F :: \text{Per. } F : \text{Per. } F'$;
whence, $\text{Per. } C : \text{Per. } F :: \text{Per.}^2 C : \text{Per.}^2 F$;

But $\text{Per. } C < \text{Per. } F'$;

Therefore, $\text{Per.}^2 C < \text{Per.}^2 F$;

And conseq. $\text{Per. } C < \text{Per. } F$.

Thus it appears that a circle has a periphery smaller than any regular figure of the same surface; and conversely, that a circle is greater than any regular figure of the same perimeter: whence it follows from prop. (a) that a circle has a larger surface than any rectilinear figure of an equal perimeter.

Considering the proposition under the general enunciation of Professor Leslie, as applicable to *all* plane figures, his demonstration is totally irrelevant; and we know of none equal to T. Simpson's. But the one we have demonstrated is that which our author meant to establish. From the preceding induction of particulars, it is obvious that he flattered himself greatly, when he said respecting the subject of isoperimeters, 'I have treated it with the consistency of the moderns, without departing, I hope, from the spirit of the ancient geometry.' (p. 471.)

We have so far exceeded the limits to which we wished to confine this article, that we must be very brief in our animadversions upon Mr. Leslie's Trigonometry. It exhibits his usual affectation and inaccuracy, and his usual superficial manner of discussing a topic. More instances of affectation we have not room for. As to inaccuracy, we may state that the demonstrations to the first six propositions are ALL unsatisfactory; they only apply to the case where the arcs in question, their sums, or differences, are *less* than a quadrant! With respect to deficiencies, we shall only specify here the treatment of one proposition, viz. 'The mutual distances of three remote objects being given, with the angles which they subtend at a station in the same plane, to find the relative place of that station.' This problem, as originally proposed by Mr. Townley, in the Philosophical Transactions (Vol. I. p. 563, New Abridgement), is divided into six cases, of all which the consideration is absolutely necessary to its complete solution. Mr. Leslie presents his readers with *one* only: even of this, he has not given the analytical solution, much as its result simplifies the labour of computation. Let A, B, C , be the three points whose mutual distances are given, D the station at which the angles ADB, BDC , are taken, and $\delta = 360^\circ - (BDA + CDA + BAC)$.

Then, $\cot ABD = \cot \delta \left(\frac{AB \sin CDA}{AC \sin BCA \cos \delta} + 1 \right)$;

whence ABD is known, and thence ACD , and the distance AD .

We have now reached the end of a task which has been more
than

than usually tedious and ungrateful. The Professor's book has greatly disappointed us: for, although our opinion of his talents was by no means so exalted as that of many of our contemporaries, yet we confidently expected, that in a work of which the topics (though connected) are so multifarious, he would have found one, at least, adapted to his abilities, and have treated it with elegance and perspicuity. But this is not the case. Mr. Leslie appears to have read much, thought little, and invented still less. In an elementary work where many subjects are introduced into a single volume, we do not imagine that every one of them is to be exhausted; but we certainly think that the most valuable particulars should be selected, and exhibited with simplicity and perspicuity. Instead of which, the performance before us wants much that is important, contains not a little that is useless, and teems more with pedantry, error, and absurdity, than any book of geometry we have ever seen. If such a geometer, as this performance compels us to think Mr. Leslie, be really 'an honour to his country,' the descendants of Simson and Stewart must have miserably degenerated, and Scotland, whatever else may be its claims to distinction, can boast no extraordinary pretensions to mathematical knowledge.

ART. III. *Voyage de Découvertes aux Terres Australes, exécuté par ordre de sa Majesté L'Empereur et Roi, sur les Corvettes Le Géographe, Le Naturaliste, et la Goëlette Le Casuarina, pendant les Années 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, et 1804, publié par Décret Impérial, et Rédigé, par M. F. Péron, Naturaliste, &c. &c. 4to. Tome premier, avec Atlas. A Paris. 1807.*

A FEW months after the retirement of Mr. Pitt, and the succession of Mr. Addington, that is, in June, 1800, M. Otto, the resident commissary for French prisoners of war, addressed an application to the Lords of the Admiralty, to obtain the necessary passports for two armed vessels, *Le Géographe* and *Le Naturaliste*, which the French government had appointed for a voyage of discovery round the world, 'pour mettre le Capitaine Baudin à l'abri de toute attaque hostile, et lui procurer une reception favorable dans les établissemens Britanniques où il pourra être obligé de relâcher momentanément.' In consequence of this application, the good natured Minister, without farther inquiry into the tenor of

Captain

Captain Baudin's instructions, or the particular object of his mission, obtained his Majesty's commands that the French vessels 'should be permitted to put into any of his Majesty's ports, in case of stress of weather, or to procure assistance, if necessary, to enable them to prosecute their voyage.'

The perusal of M. Péron's book has convinced us that M. Otto's application was grounded on false pretences, and that the passport was fraudulently obtained; that there never was any intention to send these vessels on a voyage of discovery *round the world*, as stated by M. Otto, but that the sole object of it was to ascertain the real state of New Holland; to discover what our colonists were doing, and what was left for the French to do, on this great continent, in the event of a peace; to find some port in the neighbourhood of our settlements, which should be to them what Pondicherry was to Hindostan; to rear the standard of Buonaparte, then First Consul, on the first convenient spot; and, finally, that the only circumnavigation intended in this voyage *d'espionage*, was that of Australia.

If any doubt could be entertained that such was the sole intention of the French government, the heads of Captain Baudin's instructions, as stated by M. Péron, and indeed the whole proceedings of the voyage, are amply sufficient to set this point at rest. By these instructions, they were directed to touch, in the first instance, at the Isle of France; thence to proceed to the southern extremity of Van Dieman's land, visit Dentrecasteaux's channel, examine the eastern coast, enter the strait of Bass; through that of Banks, complete the discovery of Hunter's islands, examine the south-west coast of New Holland, penetrate behind the islands of St. Peter and St. Francis, and visit that part of the continent concealed by those islands, where a strait was supposed to exist by which a communication was opened with the great gulph of Carpentaria. This being accomplished, they were to direct their course to cape Leuwen, examine the unknown parts of the coast to the northward, visit the coasts of the land of Edels and Endracht, make a particular survey of the island of Rottenest and Shark's bay, terminating their first campaign at the N. W. cape of New Holland.

From Timor, or Amboyna, (at one of which places they were to winter,) they were directed to proceed through Endeavour strait, to the eastern point of the great gulf of Carpentaria, to examine the whole circuit of its coast to the land of Arnheim, terminating the second campaign at the same north-west cape at which their first was completed; from hence they were to cross the Indian ocean to the Isle of France, and make the best of their way to Europe.

So much for this voyage of discovery *round the world*, of which
M. Péron

M. Péron has been employed to write the history. The perusal of his book has certainly afforded us considerable pleasure, although in the course of our examination of it we shall feel ourselves called upon to reprobate, in the strongest manner, the mean and illiberal conduct into which he must have been betrayed by superior influence. Of M. Péron, as a man of general science, we are disposed to think highly; but we repeat, that in the publication of the work before us, we do not and cannot consider him as a free agent. It is brought forward, in the first place, under the immediate sanction of Buonaparte, in consequence of a report of the Imperial Institute, which states,

‘That more than one hundred thousand specimens of animals, great and small, compose the zoological collection, and that the number of new species, according to the report of the professors of the Museum, amounts to above two thousand five hundred.—When it is recollected,’ continues the reporter, ‘that the second voyage of Cook, the most brilliant in this respect which has ever been made to this day, did not furnish more than two hundred and fifty new species, and that the combined voyages of Carteret, Wallis, Furneaux, Meares, and Vancouver, have not altogether produced so great a number; when it is observed that the case is the same with regard to all the French expeditions, it will follow, that MM. Péron and Lesueur alone have discovered more new animals than all the natural historians who have travelled in these latter times.’

As a reward for this great exertion, the Institute accordingly resolves,

1. ‘That the class should testify, in an authentic manner, how much it is satisfied with the zeal shewn by M. Péron to fulfil the functions with which he was charged.

2. ‘That it should declare to government that he is deserving of those rewards usually granted to naturalists who travel; and that the works preparing by him must contribute to the progress of natural science.’

The reward, we are told in a note, was an order of Buonaparte for his works to be published at the expense of government.

Before we proceed to the examination of M. Péron’s book, we shall extract one part of the report of the Institute, which, from the importance it attaches to the nascent colony in New South Wales, tends to corroborate what we have stated in regard to the real object of the voyage.

‘In the midst of the regions which he has traversed, M. Péron has every where encountered the rivals of his country; in every place they have formed establishments which excite the greatest interest, of which we have hitherto in Europe received but imperfect and invariably false information. M. Péron has applied himself particularly to comprehend,

hend, in detail, this vast system of colonization in Australia, which is exhibited at the same time on a great continent, and over an immense ocean. You will be enabled to observe, by that part only of his memoir on the seal-fishery, how far his researches on this subject are of importance, and with what sagacity the author of it has been able to develop them. His labours, in this respect, appear worthy, in every point of view, of the attention of the philosopher and the statesman. Never perhaps did a subject of greater interest or curiosity offer itself to their contemplation. Never perhaps was a more striking example afforded of the omnipotence of laws and institutions on the character of individuals and nations. To transform the most formidable robbers, and the most abandoned thieves of England, into honest and peaceable citizens, and into industrious planters; to operate the same revolution among the vilest prostitutes; to compel them, by infallible means, to become virtuous wives, and exemplary mothers; to bring under subordination and controul a nascent population; to preserve it by assiduous care from the contagious example of its parents; and thus to lay the groundwork of a race more virtuous than that which at present exists—such is the affecting picture that the new English colonies present. But the statesman, in the very constitution of this new empire, and in the detail of its organization, too surely discovers the real views of the founder, and the formidable germ of those revolutions which must of necessity be produced.' Page 12.

This '*Voyage Historique*' commences with observing that the efforts which England has made in scientific discoveries have been peculiarly distinguished in these latter times; and that in this glorious struggle among nations for promoting science, France alone has been able to dispute with advantage her superiority and her triumphs: that, notwithstanding this, the numbers of enlightened Englishmen, placed on the immense theatre of a fifth part of the globe, might, perhaps, decide the opinion of Europe in favour of their country; that the national honour of France therefore called for an expedition of discovery to the South Seas, and that the Institute felt it a duty to propose the measure to government.

'The war at this period appeared to have redoubled its fury; the political existence of France was menaced; its territory was invaded—but Buonaparte was now First Consul. He received with eagerness the proposition of the Institute, which for many years before had to boast of his name in the list of its members. And at the very time when the army of reserve was put in motion to cross the Alps, he issued his orders to hasten the execution of this grand enterprize. In an instant, three and twenty persons, nominated by him, on the presentation of the Institute, were destined for making scientific researches. Never was a display so considerable given to this department of a voyage of discovery; never were means so amply prepared for securing success! Astronomers, geographers, mineralogists, botanists, zoologists, draftsmen, gardeners,

gardeners, all presented themselves in double, triple, and even quintuple numbers.' Page 4.

Fortunate, however, as it turned out, was it for those who were rejected. Of the twenty-three persons selected for conducting the scientific department, three only returned to their country.

The two ships appointed for this expedition left Havre on the 19th October 1800, and anchored on the 2d November in the bay of Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe. We shall not attempt to follow M. Péron through his long dissertations on the Canary islands, nor dispute with him respecting the gallant conduct of his countrymen on the appearance of Lord Nelson before Santa Cruz. We shall barely observe that he must be mistaken in supposing that the English had any view of making a conquest of the Canaries, for the purpose of 'freeing themselves from the heavy tribute which they pay annually to France, Spain, and Portugal, for the wines and brandies of those three powers.' We are confident that no such consideration entered the brain of him who conceived this ill-fated and hopeless expedition, and could almost wish that the motive for sending Lord Nelson on such a service had really been as harmless as that which he has stated. The island of Teneriffe would in fact be an useless conquest. As a colony of England, we should purchase its wines at twice their present rate. The Cape of Good Hope also, according to M. Péron, was taken possession of solely for its supply of wines. Now it unfortunately happens that, excepting a little Constantia for the ladies, not a single pipe of Cape wine is consumed in this capital in the course of a year; and the reason is obvious—it is worse than the worst wines of Teneriffe, and dearer than the best: but M. Péron is not a political economist; he is, it seems, merely 'a savant'.

The passage to the Isle of France afforded the opportunity of making a number of observations on the temperature, moisture, and weight of the air; on the winds, &c. which are detailed at considerable length, and from which is deduced this general result—

'That all the grand phenomena of nature undergo the most important modifications, in proportion as one approaches the equator; that the pressure of the air, and the intensity of the magnetic quality are diminished; the barometer descends; the thermometer rises; the hygrometer stands at the point of saturation; the winds become weaker, and more constant; the movement of every kind of instrument is more regular, and the variations less.'

Much of this is altogether vague and inconclusive. That the elasticity of the air is diminished at and near the equator; that the mercury in the barometer stands generally at a lower, and in the thermometer at a higher point than in other parts of the ocean; that the atmosphere is more loaded with moisture, are indeed facts so well

well ascertained, as not to admit of a doubt; but so far from the winds being more faint and steady, there is not perhaps a spot on the ocean so subject to violent squalls and variable weather, as that belt on the Atlantic which is comprehended between the limits of the north-east trade wind on one side, and the south-east on the other.

Few countries, we are persuaded, can be more delightful than the Isle of France. Though sometimes visited by tremendous hurricanes, the climate is in general friendly both to the animal and vegetable part of the creation. The catalogue of trees, shrubs, fruits, &c. which M. Péron contemplated growing on one spot, includes the most remarkable in the tropical regions of the globe. We suspect, however, that some of them have been set down by him at random. 'The Mangustan, for instance, erroneously said to be 'originaire de la Chine,' has never yet been met with beyond the 12th degree of latitude, and is supposed to be confined to the peninsula of Malacca, Sumatra, Java, and the neighbouring islands; indeed we are perfectly certain, from its delicate habits, that it could not exist on the Isle of France.

On the 25th April 1801, the two ships quitted the island, and steering a course for New Holland, made cape Leuwen, the south-west point of that great continent, on the 27th May. At the moment of their departure, the whole of the two ships' companies were put on short allowance, being reduced to half a pound of fresh bread to each man *par décade*; and, instead of wine, to a ration of three-sixteenths of a bottle of execrable rum distilled at the Isle of France. 'Triste prélude,' says M. Péron, 'et principale source des malheurs qui devoient nous accabler dans la suite!'

From cape Leuwen, M. Baudin, the commandant, thought proper to deviate from his instructions, and, instead of proceeding to the southern extremity of Van Dieman's land, to skirt the western coast of New Holland, from the land of Leuwen to that of Endracht. To the northernmost point of the latter, which is in fact the N. W. cape of New Holland, he gave the name of Murat, and to the group of islands which lie before it, that of Rivoli; notwithstanding that both of them had been long laid down, in our best charts, under the names of N. W. Cape and Rosemary islands. In the same manner new names are bestowed on headlands and islands along this coast, named more than a century ago. The examination of Leuwen's land occupied them from the 25th April to the 19th June, and of Endracht's land from the latter period to the 12th July; and to this delay, and to the deviation of Captain Baudin from his instructions, together with the short allowance of bad provisions, M. Péron attributes all their succeeding misfortunes.

The whole of the western coast of New Holland is described as
a low,

a low, barren, dreary, and sandy shore, affording little interesting either in the animal, mineral, or vegetable creation. The few natives who were seen, are described as horribly ugly and repulsive; a set of human beings thrust to the extreme verge of stupidity and misery, and whose only covering consisted of a bit of kangaroo skin thrown carelessly over the shoulders; every other part of the body being entirely naked.

Having reached the N. W. cape of New Holland, Captain Baudin determined to examine the coast which trends to the N. E. and which was discovered in 1616 by a Dutch navigator of the name of De Witt, after whom it is called. It was again visited by Dampier in 1699, and by three Dutch vessels in 1705; and chiefly from the observations of the last-mentioned visitors, it has been laid down, perhaps not very accurately, in the ordinary charts of this country. The French, however, have thought fit, as usual, to assign new names to every group of islands, and to every promontory of this northern coast of New Holland. Thus we have the bay of Berthoud, the Archipelago of Champagny, the Archipelago of Forrestier, and the Archipelago of Buonaparte, the last of which is situated in Lat. $13^{\circ} 15'$ S. and $123^{\circ} 30'$ E. of Paris. From this point Captain Baudin stood for Timor, where he arrived on the 18th August 1801.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more dreary and miserable than the aspect of these innumerable islands, interspersed along the whole coast of De Witt's land. They present themselves, says M. Péron, 'avec le caractère de la stérilité la plus hideuse.'

'In the midst of these numerous islands, nothing occurs that is pleasing to the imagination. The soil is naked; the burning sky shews itself always clear and divested of clouds; the sea is scarcely agitated, except by nocturnal squalls. Man seems to have abandoned these ungrateful shores; no where is any vestige of his dwelling, or any trace of his presence to be distinguished. The navigator, shuddering at this hideous solitude, beset with dangers—unceasingly starting up, becomes confounded, and turns his back upon the ill-fated shore;—and when he reflects that these inhospitable islands border as it were upon those of the grand Archipelago of Asia, on which nature delights to pour its treasures, he feels a difficulty to conceive how a sterility so invincible can possibly be continued by the side of a fertility so abundant. In vain will he seek in the ordinary laws of nature the real principle of so extraordinary an opposition.'—Page 138.

We are told that on entering the bay of Coupang, on the island of Timor, they experienced considerable difficulty on the part of the Malay chiefs, who, not having as yet any knowledge of Frenchmen, and confounding them with their inveterate enemies, the English, objected to their approach towards the town. A superannuated French pilot, who had served the Dutch at this place for twelve years,

years, in the capacity of gunner, let them into the secret of this animosity. He told them that, some years ago, the English, after conquering Timor, drove the inhabitants, by their violence and rapine, to take up arms; that fort Concord, to which they retired, was taken by assault, when 70 or 80 Englishmen were cut in pieces and eaten by the ferocious Malays; and that the most implacable hatred had subsisted ever since against the English, and against every object which recalled the memory of those invaders. p. 143.

That a doating old French pilot should have dreaint this ridiculous story, and told it for the amusement of his countrymen, does not in the least surprise us; but that a work published by the authority of the government, on the recommendation of the Institute, should gravely record such an idle fable, appears, we confess, somewhat astonishing. We ought to know, however, that nothing is too absurd for the belief of a modern Frenchman, when seasoned with a little calumny against our countrymen. The Malay nation is spread over thousands of islands, which cover ten times as many thousands of square leagues, on the great Indian and Pacific oceans, and exceeds perhaps in its numbers even those of *la grande nation*. They worship one God, and acknowledge Mahomet as his prophet; they have a regular language written in the Arabic character; they are every where lodged in comfortable dwellings, and clothed with decent garments; they have communication with every part of the eastern world; yet we are to be told in the nineteenth century, on the authority of a drivelling Frenchman, that the Malays are cannibals, and that the whole nation bears an implacable hatred against the English!

The Naturaliste, which had parted from the Géographe on the coast of Leuwen's land, joined the latter in Coupang bay. Captain Hamelin had examined the river of Black Swans, which was discovered by Vlaming in 1697; and on the coast of Endracht, among other subjects of natural history, met with the pearl oyster in considerable quantity. M. Péron casts many severe reflections on the mismanagement of Captain Baudin. The dysentery and scurvy, which prevailed in the Géographe, he attributes entirely to his negligence of those precautions which were so well known, and so universally in use; even the parting of the ships, he ascribes to the false calculations of the commandant.

The two ships left Timor on the 13th November, made cape Leuwen the beginning of January 1802, and proceeded to the southern extremity of Van Dieman's land. Here their operations were mostly confined to the coves and harbours of the great bay of Storms, and the channel of Dentrecaesteux. Nothing can be more

beautiful than the surrounding scenery and accompaniments of this channel, of which M. Péron gives a very animated description.

'Crowded on the surface of the soil are seen on every side those beautiful mimosas, those superb metrosideros, those correas, unknown till of late to our country, but now become the pride of our shrubberies. From the banks of the ocean to the summits of the highest mountains may be observed the mighty eucalyptus, those giant trees of Australian forests, many of which measure from 162 to 180 feet in height, and from 25 to 30, and even 36 feet in circumference. Banksia of different kinds, the protea, the embotium, the leptosperma, form an enchanting belt round the skirts of the forests. Here the casuarina exhibits its beautiful form; there, the elegant exocarpus throws into a hundred different places its negligent branches. Every where spring up the most delightful thickets of melaleuca, thesium, conchyum, evodia, all equally interesting either from their graceful shape, the lovely verdure of their foliage, the singularity of their corollas, or the figure of their seed-vessels.'—Page 233.

After the examination of Dentrecasteaux's channel, they proceeded round the southern point of the island Maria, and anchored in Oyster bay. The natives, unlike those on the shores just mentioned, were savage and ferocious.—'Those actions,' M. Péron observes, 'which are to us so delightful and so natural, the bestowing of kisses and affectionate caresses, are utterly unknown to these gross and brutal islanders.'—The discovery, however, of human bones which had evidently been in the fire, and apparently deposited within a monument erected for their reception, gives rise to many speculations on the origin of the custom of burning the dead, some of which are not strictly compatible with the character of the savage and ferocious people he had just described. p. 270.

Nothing particular occurred in skirting the eastern coast of Van Dieman's land, except parting a second time from the Naturaliste, which M. Péron attributes, as before, to the stupidity of M. Baudin: he considers the circumstances of a long and violent gale of wind, and the navigation along a dangerous coast, as trifling in the scale of their misfortunes.

'All those dangers, however, were nothing in comparison of the dreadful scurvy which carried death and destruction into our ranks; already several of our people had been thrown into the sea; already more than half the ship's company were incapable of any duty; two only of our helmsmen could take their turn at the wheel. The progress of this disease was frightful. Three-fourths of a bottle of putrid water composed our daily allowance; for more than a year we had not known the taste of wine, nor had a single drop of brandy passed our lips. In the place of these liquors, so indispensable to the European navigator, above all, on voyages such as ours, were substituted three-sixteenths of a bottle of wretched rum, prepared at the Isle of France, and which

which none but the black slaves of that colony are in the habit of using. The biscuit was holed like a sieve by the larvæ of insects. All our salt provisions were rotten in the strictest sense of the word; and so insupportable were both the smell and taste, that the most famished of the crew frequently chose rather to suffer all the agonies of hunger, than to eat them: oftentimes, indeed, in the presence of the commandant, would they throw their allowance into the sea.' p. 331.

Entering Bass' Strait from the eastward, the *Geographe* stood directly towards Cape Wilson, on the southern coast of New Holland. From this Cape, or promontory, we are told, to Cape Leuven on the west, an extent of coast equal to 900 leagues, the interjacent country is, in future, to be called *Terre Napoleon*: and, accordingly as they proceed, we have Cape Richelieu, Bay Talleyrand, Cape Suffrein, Cape Marengo, Cape Dessaix, Cape Volney, Cape Buffon, Bay Rivoli, Cape Jaffa, the peninsula Fleurieu, and, within it, a deep gulph running 100 miles into the interior, 'to which, in honour of our august empress,' says M. Péron, 'we gave the name of Josephine's Gulph.'* After these, come the island Décres; the peninsula Cambacères, Cape Berthier, and the great Gulph of Buonaparte, which runs 200 miles inland. Next follow Port Champagny, and the archipelago of Jérôme. All those islands, scattered along the coast of *Terre Napoleon*, amounting to more than 160, present the same dreary picture as those of the archipelago of Buonaparte on the northern coast of this continent; they are low, arid, and sterile, producing neither tree nor shrub; a few sombre lichens only are found encrusting the parched surface. Not a human being is known to exist on them. On this inhospitable coast tremendous storms prevail, mostly from the S.W. quarter. The *Geographe* was nearly wrecked in the Gulph of Buonaparte, and the weather was so violent as to oblige them to return to the eastward before they had completed their operations, and seek for refreshments at Port Jackson.

Before we proceed, we feel ourselves called upon to 'unfold a tale,' respecting this Land of Napoleon, which will leave him, at once, without a shadow of the claim to which his flatterers would entitle him. In July, 1801, the Investigator sloop of war, commanded by Captain Flinders, sailed from England under orders to complete the nautical survey of the coasts of New Holland. In December, he made Cape Leuven, and, stretching along the land of Nuyts, with the coast close on board, by the 17th of March, 1802, he had verified all that Vancouver and Dentrecasteaux accomplished; and, in addition, completed the discovery of the deep gulph or inlet within the islands of St. Peter and St. Francis,

* Buonaparte has since changed it for Louis's Gulph.

which, as we said before, was conjectured to communicate with the Gulph of Carpentaria. Now it appears that, on this very day, the *Géographe*, for the first time, entered the *eastern* mouth of Bass' Strait, near Furneaux's islands, and two days afterwards came opposite to *Western Harbour*, on the southern coast; 'where,' says M. Péron, 'finish the labours of the English navigators, and where *our* long discoveries of the Land of Napoleon begin.' It is true that, on the 19th of March, M. Péron could not know what had been effected by Captain Flinders to the westward of Western Harbour; but he knew it before he published his book; he knew it, in fact, a few days after the *Geographe* first made this coast; for, 'on the 9th of April, 1802,' says Captain Flinders, 'in lat. $35^{\circ} 42'$ S. long. $139^{\circ} 16'$ E. we encountered M. Baudin in the *Géographe*, who was prosecuting his examination of the same coast in the opposite direction.' Every information was unreservedly communicated to Captain Baudin; he was told that 'the whole of the south coast of Australia, with the exception of ten or fifteen leagues to the west of Cape Otway, had undergone an investigation, which was generally made at five or six miles distance from the shore, and frequently nearer.' But M. Péron says that Captain Flinders was *very reserved* on the subject of his operations; that, however, they learned from some of his people how much they had suffered by contrary winds, which had driven him from the coast, and prevented his penetrating, as he had intended, behind the islands of St. Peter and St. Francis, &c. Now we will venture not only to assert, that all this is a direct falsehood, (for we have seen both the journal and charts of Captain Flinders, which are fortunately arrived safe in this country,) but also to pledge ourselves that no such observations are to be found either in Captain Baudin's journal, or in the log book of the *Géographe*. We know not much of Captain Baudin's character, but we cannot think so ill of him as to suppose that he would lend his authority, in so wanton and unjustifiable a manner, 'to pluck the laurels from a brother's brow.' Let us hear what Captain Flinders has observed on this occasion.

'On the 7th of December, 1801, I made Cape Leuwen, the south westernmost point of New Holland, and commenced the survey of the south coast. The examination of the French admiral, Dentrecaesteux, upon this coast, made in 1792, extended from Cape Leuwen as far as the longitude 132° east of Greenwich; and I found the chart of M. Beautems Beaupré, his geographical engineer, so accurate, that the advantage to geography, resulting from my survey, will not consist in correcting what he has laid down, but in confirming, and adding to, the information before obtained.' (*Captain Flinders' M.S. Journal.*)

Again,

Again,

'It is known that the French admiral, Dentrecasteaux, did not pursue the coast of Nuyt's Land so far as Nuyts himself had done: the isles of St. Peter and St. Francis, which terminated the Dutch discovery, were not seen by him, or any islands which could have been mistaken for them. The French then have *no claim to original discovery to the westward of these islands*, although Dentrecasteaux, and his geographer Beaupré, deserve much praise for their accurate delineation of those parts. It is most probable, that Nuyts did not see the main coast so far to the East as the islands which he named; be that as it may, it is certain that the *Investigator's discovery will commence where that of the Dutch ends, and it will terminate where she met with Le Géographe*. The western boundary of this space cannot be placed to the eastward of 135° east of Greenwich, and the place of meeting Captain Baudin was in $139^{\circ} 10'$ east. Within these limits are comprehended, 1st, The whole of that great projecting Cape, of which Cape Catastrophe (so called from the loss of a boat with the master and nine men) is the south entrance, with the bays and neighbouring islands; 2dly, The great inlet (No. 12.) up to its head; 3dly, The inlet, (No. 14.); and, 4thly, The large kangaroo island. To all these, I apprehend, the Investigator has an undisputed claim to affix names; and to her, and the British Admiralty only, can this right belong, so far as relates to European nations. From the before mentioned longitude of $139^{\circ} 10'$ to Cape Northumberland, which I place in $140^{\circ} 50'$ the *claim of original discovery, so far as I am acquainted, is vested in Captain Baudin and the French nation*; nor shall I presume to call the headlands contained in this space by other names than such as shall be assigned to them in the French chart.' (*Captain Flinders' M.S. Journal.*)

Thus, then, the nine hundred leagues of coast, comprehended under the name of *Terre Napoleon*, and including all the discoveries of Nuyts, Vancouver, Dentrecasteaux, Flinders, Bass and Grant, are reduced to less than 50 leagues of real discovery, or *one-eighteenth part* of that which M. Péron and the Imperial Institute have, in so barefaced and unjust a manner, ascribed to M. Baudin. We have little doubt that *Terre Napoleon* will make a figure in the future charts published on the Continent; but we are convinced that Messrs. Arrowsmith and Faden will feel too sensibly what is due to their countryman, to defraud him of his well-earned reputation, by adopting the name of an usurper. Indeed, in coupling this transaction with the remaining part of Captain Flinders' history, a strong suspicion arises that the whole has been the effect of a premeditated design to snatch the merit of the discovery from its rightful possessor, for the purpose of setting up a claim, at some future day, to this part of New Holland. The circumstance of Captain Flinders' unjust detention, as a prisoner, on the isle of France, was an admirable incident to favour this design. Having

lost his ship on a reef of coral-rock, he was proceeding to Europe in a small schooner: he called at the Isle of France to refit his vessel, and refresh his crew. On some unfounded pretext, the ship was seized, his books and papers taken possession of, and himself made a close prisoner; fortunately, however, he found means of forwarding to Europe copies of his charts, journals, and other papers. Six years have now elapsed since he was first detained on that island, and although the French government have sent out an order for his release, in triplicate or quadruplicate, at the particular intercession of Sir Joseph Banks, and these orders are known to have been received at the Isle of France, still Captain Flinders is detained there. We have, therefore, no hesitation in saying, that unless counter ones had gone out at the same time, the governor, De Caen, would not have dared to disobey the order for his release. Captain Flinders very justly and pathetically observes,

‘The complete examination of Australia had been my darling project for years; and never was man overjoyed beyond what I was, on receiving the commission to undertake it. Two French ships had sailed nine months before me upon the same project, but, by assiduity and favourable circumstances, I had anticipated them in the most interesting parts. In the midst of my ardour, and after overcoming no trifling impediments, I saw myself arrested, imprisoned—the produce of all my risks and toils, from which I had promised myself advancement, and the approbation of my country, violently taken from me; and the pleasing ideas, which the being on return to a beloved family, after a long absence, naturally excite in the human heart, I saw blasted by the same violent hand; not for any crime committed, but from the *suspicion* of an *intention* only. Had the general’s (De Caen) character,’ he continues, ‘been that of a man of information on literary subjects, I might have suspected that one of his objects, in prolonging my detention, was to give time for the *previous publication of the voyage of M. Baudin, to prepossess the world that it was to the French nation only the complete discovery and examination of the south coast of Australia was due.*’ *M.S.*

He thinks, however, that in De Caen’s estimation, voyages undertaken for the promotion of science, were held too low to justify such a suspicion. It may be so; but we are fully persuaded that he has hit upon the real cause of his long and unjust detention. The work is now published, the claims of the French promulgated, and Captain Flinders, we doubt not, will be released. The *Western Harbour*, though discovered by Bass, and laid down by him from an eye-sketch made in an open boat, as mentioned in a note on a published chart, is evidently the spot fixed upon, at a general peace, for the establishment of the Australian Pondicherry. This harbour, says M. Péron, is most incorrectly laid down, the peninsula being an island to which we gave the name of ‘*Isle des François.*’ The water was found to be sufficient for every purpose of navigation,

tion, the soil fertile, vegetation active, and the surrounding country abundant in wood. 'In short,' says M. Péron, '*Le Port Western* is one of the finest that could possibly be found, combining all the advantages which may one day make it a valuable settlement.'

Having completed their operations as far as the boisterous state of the weather would permit, the winter setting in, and the men much debilitated by sickness, Captain Baudin determined to run for Port Jackson, by again circumnavigating Van Dieman's land. In this passage they experienced dreadful and continued gales of wind, in consequence of which, and of bad provisions, the number of their sick increased daily. The first fifteen days of June brought with them bad weather without any intermission; not more than four men were able to keep the deck, and the ship was almost abandoned to her fate. On arriving before Port Jackson, the crew was reduced to so feeble a state as to be utterly unable to work the ship into the harbour, which being observed by the governor, a small vessel was sent out to their assistance. Here they found the *Investigator*, and learned that the *Naturaliste*, from which they had parted on the eastern coast of Van Dieman, had already called for refreshments at Port Jackson, and sailed for Europe. Meeting, however, with a severe gale of wind to the southward of Van Dieman's land, she found it expedient to return, and joined *Le Géographe* a few days afterwards.

The recovery of the sick, from the moment they found themselves on shore, is described as most rapid. The contempt of the commandant for all those precautions, indispensable to the health of men on long voyages; his disregard of the pointed orders of government on this subject; the unnecessary privations imposed by him on the sick and the crew at large, repeatedly call forth the severe animadversions of M. Péron. How far his conduct was deserving of the unqualified reprehension it here meets with, we pretend not to determine: but we are of opinion that a little more delicacy might have been observed towards the memory of an officer who fought bravely for his country at Trafalgar, where his ship, the *Fougeux*, went down after the action, and Capt. Baudin, with every soul on board, perished.

The favourable reception which the officers and naturalists of the two ships met from the government of Port Jackson, far exceeded their expectations.

The English received Captain Hamelin (of the *Naturaliste*) from the first moment, with that great and polite generosity which the perfection of European civilization only can produce. The most distinguished houses in the colony were open to our companions; and during their whole stay there, they experienced that delicate and kind hospitality,

which confers equal honour on him who practises it, and on him who is the object of it. All the resources of the colony were placed at the disposition of the French captain.' Page 365.—'In one word,' says M. Péron, 'the conduct of the English government with regard to us was so marked by magnificence and generosity, that we should be wanting in every principle of honour and justice, were we not to record in this work the expression of our gratitude.'

The same kind attention appears to have been paid to them by the inhabitants; all, continues M. Péron, seemed to feel the important truth, '*la cause des sciences est la cause des peuples.*'

It gives us pain to observe, after reading these and similar passages, that the gratitude of Captain Hamelin scarcely survived the period of its record by M. Péron. This officer is at present commodore of a squadron of frigates in the East Indies. Last year they attacked and completely destroyed the small and defenceless settlement of Tappanooly, on the coast of Sumatra. Forgetful of that delicate and kind hospitality with which he was received at Port Jackson, Captain Hamelin not only permitted, but assisted in the pillage of private property; he even stood by and saw the wardrobes of the ladies plundered, and was base and malicious enough to order his people to tear in pieces, in presence of the owners, several articles of dress which were not worth carrying away. He then compelled the whole of the civilians to embark for the Isle of France, leaving orders that every house in the settlement should be set on fire. When on ship-board, he called the English ladies upon deck, and with savage exultation, pointed out to them the glorious blaze which their houses exhibited. This is that very Captain Hamelin, at whose disposition, even in the midst of war, 'all the resources of the English colony were placed!'

We have been induced to notice this infamous conduct in an officer of the old school, as it tends to prove, among a thousand other instances now before us, how totally the national character of France is altered and depraved by the military despotism which has sprung out of the Revolution. Her age of chivalry is, indeed, gone—we fear for ever; and its place is supplied by a systematic ferociousness, a rancorous mode of warfare wholly destitute of that urbanity of manners, that generosity of sentiment, which once served to soften the rigours of contention, and stripped it of half its terrors. The leading principle in the modern school of military France, is to renounce humanity altogether; to mortify, to insult, and trample in the dust a vanquished foe, not so much for the gratification of personal hatred, as for the unworthy purpose of ministring to the dark and stormy passions of the most malignant and revengeful of tyrants.

A very detailed, and, we doubt not, very accurate, view is given of the town of Sydney, accompanied with a neat plan, and followed by an

an animated description of the magnificent harbour of Port Jackson. We suspect, however, that the account of the bustling trade, and flourishing state of the colony, is a little exaggerated.

‘A group of objects, not less interesting, forced themselves on our attention. In the harbour were re-assembled a multitude of vessels, recently arrived from different countries of the globe, the greater part of them destined for new and hazardous voyages. These, fitted out on the banks of the Thames and the Shannon, were proceeding to the whale fishery on the wintry coast of New Zealand; those intended for China, after landing their cargoes for the use of the colony, were preparing to sail towards the mouth of the Yellow river. Some laden with coal were about to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope and to India. Several smaller craft were preparing for a coasting voyage to Bass’ strait; other vessels, of a stronger construction, manned by more adventurous sailors, and provided with arms, were fitting out for the western coast of America, stored with merchandize of various kinds: these vessels were intended to establish, by force of arms, a contraband commerce with the inhabitants of Peru, extremely advantageous to both parties. Here an enterprize was preparing for the N. W. coast of America, to carry on a lucrative commerce in furs; there they were hastening an expedition of armed vessels for the Navigator, Friendly, and Society Islands, to import cargoes of salt provisions.’—P. 375.

The account of the convicts is equally favourable, but we fear equally exaggerated. Robbers and highwaymen are here converted into good husbands and indulgent fathers, and the most abandoned thieves and prostitutes into intelligent and industrious mothers. At Paramatta several of the officers and the corps des savans took up their abode in the house of one Larra, a French Jew, who, from a convicted felon, was now become a freeman and a citizen, and married to a once abandoned, now reformed Jewess. Both of them being inclined to industrious habits, they soon raised a small capital; they cultivated land; they entered into commercial speculations; and, in short, M. Larra was now considered as one of the richest and most respectable inhabitants of the colony. Three French convicts served him as domestics, all sensible of their former misconduct, and fully determined to lead in future virtuous and honest lives. Far different, however, were the feelings of another Frenchman, of the name of Morand, a jeweller and clock-maker in the town of Sydney, who had been transported for forging Bank notes, or, as he was pleased to state it, ‘d’avoir voulu s’associer à la Banque d’Angleterre sans mise de fonds.’ The levity with which this wretch related his own villanies, and the delight he seemed to experience at the recollection of the perpetration of crimes disgraceful to human nature, are certainly peculiar to Frenchmen of the very worst description. We shall give his history in his own words:

‘The war,’ said Morand, ‘had just broken out between Great Britain

tain and France; the forces of the two nations were already engaged; when it occurred to me that our rival might be more easily destroyed by financial operations than by force of arms. I resolved therefore *en bon patriote*, to undertake his destruction, and to effect it in the very heart of London—Had I succeeded (he exclaimed with eagerness) France would have erected altars to my name!—Scarcely had I set foot in England, when I commenced my operations, which succeeded beyond my utmost hopes. Assisted by an Irishman, not less expert than myself, I soon succeeded in counterfeiting Bank of England notes to such a degree of perfection, that it became very difficult even for ourselves to distinguish those issued from our press, from those that were real. The moment of my triumph arrived; all my dispositions were made for deluging England with the product of our manufactory. Nothing was wanting but some little information concerning the mode of marking the numbers, when my partner, whom I had hitherto regarded as a gentleman, was induced to rob our depôt, and carry off some of the notes which wanted a few trifling though indispensable formalities. He was immediately taken up: and as he had not scrupled to commit a breach of honour, he did not hesitate, under his present situation, to conduct himself like a poltroon—he discovered the whole secret. I was arrested, and Great Britain was saved from the destruction prepared for her.

‘However evident the proofs of our project might be made to appear, I did not on that account despair (thanks to the nature of the criminal laws of England!) to escape being hanged. But the pusillanimity and terror of my companion were such as to leave no doubt of our common ruin, if I should be reduced to the necessity of being confronted at the bar with him. In order therefore to ward off my own fate, which could not retard his, I was resolved to make him the instrument of his own destruction. Besides, as he was the cause of all our disasters, it was perfectly just that he should suffer for it. In a pathetic harangue, therefore, I endeavoured to prove to him that our death being inevitable, we had nothing left to occupy our thoughts but the best means of escaping the gallows; and that it would be better to act like men of honour, than to expire under the hands of the hangman.—The Irishman was moved, but not quite resolved. I then observed, that if his own infamy did not affect him, he ought to spare his children the calamity of hearing themselves stigmatized; and that if he could not leave them a fortune, he might at least, by a generous self-devotion, snatch them from shame and disgrace.

‘These last reflections kindled in the breast of the Irishman a spark of noble courage. We procured some corrosive sublimate. I pretended to swallow part of it—he actually swallowed it, and died. Thus disembarassed, I avoided the gallows which was ready for us both. I escaped it however to be transported into this colony, where I am condemned to pass the rest of my days. The time of my slavery is expired. I carry on to advantage my former occupations of a jeweller and clock-maker. The two wretches who work for me, and who would hang themselves for the sake of a watch, enable me to triple my profits.

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In a few years I shall be one of the richest proprietors in the settlement, and I should already be one of the happiest, were I not unceasingly tormented at the regret of having failed so miserably in an honourable project, and in seeing myself looked upon as a vile miscreant, even by you, my countrymen, who are not able to comprehend the noble principles of my conduct.' P. 411.

Want of room will not permit us to follow M. Péron through his various observations on many important subjects relating to our settlements in New South Wales, nor to refute his speculations respecting the intentions of the British government in this quarter of the globe. His descriptions are animated, but, as we before observed, generally exaggerated. There are two subjects, however, with which he concludes this first volume of his work, and which, being new, we feel ourselves called upon to notice. The first is an account of some experiments made by him with a new instrument, invented by Regnier, which he calls a dynamometer, for the purpose of ascertaining the comparative strength which individuals are capable of exerting. If it be meant, by such an instrument, to measure the quantity of strength that one man can exert, by pulling, more than another, we presume it will not answer the purpose for which it was invented. The idea seems to have been thrown out by M. Coulomb, in a memoir presented to the Institute, which had for its object the ascertaining 'the quantity of daily action which men are able to furnish by individual labour, according to the different mode in which they employ their strength.' This problem M. Péron has by no means solved. A great many circumstances, besides those of climate, food, and stature, must be taken into consideration. There is moreover a knack acquired by long habit in calling forth muscular power to its utmost exertion, which often enables a weak man to supply a greater quantity of labour than a stronger man is capable of. A Chinese porter, for instance, who feeds on rice, the least nutritive probably of all grain, will carry a greater load than an English sailor who lives on good beef, biscuit, and rum; but the same sailor will haul a rope, or drag a weight, with double the force of a Chinese porter. We cannot follow him through forty pages of dissertation on this subject, but must content ourselves with giving his conclusions from five series of experiments, though we attach little importance to them. Having found the inhabitants of Van Dieman's Land capable of a manual force equal to

Those of New Holland	-	-	-	-	50,6
Those of Timor	-	-	-	-	51,8
Frenchmen	-	-	-	-	58,7
Englishmen	-	-	-	-	69,2
					71,4

he deduces the following general result:—

'That the developement of physical strength is not always in a direct ratio to the want of civilization, nor a necessary consequence of

of the savage state.' (p. 457.) 'What then shall we think,' continues he, 'of those eloquent declamations against the perfection of social order, deduced from the extraordinary physical powers of "the man of nature!"' And he concludes by congratulating himself on being the first to oppose, by direct experiment, an opinion too commonly admitted, *that the physical degeneracy of man proceeds from the perfection of civilization.*

The second subject is a memoir on a new genus of Molusca, which is named *Pyrosoma*, and which is the only animal in the book that is scientifically described.

'PYROSOMA. *Corpus gelatinosum rigidiusculum, liberum, tuberculis asperatum, subconicum, extremilate ampliore apertum, vacuum apertura margine intus tuberculis cincto.*

'*Pyrosoma Atlanticum. Equatorio-atlanticum, gregarié—pelage-vagum, vividissimé phosphorescens, coloribus eximiis tunc effulgens; 10, 12, 14, 16, (3½ to 6 inches) centimetros æquans.*

The discovery of this new genus is introduced in a manner sufficiently interesting to induce us to close the present article with it.

'On the evening of the 14th of December, we experienced a violent tropical squall. The horizon was loaded with heavy clouds, and the darkness was intense. The wind blew furiously, and the run of the ship was most rapid. We discovered, at a little distance a-head, a broad belt of phosphoric light spread upon the waves. This appearance had something in it romantic and imposing, and a general attention was fixed on it. We presently reached it, and found that the brilliancy was caused by an innumerable quantity of animals which, lifted by the waves, floated at different depths, appearing under a variety of shapes. The pieces that were more deeply immersed, presented the idea of masses of burning matter, or of enormous red hot balls, whilst those on the surface perfectly resembled large cylinders of iron heated to whiteness.' p. 488.

These were collective bodies of the *Pyrosoma* above described.

The atlas is of quarto size; it contains not a single chart, nor any sketch or plan of a coast, island, bay, or harbour, though frequent references are made to such in the margin of the printed volume. It has, however, five or six plates, consisting of views of land, which can be of no use either to science or navigation, and which look like so many strips of coloured riband. The portraits and landscapes, relating to Van Dieman's Land, New Holland, and Timor, and the coloured engravings of animals, especially those which belong to the class of Moluscas and Zoophytes, are creditable to the talents of the artist; some of them, indeed, are executed in a manner peculiarly neat, and beautifully coloured.

ART. IV. *The Daughters of Isenberg: a Bavarian Romance.*

By Alicia Tindal Palmer. In 4 vols. 8vo. London. Lackington, Allen, and Co. 1810.

‘IT was on one of those ethereal mornings when the gales bear on their playful wings the sweets stolen from the flowers of early summer, that the three lovely daughters of the Baron Isenberg were lightly tripping from the pagodé des bains towards the chateau of their father.’
p. 1.

Baron Isenberg is a Bavarian nobleman who, about a century ago, sat down in that country with a wife whom he had stolen from her parents at Paris. Having improved his taste by travelling, his first care is to build a superb chateau;—the battlements are garnished with a powerful train of artillery, to fire on great occasions, such as the arrival of a guest, the marriage of a peasant, &c. In other respects, the chateau resembles a house in Grosvenor-square, or rather the description of one in the flowery advertisements of Mr. Phillips; it has porticos, saloons, studies, and boudoirs, and is fitted up in the most fashionable style, after drawings by the judicious Mr. Hope. The ‘pagodé des bains,’ from which the young ladies have just emerged, is a beautiful specimen of modern taste. It is furnished in the Indian manner, (the Egyptian, we suspect, is already obsolete,) and, though built ‘like a Chinese temple,’ is surmounted by ‘a dome unique in its kind.’ p. 167. Here the fair Bavarians prosecute their studies, which are precisely those of the young ladies of Queen-square; a little French, a little music, a little botany, a little conchology—in short, a little of every thing.

Before we learn all this, however, it appears that Miss Palmer, recollecting that she could tell a story better in her own tongue than in any other, deems it fit to make all her characters speak the language of this country. This is accomplished by giving the parents a few years residence in England, and supplying the children with English nurses; so that the house of Isenberg is a perfect English colony. The baron has a maiden sister, who is still more fond of the language than the rest. She was extremely anxious to understand Homer and Virgil in the original. In this she failed; but the attempt, says the author, ‘gave her so decided a preference for the English language that she never used any other.’ To those who are not acquainted with the logic of our novelists, this must have the appearance of what the learned Partridge calls a *non sequitur*; but it is very clearly made out. The good old lady had remarked, that her tongue (the Bavarian, we suppose) ‘did not admit those derivatives from the ancients which enrich ours, and was therefore unworthy of one who aspired to an intimate acquaint-
ance

ance with them.' p. 13. In consequence of this grand discovery, she sedulously cultivates the English language; and, greatly to the delight of the author, who is not to be wearied with her phraseology, never opens her mouth but in such terms as these:—

'Had you truinated this matter with imprejudication, prior to the existimation you have with so much tetricity delivered, it must have been obvious to you, that your incondite vaniloquence must appear to me either arising from incogitancy, or an inane kenodoxy which gives you an exoptation temerarily to insinuate that my sex must be he-sciuous on topics of erudition.'—Vol. ii. p. 78.

Besides the daughters just mentioned, the Baron has a son, who, about this time, brings to the chateau two young noblemen, on a visit: one of these is Don Lerma, a Spaniard; the other, Marquis of Villarose, a Frenchman: these, of course, fall desperately in love with two of the sisters; but, that affairs may not terminate too rapidly, the brother proposes an excursion to the aqueduct of Reichenhale. On their way, they are struck with the sight of a mountain; and, what almost leads them to doubt the evidence of their own senses, something that has the appearance of a hut on it. The young Bavarian, who, from the nature of his country, had no idea that mountains were habitable, proposes to examine the phenomenon. Accordingly the party climb the heights, and discover a 'cherub' of a peasant, 'bathing some faded flowers with her tears.' This beautiful and 'sensitive' young lady was the handmaid of a bloody-minded baron, who, for some unknown offence, probably for eating his sour krout, had sent her to take care of 'a herd of sheep.' There she had lived several months (how, we are not informed) without seeing a human being: at length a boor of the name of Christophe finds her out; and the 'sweet, timid girl' gives a luscious account of her innocent amours (but all in confidence) to three young noblemen whom she had never seen before. Christophe, it appears, has not visited his mistress for some days; and, to ease her bursting heart, the travellers kindly agree to postpone their intended journey, and go in quest of him. After a long and tedious search, he is discovered in the mines, whither he had fled to avoid being sent to the army. His release instantly takes place:—but all is not yet over. The Baron Thundertentrunk (second of the name) refuses to pardon Josephine; and the author, justly enraged at his cruelty, raises a tremendous storm, which throws down 'the left turret of the chateau,' and crushes the obdurate inhabitant. Before his death, however, he had, with great foresight, planned the removal of Josephine; and nothing was ever so adroitly managed. A number of 'bandits' are sent to the mountain, to seize 'the interesting shepherdess,' and nail her up in a coffin—leaving a little grated opening for air, which however is not admitted in any inconvenient

inconvenient quantity, as the vent is carefully covered with a velvet pall. Haste and secrecy being required, the funeral procession moves in solemn state down the mountain, and on that or the succeeding day is encountered by the young lords. The bearers drop their charge, and run off; and Josephine begs most piteously to be taken out of her incommodious travelling carriage. All now is happiness, and the parties return to the chateau of Isenberg.

Here an accession of company awaits them. The author, not having characters enough on her hand, introduces an English family with vast parade. There is a Lady Aberdale, accompanied by her son Sir Launcelot, her niece Miss Wanmore, and a Dr. Mortimas. The lady and her son are perfectly insipid: the two others were apparently meant to be prominent characters; but the author wanted powers to fill up her own outline. Miss Wanmore is a stupid and disgusting Bridgetina; and the Doctor, who is brought forward as an eccentric man of letters, is, in fact, an unmeaning idiot, who gives signs of life only by eating. Not one of the party contributes, in the slightest degree, to the progress or interest of the story; and all disappear from it in succession without notice or regret.

The second volume is nearly occupied by an 'Arcadian fête, given in honour of the spousals of Christophe and Josephine. Never did Isenberg witness so classical a scene. Pomegranates, citrons, laurels and myrtles, with the purple dittany, 'so celebrated by Theophrastus,' and groves of orange trees thickly laden with perfumed blossoms, formed so enchanting a picture, that it is not surprising the company thought themselves, as the author affirms they did, 'transported to Pelasgia.'

Amidst a tedious profusion of mummery, copied, with equal ignorance and absurdity, from some French burlesquer of Grecian manners, Cupid binds the happy pair together with branches of ivy; upon which a fine chorus of female voices, greatly to the edification of the Bavarian boors, chaunts the following hymn: 'Like the Thessalian courser, exalted above her companions, like the lily the pride of the garden, Josephine is the ornament of our nymphs.' There is more of this exquisite fooling; but no mortal patience can get through it.

The festival is followed by another excursion. In this no 'cherub' is discovered; but the journey is not for this the less agreeable. A novel is nothing without a ghost, and Miss Palmer is determined to have one at all events. There is a certain Mons. Crevecœur, cousin to Viola, who resides with her grandfather at Paris: this gentleman is extremely anxious to attach the young lady to himself; for this purpose, he takes an occasional journey to Bavaria, and skulks about the country in a suit of rusty armour, till he

he finds an opportunity of frightening people into fits. Instead, however, of appearing to the daughter, he haunts the mother; and, while she is sinking with terror, warns her, 'with a mournful waving of his head,' not to marry Viola to Villarose.

A thunder-storm now drives the party to seek shelter in an obscure village, called Mittewald (for the author piques herself on her topographical knowledge), which afforded but one miserable 'auberge,' or rather hovel, 'consisting of two rooms: here they agree to dine; and a repast is shortly served up, at which Dr. Mortimas manifests an extraordinary appetite as well as taste; for he eats his 'partridge with seasoned jelly,' and 'laves his paties with a profusion of turtle soup;' while, with somewhat more correctness, 'he washes down every mouthful of perigord-pie with a bumper of Burgundy.'—Vol. ii. p. 247.

It is the height of injustice to say that love alone is to be learned from the novels of the present day: very accurate notions of natural history may be gathered from them; and hence we suppose it is that those young ladies, who, to their credit, study them assiduously, commonly find their understanding as much improved as their sentiments are chastened and refined. With all this, however, we should grieve to hear that any worthy citizen, encouraged by our last quotation, had, during a long course of easterly winds, projected a journey to the village of Mittewald, for the purpose of eating 'turtle-soup.' We have heard, from what we account pretty good authority, that no turtles have lately been found in Bavaria: this, however, forms no reasonable impeachment of Miss Palmer's veracity, as wonderful alterations are known to have recently taken place on the continent.

By this time Don Lerma has declared for Carinthea, and Villarose for Viola: the eldest sister, Pauline, we had destined, in our own minds, for Sir Launcelot; but she had already provided for herself. During a residence at a friend's house, she enters into an amorous correspondence with an invisible youth, by means of a swan, called Jupiter, and a daughter of the king of Poland, who rides about the country in breeches, and carries tokens and messages for young damsels in distress. As Pauline 'makes it a point of conscience to conceal nothing from her honoured mama,' she dutifully details the progress of her passion in a series of letters: instead, however, of sending them to the post, she carefully locks them up in a closet; so that 'her honoured mama' remains, for three years, in utter ignorance of the whole transaction. Before matters are brought to a crisis, the young lady and her hostess take an airing in the Tyrol: here they are seized by a band of robbers; and the lover, who had followed in disguise, is wounded and made prisoner in an attempt to rescue them. They are hurried through a

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subterraneous passage several miles in length, dank, and dark, and full of horrors : at length they reach the habitable part of the cavern ; and, as it may give our fair readers some idea of the mode in which ‘ bandits’ live in the savage part of the Tyrol, we shall copy the description of the saloon.

‘ It exhibited the appearance of a superb tent : three large chandeliers suspended from its lofty dome, and filled with wax-lights, illuminated every part of it with the splendour of a palace. The carved ceiling as well as the rocky sides were hidden by a loose hanging of light-coloured cloth—stands of flowers divided the room into compartments—these, filled with a harpsichord, a pair of globes, books, secured by nets of brass wire, &c. gave a polished character to the saloon, and proved that they were not fallen into the hands of absolute barbarians.’ Vol. iii. p. 65.

The bed-chambers of the cavern do not, by any means, correspond with the magnificence of the drawing-room : they are ‘ literally holes scooped out of the rock ;’ and, to add to the horrors of such living tombs, ‘ no doors secure the sleeper against the intrusion of the daring inhabitants.’ Pauline, therefore, not liking her quarters, gropes her way back to the saloon : here she finds a book on the table, which, on inspection, proves to be the bloody record of one of the robbers, written for his amusement, in the interval of cutting throats, and desperately wicked. Pauline finds it so ‘ interesting to her hurried feelings,’ that she sits up all night to peruse it, though alarmed by the groans of a slumbering bandit, and the ferocious figures which glare upon her from a large picture, executed by the first masters :—for the murderer was a man of taste, and, like Alexander the Great, scorned to commit his features to any secondary hand. Meanwhile her lover, in exploring this interminable cavern, catches a faint glimpse of day-light ; he immediately rushes to the chink, which is just wide enough to admit his body ; but has scarcely reached the outward verge ere he is precipitated down a rugged descent of many hundred feet into the river Inn. A water-dog ‘ miraculously’ preserves him from drowning, and some hospitable fishermen cure his bruises. He now bethinks himself, that so commodious and pleasant a mode of escape as that which the chasm offers, would suit the timidity of his mistress ; he therefore hires a boat, and, paddling into the stream, begins a Bavarian air on the lute. This fortunately catches Pauline’s ear, and she creeps through the opening to discover the musician ; her foot opportunely slips, and she tumbles headlong into the tremendous gulph below. With great difficulty she is fished up, and more dead than alive conveyed to a neighbouring convent.

Meanwhile the father of the baroness, grown old and infirm, wishes to be reconciled to his fugitive daughter before his death,

and therefore summons the whole family at Paris. Here a number of untoward events take place. Carinthea coquets with a certain Prince of Portugal, and disgusts Don Lerma, who returns to Spain; while Viola has the mortification to see her lover, the Marquis of Villerosé, stripped of his fortune by a law-suit. That so good a thing, however, may not be lost to the family, it is conferred on Adelcour, the youth who piped Pauline down the precipice, and who now marries her with the consent of all parties.

The unfortunate Villerosé is discarded by the parents, and Creve-cœur, less indebted to his ghostly warnings than his rival's loss of fortune, becomes a suitor to Viola; we cannot say a successful one, as in the course of a few days he is murdered in his bed by Villerosé, who is found lifeless by his side. We lament exceedingly that a coroner was not called in, as an inspection of the dead bodies might—but we must not anticipate the author's secrets.

This lamentable event cures Carinthea of her coquetry: she consents to become dutiess of Lerma, and with poor Viola, who vows perpetual virginity, returns once more to Isenberg. Here repeated reports reach them of the marvellous prowess of a private soldier, called Louisberg. He saves the life of the Austrian general, rallies the flying troops, defeats the enemy, and finally attracts the notice and patronage of Marshal Daun, who recommends him to his mistress, Maria Theresa. This eminent personage being, as every one knows, a great match-maker, takes it into her head to demand Viola in marriage for the young hero: hereupon great lamentations, swoonings, and protestations of aversion. The Empress, however, is positive, and Viola is led, a reluctant victim, to the altar—when, O ciel! on lifting her tearful eyes from the ground, she discovers in the dreaded Moloch to whom she is about to be sacrificed, the form, the features, the—the every thing, in short, of her long-lost lover, Villerosé.

It turns out upon inquiry that he had not been murdered at all; but that a certain superannuated madman, whose pocket handkerchiefs were marked with the same initials, (Villerosé and Valdoire both beginning with a V.) had given his keepers the slip, and been fortunately killed and buried in his stead. The tender couple are instantly united, and the novel concludes amidst a full and flowing tide of happiness.

To remark on the traits of nature, probability, common sense, &c. which distinguish this publication is superfluous, after the analysis into which we have entered. The author speaks with some confidence of her own powers, and not unjustly, for she is a giantess among the pigmies. She spells somewhat more correctly than Miss Owenson, whom she at once imitates and ridicules, and she appears to know the meaning of most of her words. She has also
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a pretty taste for literature, and translates, with no better aid than a pocket dictionary, several English nouns into French, with very commendable accuracy: thus landlady is rendered *la hôteesse*, castle, *chateau*, artifice, *ruse*, &c. There is moreover an attempt at Italian, which only fails because the wicked vocabularies do not teach the art of putting *two* words together.

With all this, we cannot conscientiously encourage the fair author to proceed in her present course of study; we see in it little prospect of profit, and less of reputation: if, however, she determines to persevere, we must then strenuously and imperiously insist on her checking her odious propensity to profane and blasphemous ejaculations. Miss Palmer is not, like Miss Owenson, a pupil of nature, and perhaps is scarcely conscious of her own impiety; yet can habit so far overcome all reverential awe for a positive precept! In some cases she manifests a degree of humility which might almost be spared. 'I like,' says an ancient writer, 'I like such tempers well, as stand before their critics with fear and trembling, and before their Maker like impudent mountains.'

It is now time to confess that the *Daughters of Isenberg*, notwithstanding their multifarious beauties, would have escaped our notice altogether, but for a particular circumstance. The author, it seems, found Bath too circumscribed for her benevolence, and therefore transmitted several sums of money to London, to be laid out for charitable purposes. Among others, we were appointed almoners; and though, as Juliet says, 'it was an honour which we dreamt not of,' and could, indeed, well have foregone, yet it warmed our hearts towards the writer, and induced us to attend, as she requested, to her production on its first appearance. Having said this, we must take leave to decline all interference with her liberalities in future. Our avocations leave us but little leisure for extra-official employment; and, in the present case, she has inadvertently added to our difficulties, by forbearing to specify the precise objects of her bounty. We hesitated for some time between the Foundling and Lying-in Hospitals: in finally determining for the latter, we humbly trust that we have not disappointed her expectations, nor misapplied her charity. Our publisher will transmit the proper receipt to her address.

ART. V. *Reasons for declining to become a Subscriber to the British and Foreign Bible Society, &c.* By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. Third Edition. 8vo. pp. 18. London. Rivington. 1810.

A Letter to the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. in Reply to his Strictures, &c. By Lord Teignmouth, President of the British and Foreign Bible Society. 8vo. pp. 26. London. Hatchard. 1810.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Teignmouth, &c. in Vindication of 'Reasons,' &c. By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. &c. 8vo. pp. 157. London. Rivington. 1810.

A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, &c. By William Dealtry, M.A. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 36. London. Hatchard. 1810.

An Inquiry into the Claims of the British and Foreign Bible Society, &c. By the Rev. John Hume Spry, M.A. 8vo. pp. 39. London. Rivington. 1810.

WE hasten to notice the above pamphlets, foreseeing that they are only the prelude to more, and hoping that by the timely statement of a few plain and charitable principles, we may prevent the mischiefs which will otherwise ensue. Were not this our object,—were not the promotion of Christian good most important to the community, and most dear to our own hearts, we might well wave all discussion of the matter in dispute. Some literary merit might reasonably be expected in any publication which draws the attention of a literary journal. Of such merit, however, the present question has little, or nothing, to boast; and we have to complain, that by far the largest part of the argument is conducted in a style utterly remote from the humblest claims of composition.

Of the persons principally engaged in this controversy, it may be proper to give our readers some account, before we state the nature of the controversy itself.

It is impossible to mention Dr. Wordsworth without the most genuine feelings of respect and esteem. The part which he formerly took in the dispute occasioned by the system of Mr. Granville Sharp concerning the uses of the definitive article in the Greek text of the New Testament, entitles him to the decided praise of ability and learning. The evidence, brief, but conclusive, which he adduced from the Christian writers of the early ages in support of Mr. Sharp's interpretation, was employed with the highest skill and effect. Some of his opponents in the present question have attempted indeed to speak of him with levity. They only betray that want of truth and candour to which controversy is apt to lead every mind not possessed of the very best principles. His character is
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that of a learned and accurate divine; nor do we think it likely to be shaken by the efforts of party spleen, though they should be assisted (as we confess they are) by his own want of care in the management of the present controversy.

Of Lord Teignmouth, his principal opponent, it is equally impossible to speak without the sincerest commendation. We know and love his many virtues. The integrity of his life, and the genuineness of his piety tend, still more than his rank, to place him in the very first class of respectability. To advance the cause of christianity is the habitual motive of his conduct; nor will anything less pure and dignified be charged against him, but by ignorance or malice.

Here we should wish to stop. But these, like other primary bodies, are attended by smaller and more obscure satellites. We will mention only two of them. With a narrow view of his question, and in a tone of argument faint and unimpressive, Mr. Spry adopts the cause of Dr. Wordsworth. He adds no force to the statements of others, and brings no novelty of his own.—With this humble character, Mr. Dealtry is not content; and espousing the cause of his Lordship, makes sundry efforts to be both witty and wise. In spite of all his attempts, however, the reader cannot but discover the poverty of his resources, and the unfitness of his judgment to decide such a dispute. There is a flippancy and incompetence in his manner of writing, which makes it far more insupportable than the decent heaviness of Mr. Spry. He seeks to disguise the sentiments which he adopts from his principal in the affected dress of his own phraseology: *sequiturque fugitque*—he follows the track of others, while he appears to soar away as an original genius. ‘Do my Bibles,’ procured from the Bible Society, ‘by some process of chemical combination, neutralize my Tracts and Bibles derived from the other Institution? Or, what is still worse, are they converted by the process into a baneful commodity; a mere *caput mortuum*; a pestilential mass of sulphur and charcoal?’ If this ‘examining chaplain’ were himself to be asked, from what treatise on a serious subject might be produced a passage which should combine the meanest reasoning with the most affected levity, he might safely quote his own pamphlet, page 13. If he were required to point out the most injurious, as well as the most tasteless, of all attempts at the illustration of the matter in dispute, he must fix on his own ‘two scolds in a parish,’ or the rapid and pert invention of his ‘two streams,’ p. 27. But we gladly leave him, and turn the attention of our readers to the subject itself, and to the principles, by which, as appears to us, so important a question may be determined.

It is to be observed then, that there has long existed in this
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country a Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. It began, though under another name, in 1698. Its object is to distribute Bibles, Common Prayer Books, and religious tracts consonant with the doctrines and discipline of the establishment. This has been done, to a very large and beneficial extent, within our own country. The efforts of the Society have also been directed to the promotion of charity schools at home, to the support of the Danish missions in India, and to the assistance of the Greek Church in Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Egypt. This Society is confined to those who are 'well-affected to His Majesty and his government, and to the Church of England as by law established.'

Recently, however, (1804,) has been formed another society, for the purpose, as is expressly stated in its proceedings, of distributing Bibles alone, without note or comment, and without religious tracts, or the Book of Common Prayer. To this has been given the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society. No test of principles is required; and admission is open to all who will subscribe. Of this institution Lord Teignmouth is the President, and he states the original idea of it to have been suggested by 'the extreme want of Welsh Bibles in North Wales, and the despair of obtaining them without resorting to new and extraordinary means for that purpose.' p. 11. This is denied by the advocates of the ancient society. Here then is the commencement of the controversy; and as the first step in it requires to be distinctly marked, we beg the particular attention of our readers to the following statement of Dr. Wordsworth.

'A Church Bible, in folio, was published by the University of Oxford about 20 years ago, at the request of some of the Welch Bishops, which is still in use, and there is no want of a further supply.

'But there being found a want of Bibles in a smaller size, for common use, a resolution was passed, Feb. 9, 1796, by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to print, with the aid of the Oxford press, 10,000 copies of the Bible in 8vo. and 2000 of the New Testament, to be distributed at a cheap rate. The delegates of the Oxford press acceded to these proposals, and undertook the work, June the 10th, in the same year.

'The letter addressed by the Secretary of our Society to the Welch members, to notify that the above were ready for delivery, was dated Dec. 16, 1799.

'There was a great demand for these Bibles, and when they came to be circulated through the country, it appeared, in a few years, that the demand was greater than the supply, and that another edition of the same number of copies was wanted; and intelligence to this effect was communicated to the Society.

'At this period the British and Foreign Bible Society stepped into this province, and, as appears by your Lordship's Letter, (p. 11.) passed an order

order for printing an edition, Sept. 3, 1804. They committed the superintendence of this edition to one of the most noted leaders of the secretaries in Wales, by whom alterations were reported to be projected. This caused a great alarm among the clergy, who applied again to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, through the Bishop of St. Asaph, (then Bishop of Bangor,) for a supply, which produced an order from that Society, in March, 1805, for an edition of 20,000 copies, to be carefully revised under the superintendence of the Welch Bishops, and to have the authority of their signatures, conformably with the Act of Uniformity. The Bible Society had not then begun to put their order in execution, as appears by the message brought by one of their members to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, that they had altered their plan, and would print after the text of the Oxford copy.* But they did not withdraw their order; on the contrary, they hastened their edition, and by putting (if I am rightly informed) different parts into different hands, succeeded in anticipating that of Oxford; which it was soon seen would take up much time, on account of the pains taken in correcting the text, and from the adoption of the stereotype, then new at that University.—p. 47 to 49.

Notwithstanding these circumstances, the British and Foreign Bible Society has proceeded with its object; and the success which it has experienced is very considerable. In so fair a light indeed have its proceedings hitherto appeared, that not only has it received ample subscriptions from those who, on account of their religious principles, were not admissible within the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, but churchmen themselves have readily given it their concurrent assistance. Bishops have consented to partake in the direction of its affairs. Many of the beneficed clergy have contributed to its support; and smaller societies are forming in various parts of the country, in aid of the views of the parent society in London. At length, however, an alarm has been taken; and under that impulse was prepared the first pamphlet of Dr. Wordsworth, which contains his reasons for declining to become a sub-

* Indeed the final resolution to undertake to print your edition was not passed, I see, till Dec. 9, in the same year, (1805,) eight months after the like resolution by our Society, as appears by an extract from the minutes of your Committee, given in the Second Report, page 180.

" 9th December, 1805.

" Resolved Unanimously,

" To adopt the edition of 1752, with the orthography of Dr. Davies in proper names, as the copy for the edition of the Bible to be printed for this Society in the Welch language, correcting typographical errors, and collating the text with former authorized versions."

" It may be fit, however, that I should state, what is not specified by your Lordship, that the size which you fixed upon was a "smaller than octavo" and for a reason thus assigned in your first report: "The size of the Welch Bibles was ultimately fixed, in consequence of a resolution of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to print an octavo edition of it." p. 20—p. 49.

scriber to the new society, and to which the letter of Lord Teignmouth is a reply. It appears, that Dr. Wordsworth's original intention was only to state his sentiments for the private use of certain professional friends, who would understand his hints, and save the necessity of a fuller argument. To the public, however, it is obvious that such a document must appear insufficient without much enlargement and explanation. This is now given in the Letter to Lord Teignmouth, from which the above quotation is drawn.

We sincerely wish that Dr. Wordsworth had acted in a different manner. We wish that he had seen the importance of stating his objections to the Bible Society at once, with that explicitness which the subject required, and which the peace of the church rendered so necessary. In his mode of management, however, the vehemence of his complaint appeared to most readers, as well as to Lord Teignmouth, to exceed the ground of his reasons; and till the publication of his second pamphlet, (which will not be so extensively read,) he had left the subject in an obscurity very unfavourable to the cause of the church, and of the effect of which Dr. Wordsworth has no right to complain. We wish too, that he had conducted the explanation itself with more clearness and caution. He fatigues his reader through a considerable portion of it with petty remarks on those doubts and misconceptions which might perhaps have been obviated by a fuller statement of the question at the beginning. Writing too with no small appearance of hurry and irritation, he sometimes falls into rashness, and often into an involved phraseology, which darkens the subject and deadens the attention. But we must be content; and notwithstanding the blemishes which disfigure his letter to Lord Teignmouth, it contains many valuable sentiments, and furnishes us with the only authorized documents and explanations which we have on his side of the question.

Having given this short view of the nature of the controversy, and the persons chiefly engaged in it, we shall confine ourselves to the principles by which, as appears to us, it may best be determined. These may be comprised in the following questions. 1. Ought a new society for the dispersion of the scriptures to have been formed? 2. May members of the church belong to it without prejudice to our establishment and the cause of the Gospel?

1. We presume that the new Society would have existed, though the want of Welsh Bibles had not been pleaded as the immediate reason of its formation. This is implied in its very title, unless the foreign part of the plan grew out of the Welsh question, which, however, does not appear probable. It is strongly asserted indeed, by the opponents of Lord Teignmouth, that a Bible Society was in the contemplation of the Dissenters before he was induced to lend his name to the present association: and the assertion stands on the

the testimony, always weighty, of Mr. Granville Sharp. The question, however, is still to be asked, whether a Bible Society, however planned, might be innocently formed? We have no hesitation to answer in the affirmative;—and for the primary ground of this judgment we must revert to the constitution of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. This, as we have already seen, maintains, as one of its leading and characteristic principles, the confinement of the power of subscription to the members of the Established Church. It is obvious, that the strictness and purity of its ecclesiastical management were the objects of that regulation, and that these are of very great importance. Under the impossibility, therefore, of obtaining admission into this Society, the Dissenters were either obliged to abstain altogether from the distribution of the Scriptures, through an excess of reverence towards the claims of the ancient Society, or to form a separate association for that purpose. No person, whose mind is free from the most narrow and degrading bigotry, will argue that Bibles are not to be given by Dissenters thus circumstanced. If there is a void in Christian knowledge not filled up by any other institution, we know no law, human or divine, which prohibits an attempt to supply the defect. It is impossible, indeed, to look through the Christian world without perceiving how much ignorance still remains to be remedied, notwithstanding the long and most laudable exertions of the Church. And similar will be the confession, after the additional efforts of the new Society. Mr. Spry may lament that, if the clergyman is too poor, and his rich parishioners too careless, to give Bibles, the ignorant should be instructed by a present from any other hand. We cannot descend to this jealous exclusion; and we regard the Dissenters, under the circumstances above described, as at full liberty, in point of conscience, to form associations for the purpose of distributing Bibles. This indeed is very properly allowed by Dr. Wordsworth.

‘The institution of the Bible Society was first projected among the Dissenters; and had it been happily left in their hands, all would have been well, and preserved exactly as it should be. The right, the necessity, the expediency, the wisdom, and praise and salutary fruits of such a society, I, for one, would never have impeached and questioned. I should have rejoiced in it exceedingly. I can hardly conceive any case in which it could ever have occurred to me to draw my pen against it. The Bibles, thus dispersed, whether at home or abroad, would have come, at least so far as we of the Church of England were concerned, an unmixed offering of good into the common stock and treasure-house for the refreshment and relief of afflicted humanity,’ &c. Letter, p. 53.

It is true, that, in other parts of his letter, Dr. Wordsworth states his principal complaint to be against the distribution of
Bibles

Bibles at home. But it is obvious that the complaint must arise, not from the mere fact of the distribution, but from the mixed composition of the distributing Society.

The first question is thus far answered. Dissenters are at liberty, even in the judgment of the principal antagonist of the Bible Society, to form associations for the distribution of Bibles, not only abroad, but at home. This part of the subject cannot be dismissed, however, without inquiring, whether there be any other class of persons who may fairly deem themselves at liberty to act, as Dissenters, for this purpose? Does then the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge object to certain members of the Church who offer themselves for admission as subscribers? This is a very serious question. On the one hand, it is of the highest importance to preserve the purity of the established doctrine; on the other, to reject an apparent member of the Establishment, is to treat him as a Dissenter. Unless therefore the most cogent grounds can be assigned for the rejection, such a proceeding is most highly dangerous. An enemy may be made of him who was desirous of shewing friendship. Too fastidious a scrutiny may be exercised; and a fear and dislike may be prematurely and unjustly entertained against those persons of the Church to whom popular clamour may have given the name of Methodists. Most reluctantly we confess that we have heard one serious complaint of this nature. We know not indeed the secret grounds of the rejection; but, from the respectability and connections of the remonstrating party, we have reason to fear that an alarm somewhat extensive has been given, and that others have been deterred from offering their names to a scrutiny which they deem offensive to their feelings, and degrading to their honour and character. Here then, we presume, is another class of persons who, not admitted into the antient Society, or actuated by the fear of a rejection by it, are at liberty to join their benevolence with that of the Dissenters for the purpose of distributing the Scriptures.

2. The other question remains, whether members of the Establishment, whose principles are undoubted, may belong to the Bible Society?

To this also we answer in the affirmative, provided they first belong to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, the claims of which are of an higher nature; and provided they discover, in the new Institution, none of those circumstances, from which alone, as we conceive, mischief would arise to the Establishment.—The reasons of this judgment we shall also state in their order; and, first, for the demand that the Churchman be a member of the antient Society.

When we separated from the church of Rome, the contest was, in a great measure, concerning the free use of the Scriptures. To these

these we demanded an uncontrolled admission, not only for the sake of obtaining a genuine knowledge of the terms of salvation, but of forming a pure and apostolic church, freed from the corruptions of faith and discipline which had, in the lapse of time, disfigured the original establishment of Christianity. By the Reformation therefore we succeeded in forming an Ecclesiastical Polity, as well as in securing the liberty of the Bible. Our Liturgy was framed, and our doctrine and discipline fortified by the Articles and Canons of our Church. At the present time then we stand with our Bible in one hand, and our Common Prayer in the other. We must cast away neither. Looking at both, indeed, we see the identity of their principles. This is our strong ground. Our Liturgy is drawn from the Scriptures, and we contend, that it may be resolved into them again by the soundest process of argument, and by the most exact tracing of authorities. But, thus extracted from the Scriptures, it is to be for ever maintained, together with them, by all the true sons of the Church. It is the external monument and test of our Establishment; and hence we are bound, in a peculiar degree, to maintain the Book of Common Prayer, and all the doctrines calculated for its support. But by preferring the Bible alone to the Bible and Liturgy united, we return to the imperfect state in which we were before the completion of our Reformation. This road, indeed, is open to Dissenters; but the present question is with the genuine and undoubted Church; and, in this view, we do not hesitate to affirm, that the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, the object of which is to secure the Book of Common Prayer and the Bible together, has a prior and superior demand, first on all the clergy of the Establishment, and next on all the laity. We therefore consider the Churchman who, without visible cause, shrinks from the support of the Society, as having some objection to the constitution of our Ecclesiastical Polity.

Let us now pass to some view of those circumstances which are to be considered by the Churchman as the ground of his subscription to the Bible Society, or of his determination whether he ought to continue in it.—His judgment may be formed then on the following questions: whether the new Society extends a salutary agency beyond the reach of the ancient Institution;—whether, within the circle of the latter, it impedes the cause of Christianity, and menaces the Church Establishment?—and whether, with its outward provisions as a religious association, it connects any secret attempts at political objects?

In the first of these cases we conceive the door of subscription to be open to all, with perfect safety to the Church. The diffusion of the Scriptures by the Bible Society has been effected through a larger tract of the world than was embraced by the ancient Institution.

tion. This will immediately appear from the statement given by Lord Teignmouth, p. 21, of the foreign agency of his Society: nor do we conceive it necessary to prove, at any length, the innocence of that liberality which is applied to such an extension of the knowledge of the Bible.

In the second case there appears much difference of opinion; and it is to the home influence of the Bible Society that Dr. Wordsworth is chiefly inclined to object. Indeed, if the antient Institution had been capable of removing the spiritual wants of all the ignorant within the limits of our own country, we should deprecate any interference from another quarter. At the time, however, when the new Society was formed, its means were not thus ample; nor, if we rightly remember, was there any appearance of an intention to enlarge them to such an extent. We observe, with pleasure, the steps which are now taking to extend its influence, by forming committees in the chapter of every cathedral, and by a general appeal to the clergy. But this resolution has been adopted within a few months only; nor do we see that those churchmen who, members already of the antient Society, have contributed their names to the new, for the sake of a larger diffusion of the Scriptures, can be justly charged with blame. A wish has indeed been strongly expressed that the means furnished to the Bible Society had been thrown into the treasury of the other Institution. But let it be candidly asked, whether this could have been effected? Would the Dissenters have contributed to a Society, into whose bosom they could not be received? Would that Society have accepted such contributions? In truth, neither of these suppositions appears probable; nor can we conceive, that this union of means would have taken place, if the Bible Society had not been formed. But the loss of the co-operation of the clergy is also lamented by the patrons of the antient Institution. We have already reprobated this defection; nor can we stigmatize in too strong terms the member of the Church who voluntarily keeps aloof from the Society which has for one of its leading objects the maintenance of the Establishment. But, on our plan, every clergyman is bound in the first instance to support that Society. We do not see, however, that his subsequent assistance of the Bible Society can have the ill effects which are so much feared. The distribution of Bibles by Dissenters is freely allowed by Dr. Wordsworth, both at home and abroad. And it might be expected, that the concurrence of Churchmen with Dissenters in an object thus allowed, would not vitiate what in its own nature is laudable. It might rather be said, that if any sinister influence is apprehended in the management of this object, the presence of Churchmen will tend to check the mischief; and that their accession to a Society composed, in a great measure, of Dis-

senter,

senters, will be compensated by their salutary inspection of its proceedings. This may be well applied to an apprehension which is gaining ground, that, notwithstanding the declared object of the Bible Society, some of its managers have a connection with another Institution for the dispersion of Religious Tracts, and that doctrines may thus be indirectly propagated which are hostile to the Establishment. If there is any truth in this opinion, it must be speedily known; and, in this case, it will be the bounden duty of every Churchman to withdraw from the new Society without a moment's delay.

Similar will be the caution of the subscribing Churchman in the third case; and he will take care to ascertain, whether any political objects are connected with the ostensible designs of the Bible Society. Suspensions indeed are abroad; many of them utterly wild and extravagant. We will notice one, however, which, if it has any foundation, is of the utmost importance. It is supposed, then, that, by drawing the members of the Establishment into a co-operation with themselves in a cause externally Christian,—by a temporary disguise of those party feelings which may hereafter be made to act with increased force and effect,—by softening the mind through the previous influence of religion, and disclosing political views at the moment when the Establishment is, in a certain degree, disarmed of her caution, the Dissenters may hope to succeed in their claim, hitherto unattainable, of an exemption from the Test-Laws.

We know not the truth of this; but we have the rather stated the suspicion, on account of the unusual agitation which has been observed in the meeting at the London Tavern, when any Churchman, of distinguished rank, comes forward to insert his name in the lists of the Society. Of this pleasurable commotion a strong specimen is said to have been afforded at the last assemblage. But who shall decide upon the motive? While the politician traces it to some projected change of the laws by which the Establishment is maintained, the common Christian will refer it to that satisfaction which is likely to be felt when a supposed prejudice is thus openly and candidly disavowed.

These are the most important points which have occurred to us on this disputed subject. The summary of them will be as follows: Dissenters are at liberty to form a Bible Society—They may be joined also by those members of the Church who are not received by the antient Society—Churchmen, confessedly sound, are required by the original and paramount claims of that Society, to give it their first support—They may, however, conscientiously become members of the new Society for the sake of a supplemental good, not otherwise attainable—But they are bound, at the same time, to watch the proceedings of this Society, and to quit it if temporal objects

objects shall appear to be connected with its religious professions; or if its religious objects should be found, whether by connection with other associations, or by the tendency of their own principles, to be in hostility with those of their more immediate Institution,—the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

In proposing these principles we shall probably be unacceptable to the more zealous and bigotted partisans on both sides. For these, however, we care little; and we shall be happy if this dispassionate view of the question appear neither unserviceable nor unacceptable to Dr. Wordsworth and Lord Teignmouth.

We shall close the whole with a statement of the funds of the Society, which, notwithstanding his parade of figures, have been misunderstood by Mr. Dealtry, appealing to every sincere member of the Church for that assistance which is conscientiously due to so ancient and well-tryed an Institution.

‘ I suspect that Mr. Dealtry has by no means well considered the application of the term “receipts” in his calculation, and the proper nature of many of the items which it covers. If that had been so, I think he never could have remarked, that “it should be *particularly observed*, that the *funds and subscriptions* of both societies received their greatest augmentation in the same year, viz. in the year ending in March, 1809,” (p. 21.) In fact, many things tended to swell the “receipts” of that year, quite distinct from the prosperity of our Society, indeed quite opposite to it. For, first, with regard to the amount of *subscriptions* quoted in the Report for the year in question, it ought to be known, that the Society, from its great necessities and poverty, has been compelled recently to make extraordinary exertions for the recovery of arrears. Thus the amount of subscriptions received in the year referred to by Mr. Dealtry was

- - - - -	£. 3413 9 0
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While that in the year immediately preceding was only 2697 0 0

Which leaves therefore a difference of - £. 716 9 0

‘ A sum of which, you will see, but a very small part can be accounted for by any accession of subscribers to the latter of the two years. It is to be attributed to those exertions which I have mentioned. The year in question then is richer by that sum at least than it ought to be. Subsequent years will not possess the same advantage: the money cannot be had over again. And it is plain also, that not only is this year *positively* richer than it ought to be, but *relatively* also. Its excess of riches is the result of the poverty of the several antecedent years in which the arrears were incurred.

‘ Similar considerations are applicable to the amount of “receipts” for *arrears* for packets of books, which in the year particularly specified by Mr. Dealtry were

- - - - -	£. 2952 15 7
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While in the year immediately preceding they were only 1376 16 7

Making an excess in favour of the year 1808 of £. 1575 19 0

‘ Again;

'Again: another thing to be remarked is this:—

The receipts for packets in the year 1808 were	£. 4379 12 6
Ditto for 1807	3126 12 1

Difference - £. 1252 19 11

'Now, though this increase is the pride and glory of our Society, yet, in any calculation respecting the actual funds of the Institution, it must be very cautiously appealed to. In fact, in a religious sense, it is our *riches*, but in a financial sense it is our *poverty*. The *greater* four "receipts" are of this kind, the *smaller* does our monied capital become. Every pound begets its corresponding loss of cash to the Society. At any rate, such an increase may well indeed be adduced as a proof of the growing sense among ourselves of the value of our Society, and the increasing zeal and efforts of its subscribers, and of our need of much further support and patronage; but it supplies at best a very inadequate medium of proof, that "the Bible Society does not injure ours by drawing away its subscriptions." (Mr. D. p. 16.)

'Look down to the foot of the report of receipts for the year 1808, and you will see another item, which has still less right to come into Mr. Dealtry's calculation, and to be blended with his average of "receipts" in the years subsequent to the establishment of the Bible Society. The article which I allude to is—

"The produce of sale of 1765*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.* three per cent. cons.—1195*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.*" a part of the capital stock of the Society. How much *more* triumphant and decisive would Mr. Dealtry's calculations of averages have become, than even now they are, if he had possessed a copy of the Report (not yet printed) of "Receipts" for the year 1809. There he would have seen, among other particulars of a like character, a sum not less than 3000*l.* instead of 1195*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.* added to the receipts of that year from the sale of capital. This would indeed have made a very noble accession to his averages; but yet, it would supply, surely, a very indirect and imperfect species of proof, that "the Bible Society does not injure ours by drawing away its subscriptions," (p. 16.) still less would it shew that the *permanent* state of our receipts and finances is in a flourishing condition. Such a statement of accounts, in any private concern, it is clear, would only be indicative of a rapid approach to bankruptcy and ruin.' pp. 64, 67.

'The number of subscribing members admitted in the year between the spring of 1789 and that of 1790 was 129; and in like manner of the rest, thus:

In the year 1789—1790 - 129	In the year 1799—1800 - 212
1790—1791 - 120	1800—1801 - 234
1791—1792 - 101	1801—1802 - 204
1792—1793 - 105	1802—1803 - 216
1793—1794 - 112	1803—1804 - 235
<hr/> 567	<hr/> 1101

In the year 1794—1795 - 91	In the year 1804—1805 - 163
1795—1796 - 100	1805—1806 - 199
1796—1797 - 105	1806—1807 - 223
1797—1798 - 133	1807—1808 - 265
1798—1799 - 154	1808—1809 - 270
<hr/> 583	<hr/> 1120

'The Bible Society, it must be remembered, was instituted in the month of March, in the year 1804, (Mr. D. p. 19.) Now look at this statement, and you will see, that the number of our admissions in that year was less by 72 than in the year immediately preceding; and that it was not till 1807 that we again reached the numbers of 1803.

'Again: compare the number of admissions in the *ten* years preceding, and in the *five* subsequent, to your institution, and you will perceive, that till your Society began, ours was making (and especially in the later years) a rapid and tolerably regular progress. The admissions were, in the second half of that ten, nearly twice as many as they were in the former, the excess being 518; while the number admitted in the five subsequent years exceeds that of the preceding five only by 19. How "highly favourable," (Mr. D. p. 22.) then, the influence of your Society may appear to have been, in this respect, let all men judge. If against this poor number 19, we set off the deduction of those who have actually withdrawn their names from us, in consequence of their becoming members of the Bible Society, I think we have good cause to "attach very little value to the favours in this way conferred upon us," (Mr. D. p. 22.) It is by no means clear, that you did not give a very severe shock and check to our course, when it was in the most thriving and prosperous condition.'

ART. VI. *Travels of Mirza Abu Taleb Khan (commonly called the Persian Prince,) in Asia, Africa, and Europe, during the Years 1799, 1800, 1801, and 1802.* Written by himself in the Persian Language, and translated by Charles Stewart, Esq. With a Portrait of the Author. 2 Volumes. 8vo. pp. 738. London. Longman and Co. 1810.

IT is difficult to imagine any character whose first impressions would excite more natural curiosity, than an Asiatic traveller in Europe. There is so much value in even the most common knowledge, that the pride of man is secretly gratified by the surprise of a stranger at objects which are familiar to us, even where that familiarity confers no merit on ourselves; and this is perhaps the secret charm, which, fortunately for travellers, makes their society courted in foreign countries, and which constitutes in no small degree, what

all

all of us have sometimes felt,—the pleasure of *shewing the lions*. There is, too, a vivid shrewdness which generally accompanies the observations of a sensible man on objects which are new to him, altogether unattainable by those whose perceptions already are deadened by habit. We may hope then for instruction, as well as entertainment, in such society; and it is not irrational, except in the extreme to which it has been sometimes carried, that an Omai, a Bannelong, or any other far-fetched curiosity in human form, should be feasted by the great, courted by the fair, and attended to public places by crowds of gaping observers. After all, however, on a mere savage, the wonders he witnesses are too many and too unintelligible to make any distinct impression. To him, a paper kite and a balloon are equally miraculous; every step he takes is on enchanted ground; and, like a child who reads a fairy tale, he soon ceases to be surprised at wonders; because he expected to meet with nothing else, and because in such a place, such wonders are only natural. Again, people care little for what is totally above their comprehension, and a savage would be more interested in an ironmonger's shop, than in all the curiosities of the British Museum, or all the magnificence of St. Paul's or Blenheim. With the Asiatic, however, the case is different; he brings with him a sufficiently cultivated judgment to distinguish between our customs and his own; a mind to which the objects he meets with are not so new as to be incomprehensible, though they are so differently modified in form and circumstance from those to which he is accustomed, that another planet could hardly produce a greater variety; it is a variety which he understands and feels, and it is the same in kind (though from evident reasons, much greater in degree) as that which an European, prepared as he is by hundreds of precursors, and tens of hundreds of descriptions, must ever experience on entering for the first time, a Mahomedan or Hindoo country.

Accordingly, as no real oriental traveller had yet appeared, his place and character were eagerly summed by European writers, who, under the names of Turkish Spies, Ambassadors of Bantam, and Chinese or Persian Tourists, endeavoured to instruct, as impartial spectators of our European feuds and follies; or to amuse, by ridiculous oppositions of our manners and character with their own. That the experiment succeeded, is evident by the number of imitators which every generation has produced; but still, amusing as they were, these Turks and Persians wanted the charm of reality. They were Brigg's 'French beads, and Bristol stones,' in comparison with the genuine treasures of Golconda; and the difference in interest was almost the same, as between a view of the Great Mogul himself, and the well-bred Sultan of a French tragedy, or an English masquerade.

The reality, however, prefigured by so many types, has at last made his appearance. A bonâ fide Mahommedan has produced a tour; and, as luck would have it, this tour has appeared at a time, when all the world, or at least all the idle part of it, was still on the stretch of curiosity, respecting His Excellency Mirza Abdul Hassan.

Now, when the ladies had once ascertained, by actual experiment, the length of a Persian's beard, and the texture of his skin and clothing; when their minds were pretty well made up what to think of their formidable guest, it was surely no unnatural desire to know that guest's opinion of them. And as His Excellency's sentiments are not yet to be expected in English, it will no doubt be, in the mean time, acceptable to learn what was thought and said under almost similar circumstances, by a man, who was every inch of him, as true a mussulman (as 'catholic a devil,' as Sancho Panza hath it,) as if, like his aforesaid Excellency, he had borne credentials from the King of Iran and Touran, and excited by his presence and supposed intrigues, the jealousy both of the eastern and western Cæsar. This lucky coincidence has, we are afraid, even made the reality of our tourist suspected, and many have too rashly classed him, without examination, with the Anacharsis of our continental neighbours, or our own ingenious Hidalgo Don Manuel de Espriella. In this, however, they have done Abu Taleb a great injustice; though not so learned as the first, nor so entertaining as the last of these gentlemen, he is, or rather was, a more substantial personage than either. Under the name of the Persian Prince, he was seen and known in fleshly form in the several countries which he has undertaken to describe, and was generally allowed, in the words of Massinger's Borachia,

' ————— as absolute a Turk

In all that appertains to a true Turk,'

as any former candidate for public notice.

And it will be owned that few inhabitants of east or west, have gone over so large or so interesting a tract of earth and sea. Reduced in his circumstances by events which he himself very modestly and briefly relates, and deprived, though by no fault of his own, of an appointment which he held under our East India Company,—an opportunity was thrown in his way of undertaking a journey, which, to an oriental, must have appeared desperate; and which he began, as he informs us, in the comfortable hope, that in a voyage so replete with danger 'some accident might cause his death; and thus deliver him from the anxieties of this world, and the ingratitude of mankind.' Accidents, however, and elements were kinder than he expected; and after visiting the Cape, St. Helena, and many parts of Ireland and England, he returned by France, Italy, Constantinople,

stantinople, and Busserah, to his native province in India, where he was appointed once more collector of a district in Bundelcund, and died in that situation in the year 1806.

During the latter years of his life, he prepared and digested his journal, in which he styles himself 'the wanderer over the face of the earth, Abu Taleb, the son of Mohammed of Ispahan, who associated with men of all nations, and beheld various wonders both by sea and land;' and which he commences with true oriental piety, by thanksgivings to God, the Lord of all the world, and 'to the chosen of mankind, the traveller over the whole expanse of the heavens, (Mohammed,) and benedictions without end on his descendants, and companions.'

The first misfortune which befel him on his expedition, was embarking on board a Danish vessel, manned chiefly by indolent, and inexperienced Lascars, of whose filth, confusion, and insubordination he complains most bitterly.

'The captain was a proud self-sufficient fellow. His first officer, who was by birth an American, resembled an ill-tempered growling mastiff, but understood his duty very well. The second officer, and the other mates were low people, not worthy of being spoken to, and quite ignorant of navigation.'—vol. i. p. 22.

After many days of suffering from the united plagues of stinks, bad provisions, and a cabin, 'the very recollection of which makes him melancholy,' he arrived at the Nicobar Islands, where the usual phenomenon of refraction, by making a flat shore visible to the eye, though not to the telescope, and the usual solution of it by a ring in a bowl of water, excited his surprise. The explanation, however, does not, in his opinion, solve the phenomenon. Sixteen of the Lascars deserted here, and Abu Taleb himself was so much captivated with the 'mildness of the climate, the beauty of the plains and rivulets, and the kind of life which the men enjoyed, that he had nearly resolved to take up his abode among them.' The passage of the equinoctial line, and the ceremony of dipping are next described, and he saw what he had never before believed, numerous shoals of flying fish. He was disappointed at not finding a southern polar star, nor any constellation which exactly corresponded with the Ursa Minor or Major, and was astonished that the month of May, so hot in Bengal, should be so extremely cold in the Antarctic hemisphere.

'On the 24th of May, we had a view of part of the continent of Africa, about 200 miles to the north of the Cape of Good Hope; and although we had not the most distant intention of going on shore here, yet the sight of land brought tears into my eyes. While sailing along the coast, we had frequent opportunities of seeing one of the wonders of the deep. Several fish, called *whales*, approached so close to the ship that

that we could view them distinctly. They were four times the size of the largest elephant, and had immense nostrils, whence they threw up the water to the height of fifteen yards.' vol. i. p. 44.

His voyage to the Cape was a dismal one; he had repeated storms to encounter, and his cabin was placed between those of a corpulent and surly gentleman, who when the ship rolled, rolled also, and of three crying and ill-tempered children; to whom, if he had known the poetry of Simonides, he would doubtless have exclaimed with Danaë in a similar situation *‘οὐδὲν ἔσπεος.’* As it was, he thought of the verse of Hafiz, which did just as well: *‘Dark is the night, and dreadful the noise of the waves and whirlpool, Little do they know of our situation, who are travelling merrily on the shore.’*

The miseries of a voyage he classes under four genera, subdivided into many distinct species, of which we shall only mention *‘the impurity of being shut up with dogs and hogs, the necessity of eating with a knife and fork, and the impossibility of purification.’* On the whole, however, he had ample reason to complain, and to advise his countrymen never to undertake a voyage, unless they have money to purchase every comfort; nor to embark, except in an English vessel. At the Cape, he was highly delighted with the neatness of the houses, the pavement of the streets, the shady trees, and the benches for smoking a pipe in summer evenings; a custom which *‘appeared to him excellent.’*

‘In short, the splendour of this town quite obliterated from my mind all the magnificence of Calcutta, which I had previously considered as superior to any thing to be found between India and Europe. In the sequel, I changed my opinion respecting the Cape; and indeed I may say, that from my first setting out on this journey, till my arrival in England, I ascended the pinnacle of magnificence and luxury; the several degrees or stages of which, were Calcutta, the Cape, Cork, Dublin, and London; the beauty and grandeur of each city effacing that of the former. On my return towards India, every thing was reversed, the last place being always inferior to that I had quitted. Thus, after a long residence in London, Paris appeared to me much inferior; for although the latter contains more superb buildings, it is neither so regular, so clean, nor so well lighted at night, as the former, nor does it possess so many gardens and squares in its vicinity; in short, I thought I had fallen from Paradise into Hell. But when I arrived in Italy, I was made sensible of the beauty of Paris; the cities of Italy rose in my estimation when I arrived at Constantinople; and the latter is a perfect Paradise, compared to Bagdad, Monsul, and other towns in the territory of the Faithful.’ vol. i. pp. 64, 65.

Of the Dutch, both male and female, Abu Taleb formed no favourable opinion. He describes the men as low-minded and inhospitable, and more oppressive to their slaves than any other people in

in the world. The women he stigmatizes at once as vulgar and immodest; but here we must allow a little for the prejudices of a Persian. The girls, who so much offended him, were perhaps only laughing hoydens, who would have been heartily frightened, had they known how he interpreted their airs and glances. It may however be an useful hint to some females nearer home. Lord Valentia imagines that Mahommedans confound all European ladies with *nautch girls*, and it must be owned, that recent oriental travellers have had tolerably good reason for their mistake.

Among the various inhabitants of the Cape, he found 'many pious good Mussulmans, some of whom possessed considerable property;' with these, and in the hospitable society of the English officers, (whose ladies, it is pleasing to observe, he excepts from the general scandal, and compares to the elegant reserve of Indian Princesses,) he passed his time pleasantly, though expensively. At length, being heartily tired of his Danish captain, who had cheated him in every possible manner, he submitted to the loss of his passage money, and embarked the 29th of September, on board an English South Sea whaler. The superior comforts of this ship, he praises highly, though he still seems to have had some apprehensions; 'it being the practice of Europe, that whenever the ships of two enemies meet at sea, the most powerful carries his adversary with him into one of his own ports, and there sells both ship and cargo for his own advantage.'

Of St. Helena he gives one of the best descriptions we have yet seen; and relates a fearful battle, which his captain had, in a former voyage, sustained with a number of marine animals, 'of a size between a horse and an ass, which they call sea-horses.' He notices in his course, 'the Fortunate Isles, whence the Mahommedans commence their longitude;' and the 'entrance into the Mediterranean Sea, which runs east as far as Aleppo.' And being driven by unfavourable winds from the English Channel, (the meaning of which term he explains, as well as that of 'bay and sea,') he anchored on the 6th of December in the Cove of Cork.

'We found here not less than 40 or 50 vessels of different sizes, three of which were ships of war. The Bay resembles a round basin, sixteen miles in circumference. On its shore is situated the town, which is built in the form of a crescent, and defended at each end by small forts. On one side of the bay, a large river, resembling the Ganges, disembogues itself; this river extends a great way inland, and passes by the city of Cork. The circular form of this extensive sheet of water, the verdure of the hills, the comfortable appearance of the town on the one side, and the number of elegant houses and romantic cottages on the other, with the formidable aspect of the forts, and so many large ships lying securely in the harbour, conveyed to my mind such sensations as I had never before experienced; and although in the course of my travels,

vels, I had an opportunity of seeing the Bay of Genoa, and the Straits of Constantinople, I do not think either of them is to be compared with this.' vol. i. pp. 94, 95.

Nor, though the Cove on a nearer view disappointed him, did he fail to be delighted with the fertility of the neighbourhood, and the hospitality of the mistress of the Post-Office, whose mature charms (for though the mother of 21 children, she had still the appearance of youth,) astonished the inhabitant of a country, where a woman is old at five and twenty.

It is a pleasing circumstance in this Persian's journal, that in every part of our United Kingdom, he met with hospitality and kindness. He here left his vessel, and was proceeding to Dublin to wait on Lord Cornwallis, when he received a visit from an officer whom he had known in India, and who conducted him to his house in the neighbourhood of Cork, where, on an estate of a few hundreds a year, he was enjoying, as Abu Taleb assures us, more comfort and plenty than an English gentleman could in India, upon an income of a lack of rupees. At Cove, he had seen a spit turned by a dog, but here the machinery for roasting was moved by smoke, and together with the dressers for holding china, and the pipes and arrangement of a steam kitchen, excited his warmest admiration. This officer had two fair neices, who, 'during dinner,' says the Mussulman, 'honoured me with the most marked attention.'

'After dinner, these angels made tea for us, and one of them having asked me if it was sweet enough, I replied, that having been made by such hands, it could not be but sweet. On hearing this, all the company laughed, and my fair one blushed like the rose of Damascus.' v. i. p. 103.

We shall not follow him minutely through his journey by Dublin and Chester, to London; we must however observe, that in the former place, where he spent some time, he first beheld the phenomenon of a fall of snow, which greatly delighted him by its novelty, and that he was quite reconciled to the coldness of the climate, by the power it gave him to bear fatigue, and by the many advantages which it confers on the inhabitants; making, as he asserts, the men vigorous, the women handsome, and both sexes open-hearted and sincere. 'Boys and girls of fifteen years of age, are here as innocent,' in the Persian's opinion, 'as the children of India of 5 or 6, and have no wish beyond the amusement of play-things, or the produce of a pastry-cook's shop.' Nay many grown persons of wealth and rank are, as he assures us, in an almost similar predicament!

'What I am now to relate, will, I fear, not be credited by my countrymen, but is, nevertheless, an absolute fact. In these countries, it frequently happens, that the ponds and rivers are frozen over; and the
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ice being of sufficient strength to bear a great weight, numbers of people assemble thereon, and amuse themselves in *skating*.' vol. i. p. 147.

On the whole, he seems more delighted with Ireland than with any other place which he visited, and manifests a very natural preference of the urbanity, good-nature and intelligence of these, his first European friends, over all other nations. Some of the traits which he mentions are indeed really national, and shew in a strong light the peculiar character of that hospitable and good-natured race; but it must not be forgotten, that here every thing was new, and that consequently all the amusements of which he partook were more attractive in his eyes. Here, for instance, he was first at a theatre, where he received the greatest entertainment from the adventures of an '*Ethiopian magician called Harlequin*.' Mr. Astley's horsemanship, and the Panorama of Gibraltar, gave him great delight; but he was rather scandalized than pleased with the estimation, approaching to idolatry, in which statues of lead and marble are held.

'It is really astonishing that people possessing so much knowledge and good sense, and who reproach the nobility of Hindostan with wearing gold and silver ornaments like women, should be thus tempted by Satan to throw away their money on useless blocks.' Vol. i. p. 129.

Of the meanness of the hot-baths he bitterly complains; and though he expresses a pious hope that the flesh-brush was composed of horse-hair, yet a doubt seems lurking in his mind, that its bristles were shorn from a less holy animal. He noticed, on his road from Holyhead, Conway, with its ancient walls resembling those of Allahabad; and Chester, with the *verandahs* which line the principal streets; and on the 25th of Shaban, corresponding to the 21st of January, 1800, arrived safe in London, being five days short of a lunar year from the period of his leaving Calcutta.

In London he appears to have chiefly remained during the rest of his stay in England. He made indeed an excursion with some friends to Windsor, Oxford, and Blenheim; and at the second of these places was greatly delighted with the 10,000 Oriental manuscripts in the Bodleian, and the different specimens in the Anatomy school. The public buildings, he observes, are 'of hewn stone, and much resemble, in form, some of the Hindoo temples.'

But not all these wonders, nor even the charms of Mr. Hastings' dairy and farm-yard, could long detain him from London, where, with a naïveté almost equal to that of Mr. Ker Porter, '*Cupid*,' he observes, 'had planted one of his arrows in his bosom;' and whose 'heart-alluring damsels' he celebrated in a Persian ode, in which he asserts,

'We have no longing for the Tubah, or Sudreh, or other trees of Paradise,
We are content to rest under the shade of these terrestrial cypresses.'

Abu Taleb seems, indeed, notwithstanding his horror of hog's bristles, to have been soon very completely reconciled to the habits and liquors of infidels, and, 'according to the advice of the divine Hafiz,' to have given himself up to love and gaiety.

It may be well imagined, that the head of a man, who had been so far elated by the attentions of the provincial beauties of Cork, would be completely turned by the blandishments of rank, fashion and luxury which surrounded him in London; and it is truly amusing to observe the complacency with which he relates how much his society was courted, while his 'wit and repartees, with some impromptu applications of Oriental poetry, were the subject of conversation in the politest circles.'—Poor Abu! he little suspected that all the while he was only entertaining from the Caftan outwards.

In the middle, however, of dissipation, more serious studies were not neglected: he saw the Tower, and the Freemasons, and the Eidouranian, and the Irish giant; and amidst all the curiosities of the British Museum, selected, as most worth notice, the good woman whose forehead was decorated with horns. And though the slight mention of the joys of Paradise, and his ready compliance with the use of wine, may be considered as blots in his character among the True Believers, yet, on the other hand, he takes care to inform, those of his own faith, that, in a conversation with an English Bishop, he stoutly maintained the divinity of Mohammed's commission, and almost, as he imagined, persuaded his right reverend friend to embrace the tenets of Islam. There are, however, many better things in his book, and which really evince an active and curious mind, bent on acquiring knowledge, and, when acquired, able to digest it. The following observation would not be, perhaps, unworthy of the most civilized and philosophic describer of the effects of English mechanism.

'On entering one of the extensive manufactories in England, the mind is at first bewildered by the number and variety of articles displayed therein; but after recovering from this first impression, and having coolly surveyed all the objects around, every thing appears conducted with so much regularity and precision, that a person is induced to suppose one of the meanest capacity might superintend and direct the whole process. Whatever requires strength or numbers, is effected by engines; if clearness of sight is wanted, magnifying glasses are at hand; and if deep reflection is necessary to combine all the parts, whereby to insure a unity of action, so many aids are derived from the numerous artists employed in the different parts of the work, that the union of the whole seems not to require any great exertion of genius.' Vol. i. pp. 244, 245.

In his miscellaneous observations on the English character, education, and form of government, we are often forcibly reminded of the

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the Spanish worthy, to whose travels we lately alluded; and it is no slight praise to the author of that entertaining work, that the sentiments which he gives to his hero are so nearly the same with those of a traveller to whom all was new. The praise which he lavishes on all the higher powers, however deserved, is not perhaps free from suspicion, since at the time of publishing his Persian journal, he was still subject to British governors, and still a candidate for British patronage. But the detail is curious; and though he taxes us pretty smartly with pride, philosophy (meaning atheism) and laziness, (for which last vice he recommends, as a cure, shorter meals and longer beards,) yet the impressions which he evidently feels are most flattering to our nation.

It is of course impossible that his views of every subject should be just; and we find, accordingly, that many misconceptions relating to laws, juries, and government, are to be found in every part of his work; and when he compares a certain honourable house to two parties of parroquets, scolding on opposite mango trees, it is evident that he describes from fancy. But though he is often misinformed, he is seldom absurd; and, in truth, we are not sure whether his journal would not be more entertaining, if it had more of the Oriental leaven. The following observation, however, may be excepted from this stigma. He is speaking of an unfortunate class of females, whom he considers as more numerous in London than the truth, we believe, will warrant.

‘The conduct of these women is rendered still more blameable, by their hiring lodgings in, or frequenting streets which, from their names, ought only to be the abode of virtue and religion;—for instance, “Providence-street,” “Modest-court,” “St. James’s-street,” “St. Martin’s-lane,” and “St. Paul’s Church-yard.” The first of these is one of the epithets of God, the second implies virtue, and the others are named after the holy apostles of the blessed Messiah. Then there is “Queen-Anne-street,” and “Charlotte-street;” the one named after the greatest, the other after the best of queens. I, however, think that the persons who let the lodgings are more reprehensible than the unfortunate women themselves.’ Vol. ii. pp. 45, 46.

His summary of the last war, and of the politics of Europe, though not free from error, is really, considering his situation, extraordinary; and we rejoice that such an account, from an impartial quarter, of British heroism by land and sea, exists in the universal language of the East. It would be, in our opinion, an object worthy of an enlightened policy, by the aid of the press, to give currency in every possible manner to the original, both in Persia and Hindostan. There are some few things which are offensive to English nationality; but we may well endure that, where so much is said in our favour, some blame should be mingled; and, at any rate,

rate, a clear and sensible view of the manners of Europe, as it may tend to reconcile the nations of the East to a preponderance, which must be chiefly supported by opinion, is of the greatest advantage to the country which has the greatest stake there.

Of Paris, which the author next visited, as compared to London, we have already given his sentiments; but it is fair to own, that he expresses, in pretty strong terms, his preference of French to English politeness. He had complained before of our aversion to taking any trouble, even for a friend; and in this respect he says our neighbours are very superior 'to the irritable and surly Englishman.' On the whole, however, he did not like a residence among them, and complains heavily of their idle, slovenly, and trifling habits, which he thinks will effectually prevent their gaining a superiority over their insular neighbours. The women, too, he does not like; 'they were painted to an excessive degree, were very forward, and great talkers.' Amorous as he confesses himself by nature to be, and easily affected at the sight of beauty, he never met with a Frenchwoman who interested him. In the English *chargé des affaires* then at Paris, he seems, if his report is correct, to have had a tolerable specimen of the indolence, nonchalance, and utter want of information, which too often characterize the young men who fill that important office. By his advice he was persuaded to abandon the usual road to Constantinople, through Germany and Hungary, for the more tedious course of Italy and the Mediterranean. The ever-waking eye, which is turned so wistfully towards the East, did not overlook our tourist; the scavans, Langlais and De Sacy, were employed to cultivate his acquaintance; and he received repeated invitations from Talleyrand, and at length from Buonaparte. Indisposition, however, prevented his accepting them, and he passed on by Lyons and Avignon to Marseilles. During this journey he noticed the famous bridge of St. Esprit, as having been built by order of one of the Cæsars; and in the diligence, between Avignon and Marseilles, witnessed a kind of brutality in his fellow passengers to a handsome Egyptian girl who was in the coach, which it is painful to conceive possible in any country, and which may be safely pronounced peculiar to France. Not content with the most licentious freedoms, they even snatched his cane, and struck her several severe blows with it. Surely this was enough to make Abu Taleb recal his assertion of the superiority of French politeness and delicacy.

Genoa, Leghorn, and Malta, are in their turn described; at the first of these places he gives us a natural testimony in favour of Italian music; Leghorn he did not like, and prays that 'the curse of God may light on such a city and such a people.'

At Constantinople he only found four praiseworthy institutions; 'the

'the boats'—'the horses kept for hire'—'the public fountains'—and 'the several bazars for merchandize.' Of the Turks he says but little; his stay in Constantinople was short, and they and the Persians have no liking for each other. He allows them, however, many amiable qualities; and, what is singular, does not consider the power of their Sultan as absolute.

The relation of his journey by Amasia, Diarbekir, Mousul, and Bagdad, is very brief, and not particularly interesting:—he was now among nations whose manners and faith were familiar to his countrymen; and the only things which he appears to consider as worth their notice, or his own, are the shrines and tombs of saints on the road. Perhaps he was a little anxious to efface, at the sepulchre of Ali, the guilt of his compliances with infidel customs, on the banks of the Thames and the Liffey. He curses the Turks heartily for heretics and soonys; and notices a minaret which shakes and trembles at the name of Ali, while it remains immoveable by all possible mention of Omar. There are, however, many particulars in this part of his work, worth the attention of future travellers, who may take this little frequented route; and we have not yet seen a more satisfactory account than is here given of the Vahabies. The founder of this powerful sect, Abdul Vechab, it is well known, forbad all worship of Mohammed, and all reverence to tombs and shrines as idolatrous, and giving partners to God. He was, like the original impostor of Arabia, a warlike fanatic; and though his son Mohammed, to whom he transmitted his authority, is blind, he is ably supported by an adopted brother of his father's, named Abd al Aziz, an extraordinary man of gigantic stature, and, though eighty years old, possessing all the vigour of youth, which he predicts he shall retain, till the Vahaby religion is perfectly established over Arabia.

'Although the Vahabies have collected immense wealth, they still retain the greatest simplicity of manners, and moderation in their desires: they sit down on the ground without ceremony, content themselves with a few dates for their food, and a coarse large cloak serves them for clothing and bed, for two or three years. Their horses are of the genuine Nejid breed, of well-known pedigrees; none of which will they permit to be taken out of their country.' Vol. ii. pp. 332, 333.

The successes and sacrilege of this 'wicked tribe' grievously offend Abu Taleb, and he calls on the Sultan and the Shah to unite in repressing them. Both Sultan and Shah, however, have need, as it should seem, themselves to tremble before them; and 'the least of the Servants of God' (so this Eastern Pontiff styles himself) has written to both these monarchs, denouncing, 'in the name of God the compassionate and merciful,' fire and sword, and destruction on them and their impenitent subjects,

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What part they may yet be destined to perform, is only known to that wisdom, which seems to have set apart the portion of the world where they are placed, as the theatre of the most important scenes and the most singular revolutions. At Busserah, Abu Taleb quarrelled with the English resident, and took a singular method of revenge, by 'writing a satirical poem on him,' and repeating some of the lines in his hearing. On the other hand, the Englishman retorted, perhaps with reason, that Abu Taleb was spoilt 'by the luxury and attentions of London, and that it was now impossible to please him.' These bickerings, after being carried on between jest and earnest some time, were terminated by his departure for Bombay. After a pleasant residence of some months in that island, and an agreeable voyage in one of the Company's vessels, 'on the evening of the 15th Rubby Assany 1218, corresponding with the 4th of August, 1803, he landed safely in Calcutta, and returned thanks to God for his preservation and safe return to his native shores.'

We have been hitherto so much engrossed with Abu Taleb himself, as to have no opportunity of mentioning Mr. Stewart, to whom we are obliged for these Travels in their English dress. He assures us, in the Preface, that they are as literally translated as the nature of the two languages will allow, and that he has only omitted some part of the poetry, and two discussions, one on anatomy, and the other on the construction of a hot-house, which, though full of information to Abu Taleb's Oriental readers, he rightly judged would be tedious to those who peruse him in Europe. To this merit of fidelity, which, from Mr. Stewart's character, we are fully disposed to take for granted, may be added the praise of an easy natural English style, which makes on the whole the Travels of Abu Taleb Khan not only a curious, but a very agreeable present to the Western world, for which we owe no trifling obligation to his ingenious translator. To the work itself, indeed, we cannot help attaching a stronger interest, than the apparent abilities of Abu Taleb claim; it is the first description of European manners and character, which has, as far as we know, appeared in an Oriental language; and if sufficient circulation be once given to this production of a Persian, and a descendant of Mohammed, (Vol. ii. p. 245.) it is impossible, from the novelty, and peculiar interest of the subject, that it should not become a common and fashionable study among the polite and learned of those climates. We have already hinted, that to England this must be advantageous; but we do not stop here. When we consider the other circumstances of the East, it is probable that the improvements and knowledge thus revealed in part,—no longer coming under the suspicious garb of the report of an enemy and a conqueror,—will excite a spirit of imitation among those, who before considered the Europeans as a race of warlike savages.

savages. One effect will perhaps speedily follow,—that other orientals will pursue the example of Abu Taleb in visiting countries, where, though there are ‘Giants,’ there are no man-eaters; where, though the sheep are without ‘broad tails,’ the mutton is confessedly tolerable; and though the men are ‘sellers of wine,’ the women are stately as the trees of Paradise. From such intercourse, good-will must follow, and where an European is now considered as accursed, he will not, in future, want protectors or imitators. There is a possibility of even greater advantages. When we witness, as in the present tour, the reverence with which a Mussulman has learnt to regard the founder of our religion; and when we consider that internal divisions are, at this moment, weakening his attachment to his own peculiar tenets; there is a chance, which (if not spoiled by indiscreet zeal on the one hand, or selfish indifference on the other,) will grow stronger every day, that the cause of religion, as well as that of civilization, may profit by our connexions with Asia.

ART. VI. *Ecclesiastical Biography, or Lives of eminent Men connected with the History of Religion in England, from the Commencement of the Reformation to the Revolution.* Selected and illustrated with Notes, by Christopher Wordsworth, A. M. (now D. D.) Dean and Rector of Bocking, and Domestic Chaplain to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. In 6 volumes.

AFTER a repose of two reigns, something resembling the ancient activity and intellectual exertions of Lambeth has revived under the auspices of the present liberal and spirited metropolitan. The great learning and industry of all the prelates who filled that high station from Cranmer to Tillotson, and their intimate acquaintance with every transaction relating to the history of the church during the times in which they respectively flourished, are well known to have been the means of accumulating treasures of valuable matter on the subject, which have been repositied from time to time in the domestic library of the See. But a decent respect for the retirement of the metropolitan, and a certain solemnity, which, in defiance of the great change lately wrought in public opinion, still continues, in some degree, to surround his mansion, have probably contributed, among other causes, to render these stores of information less generally accessible than those which are contained in libraries professedly adapted to public use, and even than those belonging to private colleges in the universities.

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To scholars of one description the Lambeth library has always been accessible; and in the selection of chaplains the archbishops of Canterbury have usually considered erudition as a necessary accomplishment. Few, it may be presumed, have been received into that respectable service who were not qualified to avail themselves of the ample sources of information which the archiepiscopal library affords; and many, no doubt, who entered already learned within those venerable walls, have gone out into the world with much larger and more curious stores of literature than they could in any other situation have attained. In this capacity Joscelyn, under Archbishop Parker, and Henry Wharton, under Archbishop Sancroft, are deservedly remembered. The name of Dr. Wordsworth will hereafter assume an honourable station in the same catalogue.

The principles upon which the present compilation has been made, may best be explained in his own words, Preface, p. xiii.

‘It appeared to the present writer that there were extant among the literary productions of our country many scattered narratives of the lives of men eminent for piety, sufferings, learning, and such other virtues or such vices as render their possessors interesting and profitable subjects for history, many of which were very difficult to be procured, and some of them little known; and that therefore the benefit which might be expected from their influence was in a great degree lost. These I thought it might be a labour well bestowed to restore to a capacity of more extensive usefulness, and to republish them in one collection, not merely to afford to many readers an opportunity of what they could not otherwise enjoy, but also from the hopes that the serviceable effect of each might be increased by their union and juxtaposition, and that, through the help of a chronological arrangement, a species of ecclesiastical history might result, which, though undoubtedly very imperfect, might yet answer, even in that view, several valuable purposes, while it would possess some peculiar charms and recommendations.—A scheme of this nature, it is easy to conceive, could not well be undertaken without many limitations. Besides those obvious ones of restricting the history to that of our own country, and to the lives of our fellow countrymen, there appeared to me many reasons why the work should begin with the preparations towards a reformation made by the labours of Wicliffe and his followers, and not a few why it might well stop at the revolution. Within these limits are comprehended, if we except the first establishment of Christianity among us, the rise, progress, and issue of the principal agitations and revolutions of the public mind of this country in regard to matters of religion: namely, the Reformation from Popery, and the glories and honours attending that hard-fought struggle; the subsequent exorbitances of the anti-popish spirit as exemplified by the Puritans; the victory of that spirit in ill-suited alliance with the principles of civil liberty, over loyalty and the Established Church in the times of Charles the First: the wretched systems and practices of the Sectaries during the Commonwealth, and the contests for establishments between the Presbyterians

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rians and Independants at the same period; the hasty return of the nation, weary and sick of the long reign of confusion, to the ancient constitution of things at the Restoration; the Revolution of 1688, together with the ascertainment of the distinct nature and rights of an Established Church, a religious toleration, and the principles of the Nonjurors.

Highly as we approve of Dr. Wordsworth's plan in general, we cannot forbear to mention a few particular objections. And first, if by *Ecclesiastical Biography* be intended the biography of ecclesiastics, the title of the work is not strictly correct, for Sir Thomas More, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Rochester, and one of the Ferrars were laymen. We were on the point of making the same objection to the name of Sir Henry Wotton, when it occurred to us, that this learned and amiable man qualified himself late in life for the office of Provost of Eton, by taking Deacon's orders.

In making a selection like this, when, in the midst of materials so various and ample, it must have been more difficult to chuse than to reject, we are aware of the difficulties which lay in the editor's way. Prejudices and prepossessions were to be consulted. The Catholic on the one side, and the Non-conformist on the other, had to urge their respective claims on the English dignitary. They have not been unheard. The editor has felt and acted upon the propriety of chusing specimens of intellectual and religious excellence from among these opposite denominations, and we rejoice to find, in a compilation made under the auspices of the first ecclesiastic in the kingdom, the life of a conscientious Catholic in one volume, and of a learned and modest Non-conformist in another.

One class, however, of conscientious and unfortunate churchmen (for be the cause what it may, suffering for conscience' sake is always respectable) Dr. Wordsworth, notwithstanding a hint in his preface, has wholly omitted in his work—we mean the Nonjurors, an order of men, who in other instances have been delivered over to unmerited oblivion. This omission, which we had been taught not to expect, there is reason to regret, for there are few intelligent readers, who would not have been gratified by some memorials of Dr. Hickes and Jeremy Collier, which might with greater propriety have occupied the space allotted by Dr. Wordsworth to the Lives written by Izaak Walton: for, to speak plainly, the admission of these specimens of biography, however interesting and excellent in themselves, after having been so well and so lately edited by Dr. Zouch, will, by the malicious, be suspected as a trick of book-making, an intention which we are very far from imputing to so respectable a man as Dr. Wordsworth.

On the usefulness of a new collection of English ecclesiastical biography, we cordially agree with the editor. The ponderous oak-bound volumes of John Fox, his enormous page, black type, and rude,

rude, but expressive engravings, however venerated by the antiquary, have long since ceased to be generally attended to. The present is an indolent, self-pleasing generation, ever seeking, like the Athenians, in that stage of literature when morbid curiosity supersedes the love of useful information, 'for some new thing.'

Neither has Fuller had much better fate with posterity. His narrative, though always lively, is slight and flimsy, while his quaint and antiquated wit is perhaps more frequently found to disgust than to delight a fastidious age. Add to this, that some later collections on the same subject are so little known, and where they are known at all, so subservient to the views of enthusiasm, that we cannot hesitate to pronounce the interests of religion, and especially those of the Church of England, materially served by these volumes. To the clergy therefore, and particularly to the younger clergy of the Established Church, we seriously recommend them. It can neither be wise nor safe for men to remain ignorant of what has been done or suffered by persons in the same stations which they now occupy, or to which they may aspire; and they can no where be better or more commodiously furnished with the requisite information, than in the publication now reviewed.

In the conduct of this work, one circumstance is entitled to peculiar commendation—Dr. Wordsworth has a due veneration for antiquity; he does not undertake to write over again Lives already well-written, in the slight and inaccurate manner of Mr. Gilpin; he does not, by *improving* and modernizing, contribute to sink the phrases and orthography of our old writers in oblivion. This modest and respectful treatment of his originals has more than one good effect. It not only serves to preserve the memory of our 'well of English undefiled' as it once was, but it may in some degree contribute to restore its plain and energetic graces, (for multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere,)—at all events, it gives an air of antiquity to the narrative, which perfectly harmonizes with the subject.

Passing over the earlier reformers, as Wickliffe, Thorp, Lord Cobham, &c. whose lives are given verbatim from Fox, we pause at a very different character. The Life of Wolsey by Cavendish, as now exhibited by Dr. Wordsworth from a finished and perfect copy, is in our conception one of the most interesting and valuable specimens of biography in the English language. How deeply the lovers of original and authentic information are indebted to the editor may be learned from his own words.

* No publication was ever more unfaithful to the manuscript from which it professed to be taken. The editor, whoever he was, being every way unqualified for his undertaking. The language he has thought fit to alter in almost every sentence. Omissions he has made of many

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of the most interesting and valuable portions, the volume amounting to at least one third part of the whole, and through ignorance and inability, even to read the manuscript which was before him, he has left a multitude of passages in the text utterly unintelligible. Yet the piece, with all these disadvantages, has been so much a favourite with the public that it has been twice reprinted.

The first merit of this work is originality in the strictest sense of the word. The writer, one of Wolsey's gentlemen, and much in his confidence, was not merely a spectator, but an agent, and, in some degree, a sufferer in the scenes which he describes. In the next place, though he writes from the heart, there is an air of impartiality in some parts of the work, which gives them the clear stamp of veracity. Of the hauteur and insolence of the Cardinal during his elevation, he sometimes allows himself to speak with asperity. The tender compassion, which rendered him the faithful companion of his fallen fortunes, gives an amiable and pleasing colour to the latter part of his narrative. Besides, the cumbrous magnificence of the reign of Henry the VIIIth, under the great change of manners which two centuries and a half have produced, is become in its representation to us, extremely picturesque: and for this part of his undertaking Cavendish was eminently qualified. He was not one of those unobserving men, who seem never to apprehend that what is familiar to themselves will become curious to posterity. He saw with an exact and discriminating eye, and what he beheld he was able to describe. In no other work perhaps is to be found so minute and faithful a detail of what the palaces of kings and prelates, and the houses of the great nobility then were; their loads of plate, their hangings of arras, the ponderous plenty of their tables, and the useless accumulation, as we should conceive, of cloth, linen, &c. which were sometimes exhibited in their great galleries as in so many warehouses. Add to all this, the innumerable links then subsisting in the great chain of dependance, the haughty distance of the superior to his immediate inferior, the obsequiousness of the immediate inferior in return; the young nobility serving in the houses of the greater prelates like menial servants, and these prelates themselves as often perhaps upon the knee to their King as to their God. All these particulars, as given from the life by the writer before us, form so many vivid pictures presented to the mind's eye; so that ideas become images, and we seem to behold what we only read of.

Every thing in Wolsey, his vices and his virtues were great. He seemed incapable of mediocrity in any thing; voluptuous and profuse, rapacious and of insatiable ambition; too magnanimous to be either cruel or revengeful, he was an excellent master and patron, and a fair and open enemy. If we despise the abjectness which he exhibited

bited in his first fall, let it be remembered from and to what he fell, from a degree of wealth and grandeur which no subject on earth now enjoys, to instantaneous and utter destitution. He wanted at Esher the comfort which even a prison would have afforded, the very bed on which he slept having been taken from him. We are also to take into the account the abject submission which he had long been taught to exercise towards the tyrant

‘ Whose smile was transport, and whose frown was fate.’

Of this detested monster, one circumstance is disclosed by Cavendish, so utterly surpassing all the measures of common iniquity, that we cannot forbear repeating it. When Wolsey was sued in a premunire by Henry's order, and all his moveables seized with the cruel rigour which has been already mentioned, the chest, which contained a dispensation under the King's sign manual for the very facts on which he was sued, was withheld, and he was prevented from pleading an instrument, which, if law or reason had had any scope, must have preserved him. His misfortunes, however, and the conversation of some devout and mortified Carthusians, appear to have awakened the first sense of genuine religion in his mind. During his retreat at Cawood, while the King was pursuing him into his retirement with one refinement of ingenious cruelty after another, he was calm and composed; and here, for the first time, he seems to have exercised, or even comprehended the character of a Christian Bishop. He reconciled enemies, he preached, he visited, nay he was humble. But this character he was not long permitted to sustain. He had talents for popularity, which in his delicate and difficult circumstances he was perhaps not sufficiently reserved in displaying. He was preparing to be enthroned at York with a degree of magnificence, though far inferior to that which had been practised by his predecessors, yet sufficient to awaken the jealousy of Henry. The final arrest at Cawood ensued. It is unnecessary, as well as uncharitable, to suppose what there is no proof of, that he died of poison, either administered by himself or others. The obvious and proximate cause of his death was affliction. A great heart, oppressed with indignities and beset with dangers, at length gave way, and Wolsey received the two last charities of a death-bed and a grave, with many circumstances affectingly told by Cavendish, in the Abbey of Leicester.

We are next presented with a new Life of Sir Thomas More, which though not equal to the former in point of interest is entitled to more attention, inasmuch as it records an equally great and a much better man. Sir Thomas More has long and very deservedly been the idol, as he was the martyr of the Catholics, to whom not

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we only as Protestants, but humanity itself must deplore his blind attachment. For such, in this instance, was the power of bigotry, that it could harden a heart naturally compassionate, and darken an understanding naturally acute and penetrating. Every man has his constitutional infirmity, and this was the infirmity of More; but it required no ordinary measure of virtue to counterbalance his desertion of the common lawyers his brethren, and of the Law of England itself to screen the murderers of Hunne. With respect to the case of the supremacy for which he and Fisher suffered, we can honour his scruples. At all events, the case was new, and prejudice, possession, and long prescription were on the side of the Pope. Besides, if, after the exercise of ecclesiastical domination in this country for many centuries, it was become necessary (and surely this must be allowed,) to break the bonds of Roman tyranny, another question remained, which Henry in assuming this power had somewhat prematurely decided, whether it were to be transferred to laymen. Such, it might occur to these learned and well-read men, had not been the ecclesiastical authority exercised by Constantine and Theodosius. They, it is true, convened councils and presided in them; but the members of these councils were Bishops: whereas, according to the model of authority hastily framed by Henry, Articles of Faith, and Rules of Discipline, were to be imposed upon the Church by himself, a layman, and a Parliament, of which a very small portion consisted of ecclesiastics. Bishoprics were to become mere patent offices, and ecclesiastical authority, instead of being derived from Christ, was thenceforward to flow from the Crown. Thus we see that persons who might have admitted the expediency of abolishing the Papal authority might reasonably doubt the lawfulness of vesting it in the King. But Fisher and More were thorough-paced disciples of Rome: they denied both the one and the other, and lost their heads in consequence. As a scholar, though he belonged to a profession which usually excludes all great attainments in elegant literature, More is entitled to the highest rank. Perhaps the Latinity of the *Utopia* surpasses any other composition of an Englishman in the same language. He had all the playfulness of great and original genius, and sometimes carried with him into the administration of justice a kind of whim not perhaps strictly reconcilable either to decorum or morality;* nay his love of a joke was not extinguished on a still more solemn and distressful occasion. His 'cilice,' his discipline, his watchings and fastings, never subdued a native good humour, nor made him appear to his family less open

* See a strange story in this *Life*, where he incited a criminal to pick the pocket of a brother Judge.

and disengaged than the most self-indulgent of mankind. Such was the man of whom Erasmus his friend, (would that he had been his biographer!) was contented with saying, 'cui pectus erat omnino candidius, ingenium autem quale nemo Anglus, vel habuit, vel est habiturus.*' Our biographer, a zealous Papist, (however inferior to that great man in language and ability,) has nevertheless given a more satisfactory account of this excellent person than we have seen before.

Having first perused it after rising from the Life of another Chancellor of equal, perhaps greater, intellectual powers, we could not help contrasting in point of moral excellence the authors of the Utopia and the new Atlantis. More and Bacon were equally poor, in the highest and most lucrative office of their profession; but the one was cheerful, disinterested, frugal, and abstemious in his poverty; the other was unquiet and rapacious, corrupt and profuse. Accordingly the one died voluntarily on a scaffold, when a single subscription might have saved his life and restored him to honour; the other dragged out a miserable existence, degraded and disgraced, after having purchased some remission of his sentence by an abject confession of his guilt. Whoever wishes to study the character of a Christian philosopher shining through all the false colours with which bigotry has overlaid it, should read this Life of More.

The present work is conjectured by Dr. Wordsworth, on very probable grounds, to have been written in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign; it is therefore not an original, but it unites the substance of the two accounts already given of More, by Roper and Harpsfield, together with some particulars drawn from Stapleton and other sources. The last sentence is subjoined in order to shew the principles and zeal of the writer: 'Wherefore we may be bold to pray that God will, *through the merits and intercession of this glorious martyr*, cast his pitiful eye of grace upon us and reduce us to the unitie of his holie Church for the defence whereof Sir Thomas More in his holie sight suffered a precious death. Therefore, O most blessed God, for the merits of this holie martyr *Saint Thomas*, of thy infinite goodness, grant this poor land thy holie grace to acknowledge their present miserie, and to retourne again unto the bosom of thy holie spouse the holie Catholic Church, through our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.' At the time when this was written this poor land had the grace to acknowledge their own *happiness*; and to 'abide in the state whereunto they had been called.'

The life of that apostolical man, Barnard Gilpin, is reprinted from an old translation of the original Latin by George Carleton,

* In the Ecclesiastes.

Bishop of Chichester. To the English reader a version of a work so interesting was certainly desirable; but every scholar will wish to consult the original in *Bates Vitæ selectorum aliquot virorum*, a collection which is now become rare. We beg leave, however, in passing to point out an inaccuracy in the very outset of the bishop's work, which has been copied by his translator and has escaped the observation of the present editor. 'Barnard Gilpin was borne at Kentmire in the county of Westmoreland, in the year of our Lord 1517, of an ancient and honourable family, being the son of Edwin Gilpin, the elder brother of which Edwin was slain in the battle of Bosworth; being heir in the fifth descent to Richard Gilpin who, in the reign of king John, was enfeoffed in the lordship of Kentmire hall, for his singular deserts both in peace and warre.' Instead of five, less than ten generations can scarcely be assigned to a period of three centuries. Of Gilpin's latest biographer, who was also his relative and namesake, we have more than once given an opinion which we know will be displeasing to those who consider investigation and accuracy as qualities of far less importance in an historian than a neat and perspicuous style; with respect, however, to Mr. Gilpin's character as a man and a clergyman, we have the pleasure of being in perfect agreement with Dr. Wordsworth: 'His amiable biographer,' says the editor, 'it is well known spent a long life distinguished by purity of manners, useful learning, deeds of charity, piety and an apostolical zeal in the discharge of his duties as a preacher of the Gospel. His good works in kind as well as degree, and some of the circumstances of his life, can hardly fail to call back to those who are at all acquainted with the particulars, the life of Barnard Gilpin, to whom perhaps he was very little inferior, excepting in so far, as his powers of doing good were limited by a less portion of the gifts of fortune.'

The next Life which we think intitled to distinct notice is that of Nicholas Ferrar and his family, who were first introduced to the attention of the present times by the late Dr. Peckard, master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, in the publication of an imperfect account preserved by their descendants. This work, though of far inferior merit, from the singular and interesting story which it relates, is scarcely less known than Walton's *Lives*; but for the republication of this memoir Dr. Wordsworth can incur no blame, nor require any apology. The additions which he has been enabled to make from a MS. in the archiepiscopal library are highly interesting, and make up almost a fourth part of the life. The Ferrars were an accomplished and elegant family, of considerable wealth, who, in the last year of James I. retired to a manor of their own at Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire, for the purposes of devotion, which

they carried to the greatest extent of ascetic mortification. The neighbouring church, which was magnificently fitted up for the purpose, was the scene of their daily and nightly exercises; and in a great chamber of the house the Psalms of David were uniformly sung or recited by parties, who relieved each other in the course of every twenty-four hours. The remainder of their time seems to have been occupied in elegant pursuits; and particularly in the art of binding books, which they appear to have carried to a degree of of perfection unrivalled even in modern times. This fraternity, whose peculiar habits had rendered them very conspicuous, in their day, were twice honoured by a visit from Charles I., once on his way to Scotland in 1631, and a second time in his deepest distress, 1646. It is needless to say that their sovereign, by whom they had been noticed in a very flattering manner, was received at Little Gidding with no less duty and affection, at his second visit than his first. Though actively charitable to the poor around them, as well as attentive and hospitable to those who visited them from proper motives, the Ferrars seem not to have had many friends. The Papists despised them as schismatics, the lax and lukewarm part of the Church of England hated their strictness—the Puritans exclaimed against their ceremonious superstition. Of the various obloquies to which they were exposed, these good people seem to have been too sensible: 'I have heard him say (these are the words of the pious but not very judicious Barnabas Oby) that to fry a faggot was not more martyrdom than continual obloquy.' This is surely carrying the matter quite far enough; but the good man must needs expand and exaggerate this sentiment: 'He was torn asunder as with mad horses, or crushed betwixt the upper and nether mill-stone of contrary reports—that he was a Papist and a Puritan. What is, if this be not, to be sawn asunder as Esay, stoned as Jeremy, made a drum or tympanized as other Saints were?' Such extravagant rant! However painful calumny may be, it is nevertheless true that hard words break no bones; and the difference between literal and figurative martyrdom was probably experienced by those, who having been exercised by the former were in the end condemned to the latter, to be somewhat greater than these impatient and untried complainers would allow.

In this part of the collection we should have been gratified by a judicious abridgement of Bishop Hacket's *Life of Archbishop Williams*, which though full of elaborate and pedantic absurdity, insomuch that it was roundly declared by a great judge of style, to be the worst written book in our language, nevertheless abounds with new and curious matter. We should wish this task to be undertaken by some person of impartiality and discernment; for
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amidst the clamours and contradictions of party, we still profess ourselves unable to decide on the character of Williams.

The account of Archbishop Tillotson struck us as meagre and unsatisfactory; that of Henry, though diffusé, is valuable, inasmuch as it shews that Puritanism may exist without sourness, and non-conformity without malignant prejudices. The life of Richard Baxter, which, though separated from the other in the arrangement of these volumes, ought to be read with it, does not lead exactly to the same conclusion: but this only proves that the most ardent pursuit of religious attainments does not extinguish constitutional differences of temper. There are some dispositions which cannot be soured by the worst religion—there are others which cannot be sweetened by the best.

ART. VII. *Memoirs of the Life of Peter Daniel Huet, Bishop of Avranches, written by himself; and translated from the original Latin, with copious Notes, Biographical and Critical.*
By John Aikin, M.D. in 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 858. London. Longman and Co. 1810.

THE original of this work is entitled 'Petri Dan. Huetii Episcopi Abrincensis Commentarius de Rebus ad eum pertinentibus.' It was composed by the author a few years before his death, and published during his life. The translator has performed his part with sufficient accuracy and industry, as far as we have observed; and conveyed the meaning of the original in smooth and easy language. The notes, which he has added, are chiefly biographical—he always endeavours to give the reader some information of those persons, whose names are incidentally mentioned, and to extend the sketch, where it is too scanty and meagre. His object in producing this work is, as he informs us, to furnish a sort of superstructure for a literary history of the age in which Huet flourished. This is in some degree answered; for, as his life was protracted to a very late period, and as he maintained an intercourse with all the literary characters of his time, there is scarcely a name of eminence on the continent, between the years 1650 and 1710, which is not mentioned. At the same time, the original memoir is so extremely dull in its general structure, conveys so many incidents which are wholly uninteresting at the present day, and is so totally destitute of that free developement of character, for which memoirs of this description are chiefly valuable, that we think the translator would have employed his time with more advantage to his readers,

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readers, and satisfaction to himself, if, instead of labouring at a translation, he had drawn up an original sketch of the literary history of that period. Not to mention, that as the memoir itself is written in sufficiently elegant Latin, which in our opinion constitutes its chief merit, it might before have been read with pleasure by every scholar.

‘I have often thought,’ says Dr. Johnson, ‘that there has rarely passed a life, of which a judicious and faithful narrative might not be useful.’ The observation might be made with still greater propriety of self-biography. Let any man, who has in a common degree mixed with the world, delineate a true picture of himself, unfold without reserve his motives of action, his feelings under different circumstances, together with the views, interests, and associations by which his life has been regulated; and he could not fail to produce a work, in which many would take a lively interest, and from which all might draw matter of instructive reflexion.

But, unluckily, there are no instances in which self-biography has fully answered this purpose, and very few in which it has done so in any tolerable degree. It may perhaps be said, notwithstanding all professions to the contrary, that no one ever published memoirs of himself, entirely for the benefit of others. Vanity, variously directed, mixed up with different elements, displaying itself under different forms, and aided more or less by accessory feelings, has, we shrewdly suspect, been the great moving spring in all these matters. Whatever appearances exist of frankness and sincerity, (which may to a certain extent be sometimes real,) and whatever reasons may be zealously brought forward, we are convinced that no man ever published a narrative of his own life, without having his views directed much more towards himself, than towards those, for whose sake alone he would be understood to write.

In the instance of Huet, there is not room for the slightest doubt, that a feeling of vanity and self-importance is the sole motive at work. The anxious pains which are taken to conceal it, prove the point beyond dispute. He seems conscious, that the world must think he is doing a very foolish thing; and accordingly begins and ends his memoirs with attempts at apology. He sets out with something more seriously absurd than could readily be believed. He discovers that Augustine, in his confessions, professes to review the errors of his past life for the purpose of laying them at the feet of his Creator. Accordingly, he follows so high an example, but unluckily expresses himself as if he thought the disclosure necessary for the information of the Supreme Being.

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punge the stains of my former life, yet a more urgent cause has given me the final impulse, a severe and nearly fatal disease, with which I struggled for six whole months, and from which I am not entirely recovered. By this sharp, but salutary admonition, I felt myself summoned by God to scrutinize the ingrained spots of my conscience, and most humbly and submissively lay them before his sight. I therefore thought I should perform a grateful task in presenting an account of my past years to Him, the witness and judge of all my delinquencies, &c. vol. i. p. 2.

Now the memoir before us has not the slightest claim to the title of confessions, for there is no appearance of frankness, no disclosure of secret infirmities, no acknowledgment of failings and errors—it is in fact, a mere detail of the ordinary events of his life, dressed up so as to display his importance. Accordingly, he anticipates the disbelief of the motive which he alleges, and resorts to many others, such as the solicitations of his friends, the reproaches of the world for his non-compliance with them, the desire of imparting anecdotes of those with whom he lived in intimacy, &c.—and he concludes with a list of at least an hundred eminent persons, who have also written memoirs of their own lives. If he had wished to inform us that he was writing solely to gratify his vanity, what other language could he have used?

Peter Daniel Huet was born of noble parents, at Caen, in Normandy, in 1630. Left an orphan in early life, in easy circumstances, he enjoyed all the advantages of a good education; and shewed from the first an eager thirst of various knowledge. He thought of applying himself to the law; but his attention was diverted by the desire of acquiring the Greek and Hebrew languages. He possessed a strong constitution, peculiarly adapted to the purposes of study: after sitting at his books for seven or eight hours without intermission, he always rose fresh, cheerful, and in high spirits. He finished his education, by frequenting the society of literary men at Paris. As soon as he was grown up, he accompanied Bochart on a visit to the famous Christina, Queen of Sweden, at whose court the learned men of all nations were invited to assemble. Daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, she displayed a character so strangely compounded of inconsistent elements, that historians have been puzzled in their attempts to analyze it. Possessing strong powers of mind, talents and acquirements far beyond her sex and age, exhibiting at times a spirit of enlightened philosophy, and a liberal love of learning, she was often fickle, whimsical, and capricious, the slave of petty vanity and of doting superstition. Brought up to a throne amidst the gaudy trappings of royalty, she despised the pursuits and pleasures com-
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mon to her rank, and devoted days and nights to the severity of study. Educated in the Protestant faith, and at times appearing indifferent to all religions, she gave herself up to the degrading fetters of papal bigotry. Born to be the queen of a great kingdom, she preferred the title of queen of letters, resigned her crown after wearing it four years, and ended her days at Rome in the society of monks and pedants. The learned men, with whom Huet travelled to Christina's court, experienced her caprice—when they arrived, a French physician had gained an ascendancy over her, and contrived to infuse into her mind a temporary disrelish for literature. Bochart therefore was not received according to his merits; Vossius was unpolitely dismissed; and Huet found his chance of favour and emolument at the Swedish court so small, that he was glad to take the earliest opportunity of returning to France. Some years afterwards, Christina invited him to reside with her at Rome and assist her studies; but his knowledge of her capricious disposition induced him to decline her offers.

Huet returned to France through Denmark and Holland. He afterwards divided his time between Caen and Paris, attending closely to his various studies, and maintaining a correspondence with most of the literary characters of those times. In 1670 (the 40th year of his age) he was appointed, conjointly with Bossuet, to the office of preceptor to the Dauphin, son of Louis XIV. and went to reside at Paris. This advanced him more into public life: after spending ten years at court, he obtained permission to retire.

It was not till he reached the age of 46 that he entered into holy orders. On quitting his preceptorship, he was made abbot of Aulnai—and bishop of Loissons, which see he exchanged for that of Avranches. After holding the latter for about ten years, he resigned it, either from indolence, a feeling of unfitness for active business, or a wish for literary retirement. He was then appointed abbot of Fontenoy, which situation he retained till his death. He reached the very advanced age of 91; and in his latter days gave vent to those feelings of regret, disappointment and mortification, from which men of literary habits and pursuits are certainly not more exempt than the rest of the world.

The impression of his religious character, left on our minds from these memoirs, is by no means favourable. Bigotted and superstitious to excess, he appears at times to have very little sincerity, and to regard only worldly emoluments and conveniences. In very early life, he felt a disposition to enter into a society of Dominicans, which he attributes to divine impulse.

‘I was so much captivated with the spirit of piety displayed by them (the Dominicans), that I became extremely desirous of being admitted into

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into the society. My own relations, affectionately, yet pertinaciously, detained me a sort of prisoner in their houses : and thus was frustrated a design undertaken, as I supposed, on the divine suggestion. And although it appeared to many to have been a movement of juvenile levity, and even to myself, after I had been persuaded to lay it aside, yet I might recognize in it the voice of the Almighty, graciously calling me to himself from the vanities and pollutions of the world. For, even from early childhood I was conscious of no obscure wishes to enter into the service of Christ : and I frequently felt the sparks of this pious desire bursting forth in my soul, which were repressed by a vivacious disposition, obnoxious to the light inclinations and futile blandishments of the world ; until at length conquering grace threw the rein over my reluctant spirit and entirely subjected it to its own dominion.' Vol. i. p. 25.

On visiting a Dutch town, where he finds a monastery suppressed by the Protestants, he expresses himself in the genuine spirit of a zealous Catholic.

' We there saw a formerly splendid monastery of nuns, now converted to other uses by the Lutherans, except some dilapidated cells allotted for the habitation of a few virgins, who adhere to the rites of the Catholic church. It was gratifying to me, in this desolation of the Catholic religion, to discover some relics of a purer worship. In truth, it was no small grief to me to behold so many splendid monuments of ancient piety laid in the dust, and the pure and holy worship of God abolished by profane novelty : and to see that place made a sanctuary for error and impiety, in which divine verity had been honoured and patronized.' Vol. i. p. 126.

Notwithstanding the devout impulses which he felt in early life, he found himself able to combat them till he had reached his forty-sixth year. He then discovered them to be absolutely irresistible, particularly as he might naturally cease to be a coxcomb in dress, and endure with tolerable equanimity the ecclesiastical habit. This is his account of the approaches which he made towards the important change.

' Whilst I was intent upon my studies, and was seriously engaged in my '*Demonstratio Evangelica*,' the perpetual perusal of the sacred volumes, and assiduous meditation on holy things rekindled in my breast with new warmth the devout ardour of my youth and my longings after the ecclesiastical profession. I was at length therefore compelled to obey the benignant and unceasing call of God to his peculiar service : not yet, however, so as to desire initiation into holy orders, for which I could not regard myself as mature : but only so as to testify my purpose by exterior tokens. But the manner of conducting the business and changing my dress appeared to require no slight deliberation. For Bossuet, to whose counsel I applied as one intimately connected with every thing relating to the church, strongly advised me to withdraw
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some days from the court and public view, as if to the performance of certain pious exercises, while in the mean time he and others of my friends should make known that I intended to take orders, and had retired for that purpose, shortly to appear again in another habit. On the contrary, I was of opinion that I should not suddenly change my habit, but by degrees, daily shortening my hair, and bringing the rest of my dress to a more sober form. This was at length approved by Bossuet; and the matter was so dexterously managed, that, although I had hitherto appeared in a garb suited to a court life, and rather in the military mode, the alteration was scarcely perceived.' Vol. ii. p. 177.

Let the reader bear in mind, that the person, thus holding grave deliberations about the cut of his hair, and the fashion of his coat, was the greatest scholar of his time, and nearly 50 years of age; and he must think his conduct somewhat worse than ludicrous.

But it is his literary character which we must chiefly consider, for his eminence in various branches of learning places him in the very foremost line of distinction. 'When we reflect,' as Olivet says of him, 'that he lived upwards of 90 years, that he was an hard student from his infancy, that he had no interruptions from bad health, or extraneous business, that he had persons to read to him even at his meals, that, in a word, to use his own language, neither the heat of youth, nor any pressure of business, nor the love of company, nor the hurry of the world, had been able to abate his invincible love of letters; we must needs conclude him to be one of the greatest scholars that any age has produced.'—He shewed great attachment to philosophical studies in early life, particularly to geometry. He acquired an accurate and critical knowledge of the three learned languages. To the study of Hebrew, he states that he applied himself two or three hours a-day regularly, during 30 years, and read through the books of the Old Testament 24 times. The purity of his Latin style has been particularly admired.

He seems to have had a great ambition of establishing as extensive an acquaintance as possible with literary men. The ostentation of this in the memoirs before us is at times disgusting:—he is invited to an intercourse of friendship with one person:—he receives demonstrations of regard from a second:—he is unexpectedly surprised that a third wishes to number him among his friends, and so on. But undoubtedly, his reputation was very great, and he was fortunate in living at a time when his country boasted a brilliant constellation of learned characters. The names of Petavius, Bouchart, of the Scaligers, Bossuet, Vossius, Du Cange, Boileau, &c. sound with no common distinction in the ear of every scholar. He appears to have been a friend to pursuits of solid worth and importance, and to have disdained scholastic pedantry and coxcomby, and an overstrained attention to minute trifles. Classical criticism

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was peculiarly cultivated in his time, and in his opinion, to a vicious excess.

‘ At the period when I began to hold a certain rank among the votaries of sound literature, the art of criticism was particularly flourishing : and all who aimed at the reputation of learning engaged in it with so much ardour, that all their diligence was expended on the emendation of ancient authors, the recovery of vanishing letters, the filling up of chasms, the restoration of faulty and dislocated sentences, and the discrimination of spurious and interpolated clauses. In these operations acute conjectures were applied, which flattered the understanding with an appearance of truth, and obtained credit, though often false and fallacious. It was certainly necessary to seek a remedy for the errors arising from bad copies, ignorance and negligence of transcribers, &c. But now, in this light of letters, after such long and assiduous toil in the emendation of ancient books, by which they have been restored to their pristine splendour, to spend a whole life in the same exercise, as I saw done by Gruter, Le Fevre, and others, who sought no other result of their labours, appeared to me an ignoble employment of the intellect, worthy only of a little mind—a task, necessary indeed, but mean—like that of the weeders whom I employ in freeing my garden from noxious plants, while I eat and store up the fruit.’ Vol. i. p. 223.

The translator remarks on this passage, that, if such an observation were just a century ago, ‘ what are we to say now to the Valckenaers, Ruhnkens, Porsons, Griesbachs, &c. of our own times, whose learned labours have been chiefly of the kind above described, which they seemed to regard as the greatest possible service they could render to literature ?’ He asks, where is to be the termination of verbal criticism ; whether there is reason to expect that the difficulties which remain in the text of many antient authors will ever be cleared up ; and whether they are worth the talent and labour often bestowed upon them ?

In answer to all this, we are really at a loss what to say. On the one hand, we cannot help admitting, that the mere minutiae of verbal criticism have, on some occasions, had too much importance attached to them ; that learned discussions have been raised on very trivial points ; and that much talent, industry and erudition have been wasted on petty discussions, which might have been turned to far better account. On the other hand, we feel the warmest admiration of the great acumen, ingenuity and learning which have been displayed in the various departments of classical criticism ; and shall be unwilling to see any check given to the endeavour at elucidating antient authors in the fullest possible manner, and restoring their text to its genuine purity. But, at all events, we must earnestly protest against including the labours of Griesbach in the same list with those of critics on classical authors. The importance

tance of ascertaining the genuine readings of the New Testament, to every particle and syllable, is so great and commanding, that we can never consent to deem the most painful minuteness of investigation bestowed on such a subject, to be, in any sense of the word, superfluous.

We are tempted to give the bishop's remarks on the subject of acquiring languages, as another proof of his good sense, in wishing to direct literary labour to really useful ends.

'Not much more worthy of praise did I esteem that skill in languages, which likewise was at that time an object of high commendation among the learned, and was pursued to the verge of insanity. I am aware that this study has its use, and even necessity; and that a correct knowledge of antiquity, which is the best part of polite literature, cannot be obtained without the aid of those tongues which were spoken by the nations who have transmitted to us the arts and sciences which they invented or cultivated: but let them be regarded as handmaids, who are to be courted only as leading the way to their mistresses, which are those branches of knowledge themselves. Thus, languages are the keys by which the doors of learning are to be opened; and those who, content with the possession of them, stop at the threshold, and do not penetrate to the recesses, may be resembled to janitors, who, bearing the keys of many apartments, themselves sleep out of doors.' Vol. i. p. 223.

The most important of Huet's works are his 'two books on Interpretation,' his edition of 'Origen's Commentary,' and his 'Evangelical Demonstration.' The first, his earliest production, composed in the form of a dialogue, discusses generally the laws of translation, notices rules for particular species of writings, enumerates and criticises the most eminent translators in different departments and languages. It is a very learned work, written with chaste and pure latinity, and replete with sound criticism.—His edition of Origen's Commentary employed a considerable number of years. He transcribed a MS. of it, when he went to Stockholm in early life. He did not publish it till about sixteen years afterwards, when he had illustrated it with copious notes, and prepared a very full and elaborate dissertation on the life, character, and opinions of Origen.—His 'Evangelical Demonstration' was published in 1679. It has been said of this, that it demonstrates nothing but the extensive learning of the author. In fact, he shews himself ignorant of the true nature of evidence; for he pretends to be giving a 'mathematical demonstration' of the truth of Christianity; whereas its evidences only furnish that high degree of probability by which human opinion and belief are for the most part regulated, but which is totally distinct in kind from mathematical demonstration. Besides, he has deformed his work by the introduction of fanciful

fanciful arguments and forced conceits, which, injudiciously brought to support his cause, in reality injure and weaken it.

But the service for which the learned world is perhaps most indebted to Huet, is the Delphin edition of the classics, which was prepared under his inspection and superintendence. He summoned together learned men from every quarter for this purpose, and stimulated their exertions by every species of encouragement. He complains that the execution did not answer his wishes in all respects: indeed, the marriage of the Dauphin, for whose use the work was undertaken, brought it to a premature conclusion. Huet began by being a director, but was obliged to take part in the business himself, by the failure or delays of the persons employed.

Huet was particularly anxious that the noble library which he had formed should be secured from dispersion at his death. Accordingly, he bequeathed it to the House of the Jesuits at Paris, an establishment which he probably thought must be immortal. But little avails the best provision for securing permanency to any thing human. Seventy-one years afterwards, the society of Jesuits was dissolved, their effects confiscated, and Huet's library dispersed far and wide in the common wreck.

ART. VIII. *Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa*, by Edward Daniel Clarke, LL. D. *Part the First, Russia, Tartary, and Turkey.* Cambridge. Printed at the University Press for Cadell and Davies. 1 vol. 4to. pp. 760. 1810.

WHATEVER disagreement may take place between an author and a reader during the course of a long and familiar acquaintance, their first introduction to each other is usually friendly. A preface is a work of courtesy and propitiation with which the most pugnacious critic is seldom disposed to quarrel; and yet we must confess that a few of the introductory sentences prefixed to this volume excited, in our minds, an unfavourable prepossession towards the author, and, as we still think that they detract considerably from the merit of a valuable work, we will here state our objections. Dr. Clarke's address to his readers commences with the following words:

'Under circumstances of peculiar anxiety, the author presents the first part of his travels to the public. A sense of unearned praise already bestowed by too eager anticipation weighs heavy on his mind, and some degree of apprehension attaches to the consciousness of having obeyed

obeyed a strong impulse of duty in the unfavourable representation made of the state of society in Russia. The moral picture afforded of its inhabitants may seem distorted by spleen, and traced under other impressions than those of general charity and Christian benevolence: on which account the reader is doubly entreated to pardon defects, which experience, chastened by criticism, may subsequently amend; and to suspend the judgment, which more general acquaintance with the author may ultimately mitigate."

Now it seems to us that if Dr. Clarke is indeed conscious of having honestly obeyed a strong impulse of duty; if he has only given a faithful account of what he saw and heard; there can be no intelligible ground for that anxiety and apprehension which he professes to feel. No man can suppose that the most scrupulous veracity will excite the displeasure of the unbiassed and impartial; and it is at least ungracious, if not unjust, to impute, to the majority of his readers, that degree of prejudice which takes offence at the language of truth. If, on the other hand, our author is aware that his representations were somewhat 'distorted by spleen,' it is not easy to comprehend his motive for retaining those obnoxious passages which, probably, had been first committed to paper in a moment of impatience and irritation. His journal, it seems, was written nine years ago; an interval which might surely be sufficient to calm his feelings, and to give him ample leisure for that sober revision of his work, for which the apology just quoted is a very unsatisfactory substitute. We think it was ill judged to force upon our attention, and to hold out as the distinguishing characteristic of his travels, any strictures on the moral character of a people with whom, from his peculiar situation, he had very few and very limited means of intercourse. He visited Russia at a moment when the furious edicts of a capricious tyrant had involved all Englishmen in one general proscription; he was ignorant of the national language; and, during almost the whole of the time spent in the country, he was either beset by the spies and harassed by the agents of government, or confined to the post-chaise, in which he performed a journey of about five and twenty hundred English miles. These are circumstances which are likely to disturb the impartiality of the most sober observer.

We think also that the author has not stated with perfect fairness the real grounds of his solicitude. None of his readers, we are persuaded, will be disposed to bring against him the heavy charge of being deficient in 'general charity and Christian benevolence,' though some of them may think that he has too sedulously sought for opportunities of expressing that contempt with which the Russian nation has inspired him, and of holding up to ridicule or to detestation their peculiarities, or foibles, or vices. The points really at issue between Dr. Clarke and ourselves are mere questions of

of taste. We can forgive the severity and bitterness of invective in which he so often indulges, but we object to the expression, which, in our opinion, is frequently coarse and ignoble. We should be glad to erase, from the future editions of the work, a variety of filthy anecdotes, which, even if they were of less dubious credit, would not be worth preserving. We are not much pleased with the liberality of such observations as the following:

'The notorious Semple rose to such a pitch of celebrity in Russia, that he influenced, if he did not govern, Potemkin. He introduced a uniform for the hussars, which is still worn; and made alterations, truly judicious, in their military discipline. Thus the Russian officers derived from the hulks at Woolwich greater advantages than if they had served there in person; an honour, which, though well merited, it is not necessary to assign them, as they experience very wholesome chastisement at home. In the aptitude of such reflections, the reader, it is hoped, will sympathize with the author. They are made from no disposition to sarcasm, but from a strict attention to that fidelity of delineation, which, while it portrays deformity, represents the truth.'

We confess that we do not *sympathize in the aptitude of such reflections*; neither are we much delighted with the information that a Russian 'is literally a two-legged pig, having all the brutality, but more knavery than that animal.' p. 294. Neither do we much admire the urbanity which dictated this graceful illustration: '*Russia, morally considered, is like an enormous toad, extending on every side her bloated unwieldy form, and gradually becoming weaker, as she swells with an unwholesome and unnatural expansion.*' p. 404.

It is useless, and it might appear invidious, to multiply quotations of this sort. It is sufficient to have stated, that such are the blemishes to which the attention of the reader is studiously, though, we think, injudiciously directed, by the writer, and which we are entreated to pardon, on the plea that they are capable of being subsequently amended, and that the general merits of these travels ought to be considered as compensating for particular defects. It seems to us, that faults of this kind become more prominent and offensive in proportion to the excellence of the work which they disfigure. Dr. Clarke has certainly brought together, in the volume before us, much valuable information respecting countries very imperfectly known; his materials are well and clearly arranged; his narrative is always amusing; his style concise and spirited, and, on some occasions, particularly happy; and he possesses, in considerable perfection, the rare and useful talent of expressing by his pencil what is incapable of being adequately described by the pen. He has also been permitted to enrich his work with many curious and interesting extracts from the MS. journal of the Rev. Reginald Heber, which are digested

into the form of notes, and, whilst they confirm the author's testimony, materially add to the reader's instruction. It may therefore be presumed, that such a work will be translated into many other languages; and we should be sorry to think that the passages to which we have alluded will be submitted to foreign critics as specimens of our national taste, or as examples of the author's individual candour.

We now proceed to the more pleasing task of submitting to our readers a slight sketch of the contents of this volume.

The complete journal of Messrs. Clarke and Cripps, containing an account of their travels in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Lapland, Finland, Russia, Tartary, Turkey, Greece, Syria, and Egypt, is expected to occupy three quarto volumes, which will be successively given to the public; and the portion now printed relates to the very long and circuitous route by which these travellers proceeded from Petersburg to Constantinople. The limits of a review will not permit us to attempt a regular abridgement of the whole of this extensive tour; we must, therefore, content ourselves with occasional extracts from that part of the narrative which comprises the journey through Russia as far as the banks of the Don, and with a very concise abstract of the observations made in the Crimea, or during the voyage on the Black Sea, reserving the principal part of our article for the new and curious information collected in the country of the Cossacks and in the vicinity of the river Cuban.

The various modes of persecution which the Emperor Paul, after his accession to the French alliance, thought fit to employ against all the English residing in his dominions, became so intolerable, that, about the middle of March, 1800, Dr. Clarke and his companion were advised, by our minister, Sir Charles Whitworth, to hasten their departure for Moscow, in the hope of escaping those indignities from which it was no longer in his power to protect them. They took the advice, set off on the 3d, and arrived on the 9th of April, after visiting the palace and gardens of Tsarskoselo, the cathedral of Novogorod, and the canal of Vishnei Voloshok. We will not detain our readers with the description of a road so often travelled, but the following passage is too important to be omitted.

‘We had a very interesting peep into the manners of the peasantry; for which we were indebted to the breaking of our sledge at Poschol. The woman of the house was preparing a dinner for her family, who were gone to church. It consisted of soup only. Presently her husband, a boor, came in, attended by his daughters, with some small loaves of white bread, not larger than a pigeon's egg, which I suppose the priest had consecrated, for they placed them with great care before the *Богъ*. Then the bowing and crossing began, and they went to dinner, all eating out of the same bowl. Dinner ended, they went regularly to bed, as if

to pass the night there, crossing and bowing as before. Having slept about an hour, one of the young women, according to an etiquette constantly observed, called her father, and presented him with a pot of vinegar, or *Quass*, the Russian beverage. The man then rose, and a complete fit of crossing and bowing seemed to seize him, with interludes so inexpressibly characteristic and ludicrous, that it was very difficult to preserve gravity. The pauses of scratching and grunting, with all the attendant circumstances of ventriloquism and eructation; the apostrophes to his wife, to himself, and to his God; were such as drunken Barnaby might have put into Latin, but need not be expressed in English.

'The picture of Russian manners varies little with reference to the prince or the peasant. The first nobleman in the empire, when dismissed by his sovereign from attendance upon his person, or withdrawing to his estate in consequence of dissipation and debt, betakes himself to a mode of life little superior to that of brutes. You will then find him throughout the day with his neck bare, his beard lengthened, his body wrapped in a sheep's hide, eating raw turnips, and drinking *Quass*, sleeping one half of the day, and growling at his wife and family the other. The same feelings, the same wants, wishes, and gratifications, then characterize the nobleman and the peasant; and the same system of tyranny, which extends from the throne downwards, through all the bearings and ramifications of society, even to the cottage of the lowest boor, has entirely extinguished every spark of liberality in the breasts of a people who are all slaves. They are all, high and low, rich and poor, alike servile to superiors; haughty and cruel to their dependants; ignorant, superstitious, cunning, brutal, barbarous, dirty, mean. The Emperor canes the first of his grandees; princes and nobles canes their slaves; and the slaves, their wives and daughters. Ere the sun dawns in Russia, flagellation begins; and throughout its vast empire cudgels are going, in every department of its population, from morning until night.' pp. 36, 37.

It is unnecessary for us to animadvert on some expressions which we do not quite approve in this extract; we therefore proceed to another, which we have perused with much more satisfaction.

'We arrived at the season of the year in which this city is most interesting to strangers. Moscow is in every thing extraordinary; as well in disappointing expectation, as in surpassing it; in causing wonder and derision, pleasure and regret. Let me conduct the reader back with me again to the gate by which we entered, and thence through the streets. Numerous spires, glittering with gold, amidst burnished domes and painted palaces, appear in the midst of an open plain, for several versts before you reach this gate. Having passed, you look about, and wonder what is become of the city, or where you are; and are ready to ask, once more, How far is it to Moscow? They will tell you, "This is Moscow!" and you behold nothing but a wide and scattered suburb, huts, gardens, pig-sties, brick-walls, churches, dunghills, palaces, timber-yards, warehouses, and a refuse, as it were, of materials sufficient to

stock an empire with miserable towns and miserable villages. One might imagine all the states of Europe and Asia had sent a building, by way of representative, to Moscow : and under this impression the eye is presented with deputies from all countries, holding congress : timber-huts from regions beyond the ARCTIC ; plastered palaces from SWEDEN and DENMARK, not white-washed since their arrival ; painted walls from the TYROL ; mosques from CONSTANTINOPLE ; Tartar temples from BUCHARIA ; pagodas, pavilions, and virandas, from CHINA ; cabarets from SPAIN ; dungeons, prisons, and public offices, from FRANCE ; architectural ruins from ROME ; terraces and trellisses from NAPLES ; and warehouses from WAPPING.

‘ Having heard accounts of its immense population, you wander through deserted streets. Passing suddenly towards the quarter where the shops are situated, you might walk upon the heads of thousands. The daily throng is there so immense, that, unable to force a passage through it, or assign any motive that might convene such a multitude, you ask the cause ; and are told that it is always the same. Nor is the costume less various than the aspect of the buildings : Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Cossacks, Chinese, Muscovites, English, French, Italians, Poles, Germans, all parade in the habits of their respective countries.’ pp. 47, 48.

This description is equally correct and spirited. The circuit of Moscow (as we learn page 112, from Mr. Heber’s Journal,) is about 26 English miles. Its area is nearly twelve times greater than that of Petersburg ; and yet its population is estimated at no more than 250,000 fixed inhabitants. The servants, and other retainers, who accompany the nobles during their winter residence, may amount to about 30,000 more ; and the internal trade of Russia may be supposed to supply, from the different provinces of this extensive empire, a periodical influx of occasional visitors sufficient to diversify the appearance, without much augmenting the numbers of the people.

The moment at which our travellers arrived at this singular metropolis was peculiarly fortunate. Lent is, in Russia, a period of severe abstinence, and its termination is instantly followed by an universal explosion of tumultuous joy and riot. In every part of the empire the approach of Easter is hailed with exultation ; but it is at Moscow only that the ceremonies of the Greek church are attended by a full display of gorgeous magnificence. It is there only that a stranger can behold, to advantage, the splendid procession of Palm Sunday ; the theatrical representation on Maunday Thursday, when the metropolitan washes the feet of twelve representatives of the apostles ; and, above all, the imposing ceremony of the Resurrection on the night of Easter Sunday. Every house is then lighted up ; every street is blazing with innumerable torches ; every carriage is in motion ; and the numerous churches, of a bold though barbarous architecture,

chitecture, are illuminated from their foundations to their summits. All are crowded; every hand bears a lighted taper; and in the cathedral where the archbishop officiates, sparkling with jewels, and attended by priests adorned with similar magnificence, the profusion of lights, the richness of the dresses, and the numbers of the congregation, form a spectacle of unequalled splendour. After distributing numerous benedictions, the Archbishop proclaims that 'Christ is risen;' and, on the conclusion of the ceremony, this exclamation, which is heard from every tongue, becomes the signal of the utmost excesses of noisy festivity.

As Moscow is the metropolis of an empire comprising many distinct nations, and even races of men, forcibly united, but not assimilated under a despotic government, its public amusements, its ancient and modern edifices, the dresses, manners, languages, occupations, and superstitions of its inhabitants, present innumerable subjects of inquiry to the intelligent traveller; and on all these subjects, Dr. Clarke has collected much amusing information. But we feel particularly indebted to him for the very valuable instruction which he has communicated to us in a note in page 165. It is extracted from Mr. Heber's Journal.

'We observed a striking difference between the peasants of the Crown and those of individuals. The former are almost all in comparatively easy circumstances. Their *abrock*, or rent, is fixed at five roubles a year, all charges included; and as they are sure that it will never be raised, they are more industrious. The peasants belonging to the nobles have their *abrock* regulated by their means of getting money; at an average, throughout the empire, of eight or ten roubles. It then becomes not a rent for land, but a downright tax on their industry. Each male peasant is obliged by law to labour three days in each week for his proprietor. This law takes effect on his arriving at the age of fifteen. If the proprietor chooses to employ him the other days, he may; as for example, in a manufactory; but he then finds him in food and clothing. Mutual advantage, however, generally relaxes this law; and excepting such as are selected for domestic servants, or, as above, are employed in manufactories, the slave pays a certain *abrock*, or rent, to be allowed to work all the week on his own account. The master is bound to furnish him with a house and a certain portion of land. The allotment of land is generally settled by the *Starosta* (Elder of the village) and a meeting of the peasants themselves. In the same manner, when a master wants an increase of rent, he sends to the *Starosta*, who convenes the peasants; and by that assembly it is decided what proportion each individual must pay. If a slave exercises any trade which brings him in more money than agricultural labour, he pays a higher *abrock*. If by journeys to Petersburg, or other cities, he can still earn more, his master permits his absence, but his *abrock* is raised. The smallest earnings are subject to this oppression. The peasants employed as drivers, at the post-houses, pay an *abrock* out of the *drink-money* they receive, for being permitted

permitted to drive; as, otherwise, the master might employ them in other less profitable labour on his own account. The aged and infirm are provided with food, and raiment, and lodging, at their owner's expense. Such as prefer casual charity to the miserable pittance they receive from their master, are frequently furnished with passports, and allowed to seek their fortune; but they sometimes pay an *abrock* even for this permission to beg. The number of beggars in Petersburg is very small; as when one is found, he is immediately sent back to his owner. In Moscow, and other towns, they are numerous; though I think less so than in London. They beg with great modesty, in a low and humble tone of voice, frequently crossing themselves, and are much less clamorous and importunate than a London beggar.

The master has the power of correcting his slaves, by blows or confinement; but if he is guilty of any great cruelty, he is amenable to the laws; which are, we are told, executed in this point with impartiality. In one of the towers of the Khitaigorod, at Moscow, there was a Countess Soltikof confined for many years with a most unrelenting severity, which she merited for cruelty to her slaves. Instances of barbarity are, however, by no means rare. At Kostroma, the sister of Mr. Kotchetof, the governor, gave me an instance of a nobleman who had nailed (if I understood her right) his servant to a cross. The master was sent to a monastery, and the business hushed up. Domestic servants, and those employed in manufactories, as they are more exposed to cruelty, so they sometimes revenge themselves in a terrible manner. A Mr. Hetrof, brother to Mrs. Schepotef, who had a great distillery, disappeared suddenly, and was pretty easily guessed to have been thrown into a boiling copper by his slaves. We heard another instance, though not from equally good authority, of a lady, now in Moscow, who had been poisoned three several times by her servants.

'No slave can quit his village, or his master's family, without a passport. Any person arriving in a town or village, must produce his to the Starosta; and no one can harbour a stranger without one. If a person is found dead without a passport, his body is sent to the hospital for dissection; of which we saw an instance. The punishment of living runaways is imprisonment, and hard labour in the Government works; and a master may send to the public workhouse any peasant he chooses. The prisons of Moscow and Kostroma were chiefly filled with such runaway slaves, who were for the most part in irons. On the frontier they often escape; but in the interior it is almost impossible: yet, during the summer, desertions are very common; and they sometimes lurk about for many months, living miserably in the woods. This particularly happens when there is a new levy of soldiers. The soldiers are levied, one from every certain number of peasants, at the same time all over the empire. But if a master is displeased with his slave, he may send him for a soldier at any time he pleases, and take a receipt from Government; so that he sends one man less the next levy. He also selects the recruits he sends to Government; with this restriction, that they are young men, free from disease, have sound teeth, and are five feet two inches high.

'The

'The Starosta, of whom mention has been so frequently made, is an officer resembling the ancient bailiff of an English village. He is chosen, we are told, (at least generally) by the peasants; sometimes annually, and sometimes for life. He is answerable for the *abrocks* to the lord; decides small disputes among the peasants; gives billets for quarters to soldiers, or to Government officers on a journey, &c. Sometimes the proprietor claims the right of appointing the Starosta.

'A slave can on no pretence be sold out of Russia, nor in Russia, to any but a person born noble, or, if not noble, having the rank of Lieutenant-colonel. This rank is not confined to the military; it may be obtained by them in civil situations. (Professor Pallas had the rank of Brigadier.) This law is however eluded, as *roturiers* (plebeians) frequently purchase slaves for hire, by making use of the name of some privileged person; and all nobles have the privilege of letting out their slaves.

'Such is the political situation of the peasant. With regard to his comforts, or means of supporting existence, I do not think they are deficient. Their houses are in tolerable repair, moderately roomy, and well adapted to the habits of the people. They have the air of being sufficiently fed, and their clothing is warm and substantial. Fuel, food, and the materials for building, are very cheap; but clothing is dear. In summer they generally wear Nantkin *caftans*, one of which costs thirteen roubles. The *labkas* (linden-bark sandals) cost nothing. They wear a blue Nantkin shirt, trimmed with red, which costs two or three roubles; linen drawers; and linen or hempen rags wrapped round their feet and legs, over which the richer sort draw their boots. The sheep-skin *schaub* costs eight roubles, but it lasts a long time; as does a lamb-skin cap, which costs three roubles. The common red cap costs about the same. For a common cloth *caftan*, such as the peasants sometimes wear, we were asked thirty roubles. To clothe a Russian peasant or a soldier is, I apprehend, three times as chargeable as in England. Their clothing however is strong, and, being made loose and wide, lasts longer. It is rare to see a Russian quite in rags. With regard to the idleness of the lower classes here, of which we had heard great complaints, it appears, that where they have an interest in exertion they by no means want industry, and have just the same wish for luxuries as other people. Great proprietors, who never raise their *abrocks*, such as Count Sheremetof, have very rich and prosperous peasants. The difference we noticed between peasants belonging to the Crown and those of the nobility has been already mentioned. The Crown peasants, indeed, it is reasonable to suppose, are more happy; living at their ease, paying a moderate quit rent, and choosing their own Starosta. They are however more exposed to vexation and oppression from the petty officers of the Crown.

'This account of the condition of the peasants in Russia is an *abrégé* of the different statements we procured in Moscow, and chiefly from Prince Theodore Nikolaiovitz Galitzin. The levies for the army are considered by the peasants as times of great terror. Baron Bode told me, they generally keep the levy as secret as possible, till they have

fixed on and secured a proper number of men. They are generally chained till they are sworn in : the fore-part of the head is then shaved, and they are thus easily distinguished from other peasants. After this, desertion is very rare, and very difficult. The distress of one of their popular Dramas, which we saw acted at Yareslof, in the private theatre of the Governor Prince Galitzin, consisted in a young man being pressed for a soldier. In the short reign of Peter II. who, it is well known, transferred the seat of Government again to Moscow, no man was pressed for a soldier ; the army was recruited by volunteers ; and slaves were permitted to enter.' pp. 165—168. (*Heber's MS. Journal.*)

We are rather surprised that Dr. Clarke, having transcribed this masterly note, should have neglected to avail himself of it for the purpose of modifying some passages in his own text, which appear to us to be no less at variance with each other than with Mr. Heber's rational and consistent statement. He tells us (p. 170) an anecdote of a Russian peasant who, for the purchase of his daughter's liberty, offered and paid to his lord no less than fifteen thousand roubles (above £ 3000). The tyrant, it seems, having taken the money, refused to emancipate the girl, upon which Dr. Clarke observes, '*It is thus we behold the subjects of a vast empire stripped of all they possess, and existing in the most abject servitude, victims of tyranny and torture ; of sorrow and poverty ; of sickness and famine.*' Now we think that this sweeping inference cannot fairly be drawn from a story which, if correctly stated, only proves that a Russian peasant may sometimes attain a degree of opulence far exceeding the usual fruits of humble parsimony, and that a Russian nobleman may sometimes be wicked beyond the common bounds of human depravity. It is not easy to believe, on any authority, that when you 'enter the cottage of the poor labourer, you find him dying of hunger, or pining from bad food, and in want of the common necessities of life ; that extensive pastures afford no milk for him ; that the harvest yields no bread for his children ; that the Lord claims *all* the produce,' and so forth ; because the productive classes in all countries must either be fed or cease to be productive ; and we know that the population of Russia, far from diminishing with rapidity, is actually on the increase. It is true that in a country of slaves, where wealth is insecure, it cannot circulate freely or show itself in a general appearance of ease and comfort. What is not wasted by improvidence will probably be amassed and concealed. These little hoards are occasionally brought to light by unforeseen accidents, as appears from the anecdote just recited, as well as from the story told (p. 94) concerning the peasants of Count Golofkin ; but we suspect that, in general, they silently contribute to the relief of the aged and the helpless, and that they render the interior of a Russian cottage less horrible

rible to its owner than it appeared to Dr. Clarke's terrified imagination.

It is unnecessary to add the supposed privation of physical necessities to the catalogue of real evils with which the Russian peasantry are afflicted, and of which, after a long period of unrepining endurance, they are apparently beginning to express their impatience. It is asserted (p. 157) that the whole body of the clergy, whose influence over a superstitious nation cannot but be considerable, completely sympathize with the peasantry in their detestation of the oppression exercised by the nobles; and hence it seems probable that the system of slavery which has hitherto pervaded and desolated the whole Russian empire may, ere long, give place to a more mitigated constitution. Should the Emperors, whose enjoyment of unbounded authority must have been frequently poisoned by a sense of its insecurity, and who cannot but be aware of the risks to which they are personally exposed from a powerful and turbulent nobility, take into their own hands the task of protecting the lower classes of their subjects against the tyranny of the privileged order, a convulsion might perhaps be avoided; because the elective *Starosts*, if invested by the crown with new and more extensive powers, might be able and willing to secure general subordination and tranquillity. But we conceive that the peculiarity of language and religion has been the principal barrier which, in Russia, has resisted the revolutionary spirit of the times, and preserved the fabric of despotism; and this barrier being removed by a discontented priesthood, it seems probable that considerable changes, if not begun by the sovereign, will, at no distant period, be attempted by the people.

After a stay of nearly eight weeks at Moscow, where they considered themselves as prisoners on parole, our travellers determined, by the advice of Sir Charles Whitworth, who provided them with a letter of recommendation to the Governor of the Crimea, to attempt their escape from Russia at some part of that peninsula. They set off on the 31st of May, and proceeded in the first instance to Tula, which Dr. Clarke justly denominates the Sheffield of Russia. Under the patronage of the Empress Catherine, this town had rapidly increased in wealth and population; its manufactures of steel, besides furnishing arms to the imperial troops, supplied the markets of the whole empire with all articles of cutlery, as well as with various sorts of trinkets; and its inhabitants were rated at 30,000, of whom about 6,000 were employed for the use of the army. It still continued to furnish, weekly, about 1300 muskets; but its prosperity was much checked by the absurd restrictions of Paul, whose study it was to discountenance every establishment which had been particularly favoured by his mother. We presume that it had been deserted by its most intelligent artizans, since we are told that the inhabitants

habitants were no longer able to raise the water necessary to give motion to their machinery, which appeared to be much out of order and nearly inefficient.

On leaving Tula our travellers quitted the direct road to Cherson and the Crimea, and proceeding by Boghoroditz, Effremof, and Eletz to Zadonetz on the Don, pursued the general direction of that river, through Woronetz, and Paulovskoy to Kasankaia. The only town on this route which particularly deserves attention is Woronetz, situated on a river of the same name, at a small distance above its confluence with the Don. It was here that Peter the Great constructed his first ship of war. The arsenal which he formed here still remains, though in a ruinous condition; and the sandy island from which he launched his vessel is covered by store-houses and caldrons for the preparation of tallow, of which large quantities are annually exported from hence to England and America.* Here is also a very flourishing manufacture of cloth for the use of the army; the iron trade is considerable; and corn is annually sent down the Don in great quantities to the Black Sea. In return, Woronetz is supplied with the produce of the Crimea, Turkey, and Greece, and the carriers make periodical journeys into Siberia, from whence they bring back furs, Chinese silks, porcelain, &c. which they again transport into Germany in exchange for various European manufactures. But the advantages which this town derives from its fortunate situation are not confined to its trade. Both the rivers to which it has access supply it with an inexhaustible store of excellent fish; and its soil, naturally fertile, is enabled by a peculiar felicity of climate to furnish in almost equal abundance the natural productions of northern and southern countries. Watermelons yield their fruit in the open air; the vine, the chesnut, and the filbert are singularly prolific wherever they are cultivated, and apples, pears, and cherries grow wild in the forests near the town. We cannot wonder that new buildings are rising rapidly in a situation so attractive; and that the population of Woronetz continually increases, in spite of the frequency of epidemic fevers occasioned by the stagnant waters in the neighbourhood.

From Woronetz our author's journey appears to have been highly gratifying. He was rapidly borne along a verdant plain which scarcely yielded to the pressure of his carriage-wheels; the weather was delicious; his senses were charmed by the varied colours and fragrance of innumerable flowers with which the earth was enamelled; he was cheered, during the day, by the song of the sky-lark, and at night by the mingled notes of the nightingale, and of a peculiar frog, whose voice is said to be almost musical; and at every

* We entertain some doubts of this fact, which we state on Dr. Clarke's authority.

station he had an opportunity of enriching his herbary with rare and valuable plants. But, above all, he was now little annoyed by the Russian spies and police-officers by whom he had hitherto been haunted. Paulovskoy, indeed, is a Russian town, and here he was in imminent danger of being assassinated by a disappointed lover, whose assignation with a young woman at the inn he had inadvertently interrupted by his arrival with the carriage. But he fortunately escaped unhurt, and, after a further journey of about eighty miles, happily arrived at Kasankaia, the first stanitza of the Don Cossacks.

It was during this part of his journey that Dr. Clarke observed, in the greatest abundance, those conical mounds of earth covered with turf, 'the sepulchres of the ancient world, common to almost every habitable country,' of which, as they were placed on a perfectly level plain, it was impossible to mistake the nature.

'If,' says he, 'there exist any thing of former times, which may afford monuments of antediluvian manners, it is this mode of burial.—Whether under the form of a mound of earth in Scandinavia and Russia; of a Barrow in England; of a Cairn in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; or of those heaps which the modern Greeks and Turks call *tepe*; or lastly, in the more artificial form of a pyramid in Egypt; they had universally the same origin. They present the simplest and sublimest monument which any generation could raise over the bodies of their progenitors; calculated for almost endless duration, and speaking a language more impressive than the most studied epitaph upon Parian marble,' &c. p. 210.

It was here also that he met, for the first time, frequent caravans of the Malo-Russians, a people of whom he has given, on several occasions, a most elaborate and favourable picture. 'They differ, (he says) *altogether* from the inhabitants of the rest of Russia;' though their language, which is 'pleasing and full of diminutives,' has the same affinity with the Russian, as that of the southern dialects of France with the speech of Paris. In their features they 'resemble Cossacks; and both these people bear a similitude to the Poles, being, doubtless, all derived from one common stock.' They are described as cleanly, industrious, honest, generous, polite, courageous, hospitable, and pious without superstition. Their houses are annually whitewashed on the outside with great care, like many of the cottages in Wales; and in the interior, the well washed floors and glossy furniture evince a more than Dutch cleanliness. The mouths of their ovens are unsullied by smoke, and their utensils all bright and well-polished. 'Their little gardens are filled with fruit-trees, which give an English character to their houses.' Their 'resemblance, in certain circumstances of dress and

and manners, to the Scotch Highlanders is very remarkable,' &c. p. 217.

Of this description, which perhaps we may have inadvertently injured by an aukward abridgement, we are not disposed to deny the truth; but we confess that there are parts of it which are at variance with many of our former notions. We had conceived that Malo-Russia, (*petite Russie*, little Russia,) more familiarly known by the name of the Ukraine, was a Russian government of which the inhabitants were enrolled in a militia, and usually called Cossacks. We conceived that Kiow, their metropolis, was in the early periods of Russian history very frequently the seat of Russian sovereignty. We therefore apprehend that, notwithstanding the extension of the empire towards the north and east, and the establishment of the court in the marshes of Finland, it is rather inaccurate to assert that the Malo-Russians 'differ altogether from the inhabitants of the rest of Russia.' We think too that the admitted similarity of language between these distant borderers and the Muscovites, a similarity the more striking, as the Malo-Russian is stated to be the most musical, whereas that of their Polish neighbours is the most dissonant of the Slavonian dialects, affords such a confirmation of that affinity which is inferred from history, as cannot be entirely invalidated by any dissimilarity of dress or manners or form or features. Indeed, these differences, great as they are, admit of an obvious and easy explanation, from the known influence of food and climate on the physical conformation, and of political establishments on the moral qualities of mankind. The large stature, and symmetry of features, so common amongst the inhabitants of the temperate zone, dwindle, in the Polar regions into dwarfish deformity; and the virtues which dignify, and the feelings which grace the character of the free man, give place to vice and selfishness amongst the victims of despotism. The Russians are slaves. Qualified as their slavery is in some respects, it still is slavery, and impresses its form and character on the wretched inhabitants of the interior, whilst those of the southern frontier, scarcely patient even of military discipline; perfectly free from the vexations of subordinate tyranny; and respected by the distant despot whose throne is guarded by their courage; are never forced from the profitable pursuits of industry, but when summoned by war and the promise of plunder, equally profitable, and more agreeable to their habits and inclination.

Perhaps therefore, instead of saying that the Malo-Russians resemble the Cossacks and the Poles, it would be more intelligible to state that all the Cossacks, whether from the governments of Malo-Russia, of Bielgorod, of the Shabode of Ukraine, or of New Russia, resemble those of the Don; that all exhibit striking marks of affinity

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affinity to the Poles; that their ancient affinity to the Russians is also proved by the records of history, and by the existing community of language; but that they now differ from that people in all their habits, and feelings, as well as in their outward appearance.

It is not from a spirit of cavil that we have ventured on this minute and verbal criticism, but from a sincere wish to correct and reconcile some parts of our author's narrative which, in their present state, appear to us to be inconsistent. And as we are now entering on the most interesting scene of his whole journey, and shall be much occupied with the Don Cossacks, we will take the liberty of continuing our remarks, as a preface to that information which we shall derive from the pen of Dr. Clarke or of Mr. Heber.

It appears evident that all the nations or confederated tribes who, from whatever cause, have been successively poured from Asia into Europe, were compelled, after travelling round the northern or southern coast of the Caspian, to form a temporary establishment in the vast plains between that sea and the Palus Mæotis. Accordingly it is to these plains that an obscure tradition allots the early residence of the Celts, now driven to the western extremities of Europe; it is thither that Herodotus traces the Scythians, the supposed ancestors of the Goths; here were the Sarmatæ, the fathers of the Slavonian tribes; here, probably, the progenitors of the Fins, and here the Huns, the Tartars, &c. &c. Consequently, the learned traveller, having all these successive emigrations at his disposal, must be aukward indeed, if he cannot assign a plausible origin to any nation or assemblage of men whom he may chance to find unprovided with an authenticated genealogy.

But those who have hitherto attempted to perform this good office for the Cossacks have been checked, in their progress through the mists of antiquity, by two formidable difficulties, both of which are concisely pointed out by L'Evesque, in his *Histoire de la Russie*, (vol. v. p. 459.) In the first place, the name of this people does not belong to any Slavonian dialect, but is apparently borrowed from the Tartar language, in which it is significant, and denotes a light armed soldier. This appellative is never used in the Russian chronicles anterior to the time of the Tartar invasion; but after this, it frequently occurs, as applied to their hordes, although the Cossacks of Azof only begin to be noticed after the conquest of that town by the Turks, when many of its Tartar inhabitants are supposed to have taken refuge in the marshes of the Don. One of their first leaders was Agous, a Circassian. Again, the territory of Casakia is mentioned by Constantine Porphyrogenetes, and its situation seems to agree with that of the Cabardas, then occupied by the Chazari, a Tartar tribe, and now by the Circassians. Thus far, therefore, the Greek and Russian historians seem to agree, and their

their conspiring evidence would lead us to assign to the Cossacks a Tartar origin, and to set aside their claim to antiquity as a European people.

But this conclusion is opposed by still stronger evidence. The present language of the whole Cossack population is Russian; and though that population is certainly composed of a heterogeneous mixture of people, the principal mass must, it should seem, be referred to a Slavonian ancestry. M. L'Evesque therefore proposes a conjecture which we cannot but think extremely plausible; namely, that a band originally formed of Russian deserters, and successively recruited by vagabonds from different quarters, ultimately became too strong for the Tartar Cossacks, and having exterminated some, and united with the remainder, occupied the settlements, and adopted the name of the conquered.

Dr. Clarke, however, though he employs many of the same data, is disposed to deduce from them a very different conclusion. The words of Constantine, who says that 'Casakia was placed between Papagia and Caucasus,' afford, in his opinion, a sufficient proof that 'the Cossacks have been known, as a distinct people, near nine hundred years;' and after this proof, which totally oversets the conjecture of L'Evesque, he carries us back with equal ease to the remotest ages of history. The original Cossacks, he insists, were 'for the most part' Circassians; and *this* should 'guide us to the common stock, whence the Slavonian, the Polish, the Prussian, the Muscovitish, Bohemian, and Transylvanian people and language were severally derived.' Thus are we arrived at the *Sarmatæ*; and *Sar* being only the Eastern mark of descent, the *Sar-Matai*, or *Sar-Madai*, were the progeny of the Medes. Hence the defile of Caucasus, through which they passed, was called the *Pylæ Sarmatiæ*, &c. We should be sorry to controvert an opinion confirmed by so much etymology, but we are unable to comprehend why the Circassians, whose language has no apparent affinity with any Slavonian dialect, are rendered subservient to the introduction of the Cossacks amongst the progeny of the Medes.

Be this as it may, the reader will perhaps be more anxious to become acquainted with the actual political situation of this people; and this we cannot describe more clearly or concisely than in the words of a note on p. 291.

'The government of the armies of the Don differs, in many respects, from the antient Malo-Russian, and has lately suffered repeated encroachments. Their territory, which is almost entirely pasture land, is divided into stanitzas, or cantons; for many stanitzas now contain more than a single village. To each of these, a certain portion of land and fishery is allotted by Government, and an annual allowance of corn from Voronetz, and northwards, according to the returned number of Cossacks.

Cossacks. They are free from all taxes; even from those of salt and distilleries. The distribution of the land to the individuals in each stanitz is settled by the inhabitants and their Ataman. This Ataman was chosen by the people, and was both civil and military commander of the place. Paul had laid some restrictions on this right, which I could not understand. He had also ennobled the children of all who had the military rank of Colonel, which was complained of, as introducing an unconstitutional aristocracy. From these Atamans, an appeal lies to the chancery at Circask. They used to elect their Ataman there, and to appeal to him only; assembling, occasionally, as a check on his conduct; but *he is now appointed by the Crown, and greatly diminished in power.* The allotment of land and fishery which each Cossack possesses may be let out by him to farm, and often is so; and it is a frequent abuse to insert the names of children in the return of Cossacks, to entitle them to their seniority in becoming officers. I met with a child thus favoured. This has taken place since the Cossacks, when called out, have been formed into regular regiments, which has depressed entirely the power of the village Ataman, by the introduction of colonels, captains, &c. Formerly, the Ataman himself marched at the head of his stanitz. Now he merely sends the required contingent, which is put under officers named by the Crown.

‘The Cossack, in consequence of his allowance, may be called on to serve for any term, not exceeding three years, in any part of the world, mounted, armed, and clothed, at his own expense, and making good any deficiencies which may occur. Food, pay, and camp equipage, are furnished by Government. Those who have served three years are not liable, or at least not usually called upon, to serve abroad, except on particular emergencies. They serve, however, in the cordon along the Caucasus, and in the duties of the post and police. After twenty years, they become free from all service, except the home duties of police, and assisting in the passage of the corn barks over the shallows in the Don. After twenty-five years service, they are free entirely.

‘The Procurator declared the whole number of Cossacks, liable to be called on for one or other of these services, amounted to 200,000. He acknowledged, that, as they would allow no examination into their numbers, he spoke only from conjecture, and from the different allowances of corn, &c. occasionally made. The whole number of male population he reckoned at half a million. The situation of a Cossack is considered as comfortable; and their obligations to service are deemed well repaid by their privileges and their freedom. “FREE AS A COSSACK” is a proverb we often heard in Russia. The number of Cossack guards, who are all *Donsky*, amounts to three regiments, of 1000 each. The number employed in Persia and Caucasus I could not learn. In the year 1805, a corps of seventy-two regiments, of 560 men each, marched under Platof, the Ataman of Circask; but received counter orders, as it did not arrive in time for the battle of Austerlitz. *At Austerlitz, only six hundred Cossacks were present.* The peasants near Austerlitz spoke of them as objects of considerable apprehension to the French

French cavalry; particularly the cuirassiers, whose horses were more unwieldy. These Cossacks, Platof said, had suffered dreadfully, as they were for some time the only cavalry with the Russian army, and, before the Emperor joined Kotuzof, had lost almost all their horses with fatigue. During the quarrel of Paul with England, he assembled 45,000 Cossacks, as it was believed at Circask, to march to India. I saw the plan was not at all unpopular with Platof and his officers. Platof's predecessor was the last Ataman who was in possession of all his antient privileges. He had often, by his own authority, bound men hand and foot, and thrown them into the Don. He was unexpectedly seized and carried off by the orders of the Empress (*Catharine*), and succeeded, as General of the Armies of the Don, by Maffei Ivanovitch Platof, a fine civil old soldier, with the great cordon of St. Anne.' *Heber's MS. Journal.*

It may be necessary to observe, that the *procurator*, mentioned in this note, is a Russian law-officer, and not likely, on account of his functions or nation, to be much respected by the high-spirited and martial Cossacks. Mr. Heber states elsewhere, that when he and his companions landed at Tscherkaskoy, being mistaken for Russians, they were hooted at by the boys as '*Moskoffskoy canaille*.'

We now return to our travellers, whom we left at the entrance of Casankaia.

To those who have been long encompassed by filth and misery, and accustomed to expect insult from slaves in authority, and fraud and robbery from the vulgar, the view of general ease and comfort, and the society of a free and manly people, are rendered doubly cheering by the sudden transition. Dr. Clarke, therefore, naturally dwells with delight on the martial appearance and dignified air of the Cossacks; on the tall black helmet surmounted by its crimson sack; on the gold and silk which enrich their uniform; and on the military neatness which is conspicuous in every part of their dress. The town of Casankaia indeed was not of sufficient extent and importance to detain them long; but it was pleasantly situated, its church was spacious and handsome, and its shops well provided even with articles of luxury; as the Cossacks, though a military people, very generally engage in commercial pursuits, to which the usual position of their stanitzas on the banks of navigable rivers is extremely favourable. A place possessed of much fewer advantages would have found favour in the eyes of our travellers, when recommended, as this was, by the cordiality of the whole garrison; by the present enjoyment of a comfortable lodging in the dwelling of the Ataman, who received them with disinterested hospitality; and by the prospect of being enabled, under the protection of their new friends, to prosecute their journey in perfect security.

After a stay of two days, they crossed the Don upon a raft, and, escorted

escorted by a strong guard of Cossacks, who galloped before the carriage and explored the most convenient track, they proceeded, by a route which the wretched maps of Russia do not enable us to explain, to Kamenskaia on the Donetz, which they reached on the second day. The *steppe* or wilderness over which they passed was every where dotted with tumuli, and covered with long grass, affording pasture to some dromedaries, and a retreat to numberless small animals, such as the *suroke*; (the marmot of the Alps;) the *suslic*, a sort of rat, or weasle, of which the fur is in some estimation; and the *mus jaculus*, a minute resemblance of the kangaroo. But the most interesting object which they encountered was a camp of Calmucks, the ugliest and most erratic of all the pastoral nations. It is unnecessary for us to detain our readers with any account of a people whose history, laws, arts, and manners have been so often described; but the first meeting between them and our travellers is too amusing to be suppressed.

' We observed them running backwards and forwards from one tent to another, and moving several of their goods. As we drew near on foot, about half a dozen gigantic figures came towards us, stark naked, except a cloth bound round the waist, with greasy, shining, and almost black skins, and black hair braided in a long cue behind. They began talking very fast, in so loud a tone, and so uncouth a language, that we were a little intimidated. I shook hands with the foremost, which seemed to pacify them, and we were invited to a large tent. Near its entrance hung a quantity of horseflesh, with the limbs of dogs, cats, marmots, rats, &c. drying in the sun, and quite black. Within the tent we found some women, though it was difficult to distinguish the sexes, so horrid and inhuman was their appearance. Two of them, covered with grease, were lousing each other; and it surprized us, that they did not discontinue their work, or even look up as we entered. Through a grated lattice, in the side of the tent, we saw some younger women peeping, of more handsome features, but truly Calmuck, with long black hair hanging in thick braids on each side of the face, and fastened at the end with bits of lead or tin. In their ears they wore shells, and large pearls, of a very irregular shape, or some substance much resembling pearl. The old women were eating raw horse-flesh, tearing it off from large bones which they held in their hands. Others, squatted on the ground, in their tents, were smoking, with pipes not two inches in length, much after the manner of Laplanders. In other respects, the two people, although both of Eastern origin, and both nomade tribes, bear little resemblance. The manner of living among the Calmucks is much superior to that of the Laplanders. The tents of the former are better constructed, stronger, more spacious, and contain many of the luxuries of life; such as very warm and very good beds, handsome carpets and mats, domestic utensils, and materials of art and science, painting and writing. The Calmuck is a giant, the Laplander a dwarf;

both are filthy in their persons; but the Calmuck more so than perhaps any other nation.'—pp. 237, 238.

Various encampments of the same people were occasionally seen on the *steppes* on both sides of the Donetz, and many of the tributary streams which fall into that river as well as the Don, have considerable villages on their banks, so that the population of these wild plains, though certainly very disproportionate to their extent, is probably more considerable than is generally imagined. But of these establishments, or of the course of the streams on which they are placed, or of the route pursued by Dr. Clarke, no correct notion can be derived from the wretched maps published in Russia. From Kamenskaia, a considerable stanitzza which, on account of the accidental absence of its Ataman, they did not stop to examine, the travellers continued their journey for about 64 miles to Oxai, a small settlement on a branch of the Don between Azof and Tscherkaskoy.

At Oxai they were received, not only with hospitality but with military honours, and were accompanied, on their voyage to Tscherkask, by an officer of distinction. The Don is subject like the Nile, to an annual inundation; rising, in the course of the spring, from sixteen to eighteen feet, and returning to its usual level in July or August. Like the Nile, too, it abounds in tall aquatic plants; and forms several islands filled, as in the Delta, with swamps and morasses, swarming, when the waters retire, with almost innumerable varieties of insects. It is usually navigated in canoes scooped out of single trees, and directed by a small paddle; but double canoes, constructed like those of the South Seas, are employed whenever the burthen to be transported is more considerable.

'The appearance of Tscherkaskoy, as the traveller approaches it on the river, affords a most novel spectacle. Although not so grand as Venice, it somewhat resembles that city. The entrance is by broad canals, which intersect it in all parts. On either side, wooden houses, built on piles, appear to float upon the water, to which the inhabitants pass in boats, or by narrow bridges only two planks wide, with posts and rails, forming a causeway to every quarter of the place. As we sailed into the town, we beheld the younger part of its inhabitants upon the house-tops, sitting on the ridges of the sloping roofs, with their dogs, which were actually running about and barking in that extraordinary situation. On our approach, children leaped from the windows and doors, like so many frogs, into the water, and in an instant were seen swimming about our boat. Every thing seemed to announce an amphibious race: not an inch of dry land was to be seen: and, in the midst of a very populous metropolis, at least one half of its citizens were in the water, and the other in the air.'—pp. 274, 275.

This town is divided into eleven stanitzas, and contains about fifteen

teen thousand inhabitants. It has six churches, and a mosque for the Tartar inhabitants; four of the former are built of stone, and are richly ornamented within; particularly the Cathedral, in which is the head of a Madonna covered with a profusion of most valuable pearls, the spoils of Turkey and Poland. The other public edifices are built of wood: such as the Chancery, a secondary court of justice, the public Academy, the Apothecaries' Hall, and six prisons. There are also two public baths, and numerous shops, chiefly kept by Greeks, and containing all the various products of Turkey and Greece. The principal articles of export are fish, iron, caviare, and a little wine. This last, according to Dr. Clarke, 'resembles Burgundy, and is between Burgundy and Champagne;' and would surpass all the wines in the world, if it were made from ripe grapes, or properly fermented. But a note from Mr. Heber's journal tells us that it is, when genuine,

'As wicked dew as Sycorax could brush
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen.'

From Tscherkaskoy our travellers returned by water to Oxai, which lies ten miles below it, and following the stream towards Azow, arrived at the Armenian settlement of Nakhtshivan, distant about 14 English miles. This is a colony from the Crimea, and, though still in its infancy, having been established about thirty years ago, is very flourishing. The industry and commercial talents of the Armenians have long secured to them the protection and even favour of the Russian princes, who, wishing to introduce trade and manufactures amongst their subjects, have been rejoiced to find, in a Christian sect, all the mercantile propensities which characterise the Jews. Like the Jews, they are hated by the Russian people, whom they surpass in activity and intelligence. They have raised, by their own efforts, a handsome town, containing about 1500 houses; two very large bazars composed of four hundred shops; and four well-built churches. Their numbers are estimated at near 8000, and are increasing. They supply with their manufactures the annual fairs of the neighbouring provinces, and, at all times, attract to their bazars a number of Turks, Greeks, Cossacks, Calmucks, Nogays, &c. The costume of the Armenian merchants is decent and becoming; but the women, many of whom are naturally beautiful, appear to be oppressed and absolutely crushed by successive layers of massive and cumbrous finery.

About a mile below Nakhtshivan is the wretched Russian fortress and town of St. Demetri Rastof, and, about 15 miles farther, the still more wretched though once important Azof, from which Dr. Clarke and his friend continued their voyage to Taganrock. Azof, however insignificant in other respects, would still retain some

degree of interest, if it really were placed, as it is generally supposed to be, on the site of the ancient Tanais; but this supposition is, we think, very successfully combated by Dr. Clarke, who is inclined to place that city about sixteen miles farther to the northward. The Delta at the mouth of the Don, of which he has given a very neat and apparently accurate map, transcribed from a particular survey in the Chancery of Tscherkaskoy, is formed by numerous channels; and all these are full of sinuosities, excepting one, which branching off a little below Rastof, preserves a uniform direction during twenty miles, and reaches the sea near a town or village called Sinovka. This is now called the *dead Danaetz* or *Donetz*, from a prejudice entertained in the country that the *Donetz*, after falling into the Don, continues to preserve all the distinctive properties of its waters; and being the most northern channel, would certainly be the first which the Greeks would encounter in their coasting voyages from the Crimea. Supposing this to be the ancient bed of the river, there may yet be a hope of ascertaining by means of ruins, or by a discovery of medals, or at least by some remnants of pottery, all of which have been vainly sought for near Azof, the real site of the Greek town. On the same supposition, a cluster of five very remarkable tumuli near the flexure of the river below Rastof, would accord with the position of the altars of Alexander as designated by Ptolemy.

The sea of Azof, if the general opinion of the people on its shores deserves credit, is annually diminishing; and it almost annually exhibits, during the warm months, a very singular phenomenon. Soon after midsummer, a sort of easterly monsoon commences with such violence, that it drives the whole mass of water before it, and enables the inhabitants of Taganrock to pass on dry land to the opposite shore; a distance of nearly fourteen English miles. When the wind changes to the west, which it often does very unexpectedly, the sea returns with equal rapidity, and many lives are thus lost. It rarely blows from the north, and still more rarely from the south; and the frequent alternation of easterly and westerly breezes, occasioned perhaps by the direction of the mountainous ridge of Caucasus, is said to render the navigation of this sea extremely dangerous.

Taganrock, which Peter the Great once intended to render the great emporium of his empire, but which he was afterwards, in 1711, compelled to rase to the ground, was partly rebuilt in 1769, and is now beginning to revive, because it is found to be more conveniently situated for commerce, notwithstanding the shallowness of its port, than Cherson or Odessa. From November to March the sea is frozen, so that sledges pass over the ice to Azof; but it is in winter that the most productive fishery is carried on, and the quantities

ties of fish then taken in holes made through the ice are truly astonishing. They are dried and sent over all the south of Russia. The tallow, furs, and iron of Siberia, and the caviare of Astrachan, of which Taganrock is the principal deposit, together with hemp, wool, linen, canvass, leather, and other Russian productions, constitute the articles of export: the imports from the Levant are raisins, and sirups which, being employed in the distilleries, furnish a spirit sold all over the empire as French brandy; Greek wines, silks, coffee, shawls, tobacco, and precious stones. The real Russian traders at Taganrock are very few, and the whole resident population does not exceed five thousand persons; yet so active is the trade during the summer months, that it is said to furnish employment for more than six thousand vessels.

The fairs of this place occasionally attract large hordes of Calmucks, and Dr. Clarke was induced to visit one of their encampments, where he learned some curious particulars respecting their conjugal rites.

'Calmuck women,' says he, 'ride better than the men. A male Calmuck on horseback looks as if he was intoxicated, and likely to fall off every instant, though he never loses his seat; but the women sit with more ease, and ride with extraordinary skill. The ceremony of marriage among the Calmucks is performed on horseback. A girl is first mounted, who rides off in full speed. Her lover pursues; and if he overtakes her, she becomes his wife, and the marriage is consummated on the spot; after which she returns with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued, in which case she will not suffer him to overtake her; and we were assured that no instance occurs of a Calmuck girl being thus caught, unless she has a partiality for her pursuer.'—p. 333.

During the same visit Dr. Clarke was so fortunate as to procure from the high priest a fac-simile of the inscriptions on their consecrated banners, finely written on scarlet linen, and in the sacred character, which is used in all writing concerning the Calmuck law. The priest also furnished him with a specimen of the vulgar character, which is read from the top to the bottom, and placed in columns. This, we presume, is easily legible, and of inferior value to the sacred, which, it seems, if it could be decyphered at all, would be read from left to right; but, says Dr. Clarke, 'I have used every endeavour, but in vain, since my return to England, to get this curious manuscript translated; nor has it as yet been decided in what language it is written.'—p. 335.

Taganrock is occasionally frequented by the Nagays, who have settlements near this coast, extending, as Mr. Heber states, from Mariuopol to Perecop. They cultivate a good deal of corn; yet they dislike bread as an article of food. Their tents differ from

those of the Calmucks, being so inartificially made that they cannot be struck, but are removed entire and carried about on cars. This usage they seem to have retained from the primitive Scythian population. The Nagay tribes train their camels to the yoke, for which they are ill qualified, and to which they are never applied by any of the Mongul tribes in Asia.

Intelligence having been received that a combined force, of Russians and Black Sea Cossacks, had crossed the Cuban to attack the Circassians of that district, Messrs. Clarke and Cripps embarked at Taganrock, and passed over to the opposite promontory of Chumburskaia, about thirty miles west of Azof, with the view of proceeding to the seat of war, and of examining a district of Caucasus which it is rather hazardous to visit without the protection of a very powerful escort.

The Black Sea Cossacks are a remnant of those formerly known by the name of Zaporavians.

‘These men originally were deserters and vagabonds from all nations, who had taken refuge in the marshy islands of the Dneiper. At the foundation of Cherson they were chased from their homes, and took shelter at the mouth of the Danube, still preserving their character of fishermen and pirates. Potemkin offering them pay and lands, they returned to the side of Russia, and did great service in the second Turkish war. They received as a reward the country newly conquered from the Kuban tartars. They hold their lands by the same tenure, and enjoy nearly the same privileges, as the Don Cossacks. They are however much poorer, and more uncivilized, and never quit their country, where indeed they have sufficient employment. They receive no pay, except an allowance of rye; and dress themselves at their own expence, and in whatever colours they choose, without any regard to uniformity. The officers, for the most part, wear red boots, which is their only distinction. They deal largely in cattle, and have a barter of salt for corn with the Circassians. . . . They are generally called thieves. We found them however very honest, where their point of honour was touched, very good natured, and, according to their scanty means, hospitable.’ *Heber's MS. Journal.*

From Chumburskaia, a journey of about 200 miles, in a southerly direction, and through an uncultivated and rather uninteresting country, brought our travellers to Ekaterinadara, the capital of the Black Sea Cossacks, situated on the river Cuban. This capital, which lies about 60 miles E. of Kopil, and was founded in 1792, consists of a number of cottages, dispersed through a thick forest of oaks. The campaign was already terminated. The Russians and Cossacks, amounting to 4500 men attended by a train of artillery, had crossed the river, and, advancing under the protection of their cannon, attacked and stormed eight villages, and killed two or three hundred of the Circassians; whose princes immediately sent deputies

deputies to sue for peace. These overtures were assisted by the intercession of the Pacha of Anapa. The terms required by the Cossacks were, that the Circassians should restore ten prisoners whom they had taken at the commencement of the action, and that their princes should repair to Ekaterinadara, and, in presence of the Pacha, swear to abstain from any future violations of the Cossack territory. Dr. Clarke fortunately arrived in time to witness the ratification of this important treaty; to record the conference between the Ataman and the Pacha; and to behold the haste with which the latter paddled off in his canoe; after having, in the name of the Turkish government, solemnly guaranteed the pacification. He had therefore reason to hope that the restoration of peace and amity would enable him to prosecute his botanical researches within the Circassian territory; but he was disappointed. It is true that he crossed the river, and, accompanied by the Ataman and some Cossacks, attempted without success to explain, by signs, to a group of natives who were assembled at the distance of two hundred yards from the shore, his pacific intentions. But the mountaineers seized their arms; the Cossacks insisted on making an immediate retreat; and Messrs. Clarke and Cripps were compelled to adopt the last resource by which European politeness can hope to conciliate the hard hearts of savages. 'We took off our hats, and bowed to them as we retired. The effect was very amusing: they all roared with loud and savage laughter, and, mocking our manner of making obeisance, seemed to invite us to a repetition of the ceremony; and as often as we renewed it, they set up fresh peals of laughter.'—p. 372. A second attempt was equally unsuccessful; the Cossacks again refused to venture out of reach of their boats, though in a direction which was completely commanded by their batteries; and our travellers were reluctantly forced to renounce all hope of obtaining any new or important information respecting a people whom it is impossible not to regard with peculiar interest; a people whose women have been always celebrated as models of beauty, whose men are the most active and intrepid of warriors, and amongst whom all the heroic feelings of romance are perpetuated by a system of government and of education equally romantic. Had Dr. Clarke been permitted to extend his journey to the banks of the Terek, instead of stopping at those of the Cuban, we are persuaded that he would have added much curious information respecting the Circassian and other nations of Caucasus, to that which has been communicated by Guldenstadt and Pallas. He would at least have learned that the hills which he saw, and which he compares with the Alps, were not the high ridge of Caucasus; and that the Lesgis, whom he confounds with the Circassians, are a perfectly distinct nation,

Having spent two days at Ekaterinadara, our travellers proceeded to the westward, along the Russian line which runs parallel to the Cuban, as far as the spot where the river, dividing into two branches, forms the island of Taman. Here they passed over a ferry to Kopil. The whole of this line is extremely unwholesome; and great numbers of Cossacks are annually destroyed by malignant fevers occasioned by the numerous marshes in their vicinity. The troops are also kept constantly on the alert, and they have been compelled to erect, as a substitute for watch-towers, a rude triangular scaffolding composed of tall unhewn trunks of trees, and supporting a sort of basket shaped like a bird's nest, in which a centinel is posted to watch every motion that takes place on the opposite bank of the river. To the evil of incessant fatigue in a destructive climate is also added the vexatious annoyance of innumerable insects and reptiles. Of this last misery Dr. Clarke and his companion had their full share, particularly at Kourky, in the isle of Taman, where they were compelled to pass the night.

'It was near the middle of July. The carriage had been dragged, for many miles together, through stagnant pools; in fording one of which it was filled with water; and the *dormeuse*, seat, floor, and well, became, in consequence, covered with stinking slime. We stopped therefore to open and inspect the trunks. Our books and linen were wet. The Cossack and Russian troops were sleeping on the bare earth, covered by sacks; and beneath one of these a soldier permitted my companion to lie down. The ground seemed entirely alive with innumerable toads, crawling every where. Almost exhausted by fatigue, pain, and heat, I sought shelter in the carriage, sitting in water and mud. It was the most sultry night I ever experienced; not a breath of air was stirring; nor could I venture to open the windows, though almost suffocated, through fear of the mosquitoes. Swarms, nevertheless, found their way to my hiding place; and when I opened my mouth, it was filled with them. My head was bound in handkerchiefs; yet they forced their way into my ears and nostrils. In the midst of this torment, I succeeded in lighting a large lamp over the sword-case; which was instantly extinguished by such a prodigious number of these insects, that their dead bodies actually remained heaped in a large cone over the burner for several days afterwards: and I know not any mode of description which may better convey an idea of their afflicting visitation, than by simply relating this fact; to the truth of which, those who travelled with me, and who are now living, bear indisputable testimony.' pp. 388, 389.

We are now, after a long journey through the deserts of Scythia, arrived at countries long inhabited by the most civilized nation of antiquity; and we should be happy to lay before our readers a much fuller account of our author's remaining travels than we can venture to attempt without the assistance of the beautiful and apparently accurate

curate maps which illustrate the original. But we are compelled to state very concisely what by multiplying words we could not render more intelligible.

From Kourky, a tortuous road of about 23 miles leads to Tem-rook, which Dr. Clarke supposes to stand very near the site of the ancient Cimmerium; between which and Taman is Sienna, the Cæpoe Milesiorum of Pliny. Taman is certainly the ancient Phanagoria, some traces of which are still visible. On the opposite side of the straits, and near the eastern point of the Crimea is Yeni-kalé, formerly perhaps Parthenium, and a little to the westward of this, the town of Kertchy, once Panticapæum. It is at present a wretched place, principally inhabited by Jews, and only interesting because a few curious medals and other remnants of antiquity are occasionally dug up in its neighbourhood. From hence to the isthmus formed, near the fort of Arabat, by the sea of Azof and the gulph of Kaffa, a tract of country comprehending the once fertile and populous kingdom of Bosphorus, numerous ruins, and a few solid bridges apparently of Tartar construction, are the principal objects which diversify the prospect of a dreary undulated plain, bare of trees and void of cultivation. On this isthmus, the road crosses the ruins of the old Bosphorian Vallum, and leads to Kaffa, which has been supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Theodosia. Of this, however, there is no direct evidence. Kaffa, which the Tartars were accustomed to call Kutchuk Stamboul, (little Constantinople,) and which they represent as having contained 16,000 houses, has been almost entirely laid waste by the Russians. The massive ruins of Genoese edifices are now accompanied by those of mosques and churches, destroyed, as it should seem, in mere wantonness; because their materials are not wanted for any rational purposes; whereas the houses of the inhabitants have at least furnished, by means of their timber, a temporary supply of fire-wood, which is here scarce and expensive. The actual population of the town is, of course, very inconsiderable. Its Tartar inhabitants are few; the remaining Armenians do not exceed thirty families; but it still retains a number of Jews, whose activity and capital may perhaps ultimately revive a part of its once extensive commerce. In the mean time, however, this celebrated capital of a country which was the granary of Constantinople, as Egypt was of Rome, is fed with wheat from the Don.

From the vicinity of Kaffa gradually rises that singular chain of mountains which, stretching from east to west, divides the Crimea into two portions perfectly dissimilar in climate and in vegetable productions. The whole shore of the Black sea, and the numerous valleys interspersed amongst the hills, protected by this natural wall from the blasts of the north, and exposed to the direct or reflected

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rays of the meridian sun, enjoy a temperature highly favourable to the vine, and to fruits of all sorts; and afford, almost every where, the facility of improving by irrigation the advantages of a soil naturally fertile. This beautiful region, so captivating by its appearance, and so interesting from its connection with the fabulous and poetical as well as with the commercial history of Greece, is of small extent. To the north, the whole extent of the peninsula is one vast steppe, covered with wild herbage, and affording pasture to innumerable herds of cattle, the only species of wealth which the Tartars were solicitous of acquiring. It was therefore on the northern side of the mountains that this people formed their principal establishments, to which, in the first instance, we must accompany our travellers.

About ten miles to the north-west of Kaffa is Stara Crim, at the foot of a hill called Agghermisch, probably the Mons Cimmerius. The Tartars believe this little town, which appears to have once covered the whole side of the hill, to have been the ancient capital of the peninsula. It contains at present only fifty houses inhabited by Armenians, the remnant of a colony who settled there in 1340; but the fine ruins in its vicinity seem to confirm the tradition respecting its ancient importance.

Kara-su-bazar, about 30 miles farther west, placed on the river Kara-su, (black-water) is a town of little importance, containing 4000 inhabitants, chiefly Greeks, Jews, and Armenians. Beyond this, at the distance of 28 miles, is Ak-metchet, (i. e. white mosque) the present capital of the Crimea, or at least the residence of the Russian governor. It is also the occasional residence of Professor Pallas, the celebrated naturalist and traveller, by whom Messrs. Clarke and Cripps were received with all possible kindness and hospitality. In return, Dr. Clarke has, with great propriety, expressed the warmest feelings of gratitude towards his benevolent friend; but we do not distinctly understand the cause of those pathetic lamentations in which he indulges in describing the fate to which that friend has been ultimately reserved. Pallas, when a young literary adventurer, became a candidate for a seat in the Academy of Sciences at Petersburg, where he reasonably expected that his learning would turn to better account than in his native Germany. Neither was he quite disappointed. He was rewarded by the steady patronage of the Empress Catherine, of whom he had voluntarily become the subject; and, when his declining health induced him to wish for retirement from the capital, he 'was sent, with a grant of lands,' into the peninsula of the Crimea. Here he was possessed of 'a splendid establishment;' his house at Ak-metchet, as Dr. Clarke informs us, 'had more the air of a palace than the residence of a private gentleman.' It was, we are told, 'owing to the interest

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rest of Dr. Pallas, that much of the injury had been prevented, which Ak-metchet, in common with other towns in the Crimea, would have sustained; a sufficient proof, we think, that neither want of consideration nor want of wealth is to be numbered among the good Professor's calamities. That he was grown old and infirm was not, we conceive, the fault of the Russian government; that the streets of Ak-metchet were 'narrow, unpaved and filthy,' and that the water was bad and the air unwholesome, were evils from which he could at any moment withdraw himself, by retiring to his country establishment near Sudak. We are therefore not much surprised that he resisted the earnest solicitations of Dr. Clarke to escape with him to England, and here to complete and publish his *Flora Rossica*. Our author was perhaps justified in stating that it would be wise and decorous to sacrifice a large fortune to such a project; but we think that Pallas judged wisely in sending to us, as a substitute for his person, the silhouette which Dr. Clarke has prefixed to his nineteenth chapter.

As the Professor had the complaisance to accompany our travellers during one of their expeditions into the southern district of the peninsula; and as his persevering politeness almost compelled them to pass at Ak-metchet nearly one-third of the whole interval between their first departure from Petersburg and their final embarkation at Odessa; it is a pity that the town afforded them few objects to gratify their curiosity. Something, however, our author did see. He saw the guard turn out. 'It was *Punch with all his family*; or a *herd of swine in armour*; who endured hard blows, kicks, and canes, with perfect patience, but were incapable of activity or effect.' (p. 548.) He also saw the marriage ceremony of the Professor's daughter to Baron Wimpfeldt, a Hungarian general in the Russian service. He moreover beheld a Jewish wedding; a spectacle much too singular to be omitted.

'For two or three days prior to the wedding, all the neighbours and friends of the betrothed couple assemble together, to testify their joy by the most tumultuous rioting, dancing, and feasting. On the day of marriage, the girl, accompanied by the priest, and her relations, was led blindfolded to the river Salgir, which flowed at the bottom of a small valley in front of Professor Pallas's house; here she was undressed by women who were stark naked, and, destitute of any other covering except the handkerchief by which her eyes were concealed, was plunged three times in the river. After this, being again dressed, she was led, blindfolded as before, to the house of her parents, accompanied by all her friends, who were singing, dancing, and performing music before her. In the evening her intended husband was brought to her; but, as long as the feast continued, she remained with her eyes bound.' p. 547.

At the distance of about twenty miles west of Ak-metchet is the town

town of Baktchi-serai, i. e. the court of the gardens. It was originally a country palace belonging to the Khans of the Crimea, and chosen on account of its singular and retired situation, in a sort of ravine inclosed by precipices; and for the sake of its pure air and excellent water. In the course of about two centuries it gradually increased to a very considerable town, and became the capital of the peninsula. It was entirely ruined by the Russians during Munich's campaign in 1736; but was soon rebuilt; and, before the final occupation of the Crimea, contained at least 25,000 inhabitants, which are now reduced, principally by the emigration of the greater part of the Armenians, to 6,000. The present state of this town is thus described by Mr. Heber.

'Batchiserai is entirely inhabited by Tartars, Jews, and Armenians, and is the most populous place we saw in the Crimea. It has several mosques, besides a very fine one in the seraglio, with two minarets, the mark of royalty. There are some decent cutlers' shops, and some manufactories of felt carpets, and one of red and yellow leather. The houses are almost universally of wood and ill-baked bricks, with wooden piazzas, and shelving roofs of red tile. There is a new church dedicated to St. George; but the most striking feature is the palace, which, though neither large nor regular, yet, by the picturesque style of its architecture, its carving and gilding, its Arabic and Turkish inscriptions, and the fountains of beautiful water in every court, interested me more than I can express. The apartments, except the Hall of Justice, are low and irregular. In one are a number of bad paintings, representing different views of Constantinople; and, to my surprise, birds were pictured, flying, in violation of the Mohammedan prohibition to paint any animal. It is kept in tolerable repair; and the divans in the best rooms are still furnished with cushions. One apartment, which was occupied by the Empress Catherine, is fitted up in a paltry ball-room manner, with chandeliers, &c. and forms an exception to the general style. The Haram is a mean building, separated from the other apartments by a small walled garden, and containing a kitchen, with six or eight small and mean bed-rooms, each of which (as we were told by our guide, who was a Jew, and remembered it in the time of the Khans) was usually occupied by two ladies. In the garden is a large and delightful kiosk, surrounded by lattice-work, with a divan round the inside, the center paved with marble, and furnished with a fountain. The word *Serai*, or *Seraglio*, which is given to this range of buildings, seems, in the Tartar and Turkish language, to answer to all the significations of our English word *Court*; being applied indifferently to the yard of an inn, or the enclosure of a palace.' *Heber's MS. Journal.*

From Baktchi-serai our author made a short excursion to Dschouf-out-kalé (the Jews' fortress), situated on the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about two miles from the city. The fort is of Genoese construction, and inhabited by about 1200 Jews, of the sect of Karäi. 'The difference between their creed and that of Jews

Jews in general, consists in a rejection of the Talmud; a disregard to every kind of tradition; to all Rabbinical writings or opinions; all marginal interpolations of the text of Scripture; and in a measure of their rule of faith by the pure letter of the law. They pretend to have the text of the Old Testament in its most genuine state.' They deem it an act of piety to copy the Bible once in their lives; but these MSS. copies all begin with the book of Joshua; the Pentateuch, which is in daily use for the instruction of their children, and would consequently be subject to injury, being separately printed. The reputation of this sect is extremely different from that of the nation at large; for, throughout the Crimea, the word of a Karaïte is considered as equal to a bond. Extraordinary care is used in the education of their children. They observe their fasts with the most scrupulous rigour, abstaining even from the use of tobacco for twenty-four hours together. The principal part of each dwelling belongs to the women, though the master of the family has a separate room, where he sleeps, smokes, and receives his friends. Their dress differs little from that of the Tartars; their caps, which are lofty and thick, are made of felt faced with wool, and extremely heavy; but their beards are suffered to grow from the age of manhood; whereas the Tartars, while young, wear only whiskers.

If the tradition of these people may be credited, their schism had its rise as long ago as the return from the Babylonian captivity. It seems very singular, as Mr. Heber justly observes, that such a colony should be established in such a mountain fortress; although 'in Abyssinia the *Falasha* appear similarly situated; and Jackson mentions a Jews' rock in Morocco.' Indeed, their whole history, as related by themselves, is not a little extraordinary. According to Peyssonel (*Mem. sur la petite Tartarie*) they affirm that their colony was originally established in Bucharia, from whence their ancestors accompanied the Tartars in their expeditions, and ultimately settled with them in the Crimea. To this ancient connection they attribute the privileges which they always continued to enjoy under the Tartar government; being exempted from contributing, as the Greeks and Armenians were compelled to do, a certain number of labourers to the construction of public works, such as mosques, fountains, fortifications, &c. Peyssonel, indeed, ridicules this story, and insists that their privileges were obtained as a reward by a Karaïte physician, who had the good luck to save the life of a sultana, sister to Hadgi-Selim-Gherai; but we know, from various sources, that the privileges of the Karaïtes were anterior to the birth of this prince; and if he means Hadgi-Dewlah-Gherai, who reigned about the middle of the 15th century, the report of the Karaïtes is rather confirmed than weakened by the anecdote. Upon
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the whole, this settlement appears to be highly interesting. On his approach to the cemetery or *field of the dead*, Dr. Clarke was much struck with the beauty and awfulness of the scenery. It was situated in 'a chasm of the mountains, rendered dark by the shade of lofty trees and overhanging rocks. Several tombs, of white marble, presented a fine contrast to the deep green of the foliage; and some female figures, in white veils, were offering pious lamentations over the graves. An evening or a morning visit to the sepulchres of their departed friends is, perhaps, the only airing in which the Jewish women indulge themselves, as they seldom leave their houses; and in this respect their customs are similar to those of the Tartars and Turks. This little valley of Jehosaphat, says Pallas, is so highly valued by the Jews, that, whenever the ancient Khans wished to extort from them a present, or to raise a voluntary contribution, it was sufficient to threaten them with the extirpation of these sacred trees, under the plausible pretence of wanting fuel or timber.'

Returning to Baktchi-serai, our travellers next proceeded about one and twenty miles to the harbour of Sebastopol, formerly

'Aktiar, so called from its *white rocks*. The old town stood, as we were told, on the north of the harbour, where there are no remains of any consequence. No vessels are built here, as the timber must all be floated down the Bog or Dnieper. A regulation had been made, prohibiting merchant vessels the entrance into the harbour, unless in positive distress; a strange way of proceeding, when compared with the general policy of European governments. The reason assigned was the *embezzlement of the public stores, which were sold to the merchants by the government officers, almost without shame*. The effect has been to check entirely the prosperity of the town, and to raise every foreign commodity to a most extravagant price. Even provisions cannot be brought by sea without a special licence. This information I derived from the Port Admiral Bandakof, and from an English officer in the Russian service. The natural advantages of the harbour are truly surprising; and the largest vessels lie within a cable's length of the shore. The harbour is divided into three coves, affording shelter in every wind, and favourable situations for repairs, building, &c. On a tongue of high land, between the two southern creeks, stand the admiralty and store-houses, and on the opposite side is the town. The principal arm of the harbour runs east, and is terminated by the valley and little river of Inkerman. There are some formidable batteries, and the mouth of the harbour is very easy of defence. The old and unserviceable cannon are broken into small pieces, by being raised to a great height, and suffered to fall on a bed of masonry; and then sent, as we were told, to Lugan, to be new cast. To build a ship in the Black sea costs half as much again as to construct it at Cronstadt, the wood coming from so great a distance.' *Heber's MS. Journal.*

The site of Sebastopol, which has been built over the ruins of some ancient city, is generally supposed to coincide with the Chersonesus
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of Strabo; but Dr. Clarke appears to be of a different sentiment. We speak doubtfully; but we will at least explain to our readers as much of his opinion as we can derive from a comparison of his maps with his text. The road or gulph of Aktiar, which running from the north west to the south east, and terminating at the ruins of In-kerman, indents the western coast of the Crimea to the depth of between three and four miles, is undoubtedly the Ctenus of Strabo. A similar inlet, on the southern coast, nearly at right angles to this, and one mile in length, forms the harbour of Baluclava, Strabo's Symbolon; the northern extremity of which is only five miles distant from the Ctenus, and was anciently connected with it by a vallum not yet entirely obliterated. The space therefore thus cut off from the great peninsula is certainly the smaller or Heracleotic peninsula of the Greek geographer; and within this we must place the cities of the *old* and *new* Chersonesus, and of Eupatorium, as well as the temples of Diana and the promontory of Parthenium. The latter is placed by our author at Aya-Burun (sacred promontory) a little to the westward of Baluclava; the old Chersonesus, which was already in ruins when Strabo wrote, is assigned, with considerable probability, to the promontory which forms the western extremity of the Crimea; and the new Chersonesus and Eupatorium are placed on the western sides of two small bays, one of which is now used by the Russians as a bay of quarantine. Such at least is their position on the topographical map intended to illustrate the text, in which the distance of these two towns measures about 300 fathoms, instead of a mile and a half.

The beautiful valley of Baluclava, in which are the fine ruins of the *Palakion* of Strabo; the monastery of St. George perched on a rocky eminence apparently inaccessible; the vast excavations at In-kerman (the town of caverns); and the stupendous Genoese fortress of Mankoup on the summit of an insulated mountain, conspire to render this part of the Crimea peculiarly interesting; but it is, of course, impossible to do justice in a short compendium to a succession of objects which require the most minute and particular description. At Baluclava our travellers left their carriages, and, riding over some high and woody hills to the eastward, entered the valley of Baidar, which has been described by former writers as the most delightful spot in the Crimea. It is ten miles in length, and six in breadth, protected by mountains from the violence of the wind; it is irrigated by numberless small streams of pure water, and presents a pleasing prospect of woods, rich meadows, corn fields, and well cultivated gardens inclosed and intersected by green hedges. The Tartar villages, which are numerous, appear only as groves; the low and flat roofed houses being completely overshadowed

shadowed by orchards of the finest fruit trees growing with astonishing luxuriance. The inhabitants are civil and hospitable, and their dwellings very neat. From hence the road rapidly ascends the almost perpendicular ridge, which closes the valley to the south, at a pass called the *Merdveen*, or the stairs, the steps of which, at some very remote period, have been cut in the natural rock. A little to the eastward of this is the bare and lofty promontory which forms the most southern point of the Crimea, and probably answers to the *Krit-Metopon* of Strabo. Immediately below its perpendicular cliffs, but still at a great height above the sea, is perched the Tartar village of *Kuruck-koi*, which was rebuilt at the expense of the Empress Catharine, the former settlement having been crushed by the sudden fall of part of the overhanging precipice.

‘If (says Dr. Clarke) there exists on earth a spot which may be described a terrestrial paradise, it is that which intervenes between *Kütchückoy* and *Sudac*, on the south coast of the Crimea. Protected by encircling Alps from every cold and blighting wind, and only open to those breezes which are wafted across the sea from the South, the inhabitants enjoy every advantage of climate and situation. From the mountains, continual streams of crystal water pour down upon their gardens, in which every species of fruit known in the rest of Europe, and many that are not, attain the highest perfection. Neither unwholesome exhalations, nor chilling winds, nor venomous insects, nor poisonous reptiles, nor hostile neighbours, infest their blissful territory. The life of its inhabitants resembles that of that of the Golden Age. The soil, like a hot-bed, rapidly puts forth such a variety of spontaneous produce, that labour becomes merely an amusing exercise. Peace and plenty crown their board; while the repose they so much admire is only interrupted by harmless thunder reverberating in the rocks above them, or by the murmur of waves upon the beach below.’ pp. 530, 531.

These maritime Alps, so attractive from their natural beauties, and thickly studded with villages, form a continuous ridge to about one third of the distance between the *Crit-metopon* and *Sudac*, terminating abruptly towards the sea at the bold promontory called *Ayou-dag*, or bear’s mountain. The denomination of a neighbouring village, (*Parthenit*), apparently corrupted from *Parthenium*, seems to indicate the site of some temple of *Diana* on this mountain; and the names of *Lambat* and *Alushta*, on the adjoining coast, scarcely differ from the ancient orthography. A small branch of the *Ayou-dag* connects it with the great table mountain of *Tchatyr-dag*, the *Mons Trapezus* of Strabo, which, lying more inland, fills up the interruption in the maritime ridge, and completes the chain as far as *Su-dag* (the hill of springs). From this place, once a great commercial town, but now a wretched village inhabited by a few Greeks, the hills gradually subside till they reach *Caffa*.

The elevation of the flat summit of *Tchatyr-dag* does not exceed

ceed 1300 feet; but as it extends farther into the northern plain than any of the higher ridges, and has an opening towards the Black Sea, it commands a wider range than any spot in the Crimea, and shows at one view all the great geographical features of the peninsula. From hence our travellers returned to Akmetchet, and then proceeded to Koslof, with the intention of embarking for Constantinople; but Koslof, on which the Russians have thought fit to bestow the ancient and dignified name of Eupatorium, perhaps as a compensation for the evils which their oppressive government has inflicted on it, was no longer able to furnish the means of conveyance. They therefore once more resumed their old quarters at Akmetchet, and thence set off, by the road of Perecop, towards the Russian frontier.

From Akmetchet to the isthmus is a distance of about 88 miles.

'At Perecop are only one or two houses, inhabited by the postmaster and custom-house officers, and a little barrack. The famous wall is of earth, very lofty, with an immense ditch. It stretches in a straight line from sea to sea, without any remains of bastions or flanking towers that I could discover. The *Golden Gate* is narrow and too low for an English waggon. *Golden*, among the Tartars, seems synonymous with *Royal*; and thus we hear of the *Golden horde*, the *Golden tent*, &c. Colonel Symes mentions the same manner of expression in Ava; so that I suppose it is common all over the East. There is only one well at Perecop, the water of which is brackish and muddy. A string of near two hundred kibitkas were passing, laden with salt, and drawn by oxen: they were driven by Malo-Russians, who had brought corn into the Crimea, and were returning with their present cargo. White or clarified salt is unknown in all the south of Russia; it appears, even on the best tables, with the greater part of its impurities adhering, and consequently quite brown. Kibitkas laden with this commodity form a kind of caravan. They seldom go out of their way for a town or village, but perform long journeys; the drivers only sheltered at night on the lee-side of their carriages, and stretched on the grass. During the independence of the Crimea, an old officer told me these people were always armed, and travelled without fear of the Tartars, drawing up their waggons every night in a circle, and keeping regular sentries. We here, with great regret, quitted the Crimea and its pleasing inhabitants; it was really like being turned out of Paradise, when we abandoned those beautiful mountains, and again found ourselves in the vast green desert, which had before tired us so thoroughly, where we changed olives and cypresses, clear water, and fresh milk, for reeds, long grass, and the drainings of marshes, only made not poisonous by being mixed with brandy: and when, instead of a clean carpet at night, and a supper of eggs, butter, honey, and sweatmeats, we returned to the seat of our carriage, and the remainder of our old cheese.

'Pallas has properly distinguished the two distinct races of Tartars, the Nogays and the Mountaineers. These last, however, appeared to

me to resemble in their persons the Turks and the Tartars of Kostroma and Yaroslaf. They are a fair and handsome people, like the Tartars in the north of Russia, given to agriculture and commerce, and here as well as there decidedly different from the Nogays, or other Mongul tribes. The Nogays, however, in the Crimea, appear to have greatly improved their breed by intermarriages with the original inhabitants; being much handsomer and taller than those to the north of the Golden Gate. The Mountaineers have large bushy beards when old; the Tartars of the plain seldom possess more than a few thin hairs. The Mountaineers are clumsy horsemen, in which they resemble the northern Tartars. Their neighbours ride very boldly and well. I had an opportunity of seeing two Nogay shepherd-boys, who were galloping their horses near Koslof, and who shewed an agility and dexterity which were really surprizing. While the horse was in full speed they sprung from their seats, stood upright on the saddle, leapt on the ground, and again into the saddle, and threw their whips to some distance and caught them up from the ground. What was more remarkable, we ascertained that they were merely shepherds, and that these accomplishments were not extraordinary. Both mountaineers and shepherds are amiable, gentle, and hospitable, *except where they have been soured by their Russian masters*. We never approached a village at night-fall, where we were not requested to lodge; or in the day-time, without being invited to eat and drink; and while they were thus attentive, they uniformly seemed careless about payment even for the horses they furnished; never counting the money, and often offering to go away without it. They are steady in refusing Russian money; and it is necessary to procure a sufficient stock of usluks, paras, and sequins. This is not their only way of shewing their dislike to their new masters; at one village we were surprized at our scanty fare, and the reluctance with which every thing was furnished, till we learnt *they had mistaken us for Russian officers*. On finding that we were foreigners, the eggs, melted butter, nardek, and bekness, came in profusion. General Barkadof told us they were fond of talking politics; when we addressed them on this subject they were reserved, and affected an ignorance greater than I thought likely or natural. Pallas complained of them as disaffected, and spoke much of their idleness. Yet their vineyards are very neatly kept, and carefully watered; and, what is hardly a sign of indolence, their houses, clothes, and persons, are uniformly clean. But his account seemed to me by no means sufficiently favourable. They are, I apprehend, a healthy race; but we met one instance where a slight wound had by neglect become very painful and dangerous. On asking what remedies they had for diseases, they returned a remarkable answer,—"We lay down the sick man on a bed, and, if it please God, he recovers. Allah Kerim!" Their women are concealed; even more (the Duke of Richelieu said) than the wives of Turkish peasants; and are greatly agitated and distressed if seen, for a moment, without a veil. Like the men, they have very fair and clear complexions, with dark eyes and hair, and aquiline noses. Among the men were some figures which might have served for models of a Hercules; and the Mountaineers have a

very

very strong and nimble step in walking. An Imaum, who wears a green turban, and who is also generally the schoolmaster, is in every village. Not many, however, of the peasants could read or write; and they seemed to pay but little attention to the regular hours of prayer.' *Heber's MS. Journal.*

The distinction between the Mongul and Tartar tribes alluded to in the preceding note is the more essential, because the two nations, having been associated in most of the expeditions undertaken by Zingis and his immediate successors, are frequently confounded by historians. The Nogays, we believe, are so called from the name of a Mongul chieftain, who, about the year 1261, is said to have married a natural daughter of the Greek emperor. All the Mongul tribes retain, to a certain degree, that peculiarity of features which Lady Craven has described in her letters; their 'cheek bones are remarkably square, and their eyes incline downwards towards the nose.' The *Tartars* of the Crimea seem to be, like those of Constantinople whom we call Turks, a Turcoman tribe, but probably improved in every respect by an early mixture of blood with the inhabitants whom they found established in the Crimea, viz. Goths, Greeks and Genoese. Of the former, we know that a considerable number remained in the time of Rubruquis; and Busbequius has proved, by a short but convincing vocabulary, that the Gothic language was not extinct, in the neighbourhood of Mankoup, at the time of his embassy. Pallas and Dr. Clarke have also shown that there is still some affinity between the Genoese dialect and that of the Mountain Tartars. The progress made in agriculture and gardening, by a people originally accustomed to an erratic life, is a further symptom of their admixture with some more civilized settlers; and it may be presumed that these industrious habits were introduced among them at a very early period, and have long continued to influence and meliorate their national character, because it is evident that neither the nature of their own feudal government, nor the intolerant spirit of Mahometanism which they derived from their subsequent connection with Constantinople, were at all likely to contribute to their civilization.

'Berislav is a small town, founded on a regular plan by the Empress Catharine, on a fine sloping bank near the Dnieper, with a floating bridge, which is removed every winter. The river, like the Don, is navigated in double canoes, composed of two very narrow ones, often hollowed out of trees, and united by a stage. The town has wide streets at right angles to each other, but the houses are mostly miserable wooden huts. The country around is all good land, but destitute of water; there are however many villages, and many acres of cultivated land along the banks of the river; and wherever there is a well, is generally a small cluster of houses, attracted by such a treasure. On this

side of the Dnieper begins the regular series of Jews' houses, which are the only taverns or inns from hence all the way into Austria. Jews in every part of Little and New Russia abound. In Muscovy they are very uncommon.' *Heber's MS. Journal.*

Cherson, about 43 miles from Berislof and 96 from Perekop, was founded in 1778, and was intended to become the great emporium of southern Russia, but it

'Is gradually sinking into decay, from the unhealthiness of its situation, and still more from the preference given to Odessa. Yet timber, corn, hemp, and other articles of exportation, are so much cheaper and more plentiful here, that many foreign vessels still prefer this port, though they are obliged by government first to perform quarantine and unload their cargoes at Odessa. Corn is cheap and plentiful, but timber much dearer than in the north, as the cataracts in the Dnieper generally impede its being floated down. There is a noble forest which we saw in Podolia, not far from the Bog, a beautiful river, unincumbered by cataracts; but as some land carriage would be necessary it is as yet almost "*intacta securi*." The arsenal at Cherson is extensive and interesting; it contains a monument to Potemkin its founder. Two frigates and a seventy-four were building; on account of the bar they are floated down to the Liman on camels, as at Petersburg. Nothing can be more dreary than the prospect of the river, which forms many streams flowing through marshy islands, where the masts of vessels are seen rising from amid brush-wood and tall reeds. In these islands are many wild boars, which are often seen swimming from one to the other. No foreign merchants of any consequence remain here; those who transact business at this court, do it by clerks and supercargoes. My information respecting Cherson was chiefly from a Scotchman named Geddes. The tomb of Howard is in the desert, about a mile from the town; it was built by Admiral Mordwinof, and is a small brick pyramid, white-washed, but without any inscription. He himself fixed on the spot of his interment. He had built a small hut on this part of the *steppe*, where he passed much of his time, as the most healthy spot in the neighbourhood. The English burial service was read over him by Admiral Priestman, from whom I had these particulars. Two small villas have been built at no great distance; I suppose also from the healthiness of the situation, as it had nothing else to recommend it. Howard was spoken of with exceeding respect and affection by all who remembered or knew him; and they were many.' *Heber's MS. Journal.*

'Nicolaëff, on the Bog, is a rising town, very advantageously situated; being without the bar of the Dnieper, it is the station for vessels when built; and here they are laid up to be repaired. Nothing, I should think, but the expense of new dock-yards induces government to persevere in their system of building vessels at Cherson, when this neighbouring town has so many superior advantages. It has a fine river without either bar or cataract: deep, still water, and an healthy situa-

tion. Vessels however are said to decay sooner than at Sebastopole.' *Heber's MS. Journal.* Nicolaëff is about 31 miles below Cherson.

'Odessa is a very interesting place; and being the seat of government, and the only quarantine allowed except Caffa and Taganrog, is, though of very late erection, already wealthy and flourishing; too much praise cannot be given to the Duke of Richelieu, to whose administration, not to any natural advantages, this town owes its prosperity. The bay is good and secure, but all round is desert; and it labours under the want of a navigable river, and a great scarcity of fresh water. There are two wells in the town, both brackish; and a third, a very fine one, on the opposite side of the bay; a fourth had been just discovered when I was there, in the garden of an Italian merchant, and was talked of like a silver mine. All commodities are either brought in barks from Cherson, or drawn over the *steppe* by oxen, who were seen lying in the streets and on the new quay, greatly exhausted with thirst, and almost furious in their struggles to get at the water when it was poured into the troughs. The situation of the town however is healthy and pleasant in other respects. The quarantine is large and well constructed.'

'As far as I could learn, (and I made many inquiries) it was very bad policy to fix their quarantine at Odessa instead of Otchakof, where was a city and fortress ready built, in a situation perfectly secure from the Turks, and which, lying at the junctions of the Bog and the Dnieper, is the natural emporium of these seas. The harbour, I understand, is perfectly secure; and, even if the Liman were unsafe, the Bog affords a constant shelter. The observation generally made was, the necessity of a secure quarantine; to which it was answered, that the point of Kinburn afforded a situation even more secure than Odessa. If these facts are true, a wise government would probably, without discouraging Odessa, restore the quarantine to Otchakof, and allow them both to take their chance in a fair competition. This however seems little understood in Russia; Potemkin had no idea of encouraging Cherson, but by ruining Taganrog; and at present Cherson is to be sacrificed to the new favourite, Odessa.' *Heber's MS. Journal.*

We have taken the liberty of transcribing from Mr. Heber's excellent journal an account of the very few places which seemed to deserve notice during the journey from Akmetchet to Odessa, because we found ourselves unable to compress, into an equally small compass, the more desultory narrative of our author. We have now only to tell, that Messrs. Clarke and Cripps, having contrived to escape from Odessa, embarked for Constantinople, encountered a long succession of heavy gales of wind, were forced into the harbour of Ineada, made a second attempt, and arrived at the place of their destination. An appendix of about sixty pages, ten of which are devoted to a very curious set of military instructions drawn up by Suvarof, and thirteen to an extract from the log-book of the *Moderato*, concludes the volume.

From the preceding sketch, slight and imperfect as it is, our readers will perceive that the work of Dr. Clarke forms a valuable though rather expensive addition to our stock of English travels; and if this were our final parting with the author, we should content ourselves with offering him our thanks for the amusement which he has afforded us. But, contemplating the prospect of two additional volumes to complete his narrative, we feel it incumbent on us to point out some blemishes by which the present is, in our opinion, injured and disfigured. In the first place, we must protest against the extreme negligence with which it is edited. The observations on the dress of livery servants (p. 92) are repeated almost verbatim in p. 162; the note on the word *steppe* at p. 190, occurs again, p. 219; a note on the Russian orthography is twice inserted; a somewhat coarse passage respecting Major Semple, which we have already quoted from the text, is again obtruded on our attention in a note; and Mr. Heber's account of the Don Cossacks, after appearing in p. 228, is, with some slight variations of expression, reprinted in p. 291. These, and a few similar proofs of hurry in the employment of his materials, and frequent inaccuracies of language, which a moderately attentive revisal of his book must have enabled the author to discover and correct, are faults of little importance, but they are such as ought to be avoided in a work of high pretension to accuracy.

In the next place, we think that Dr. Clarke has given an injudicious extension to a good general rule, by transcribing from his journal, with the same scrupulous accuracy, descriptions of what he really saw, and opinions which afterwards proved to be unfounded. It is certainly right that his sensations should be recorded and fixed in language at the moment when they are fresh and vivid, instead of being subsequently copied from the fainter traces of the memory; but it is scarcely fair to impose on the reader the task of qualifying assertions, which he is entitled to consider as the results of sober consideration. Dr. Clarke affirms generally in p. 72, that in Petersburg or Moscow 'books of real literary reputation—productions of other days, which from their importance in science have become rare, are never to be found;' yet he, soon after, dwells with pleasure on the well-selected library of Count Golovkin, and (p. 140) on the rare and valuable collection of Count Botterline, which, with his botanic garden and museum, forms 'one of the finest sights in Europe.' In p. 241 he employs a note to contradict, instead of modifying his text, although in this instance the remark of Mr. Heber was confirmed by his own distinct recollection. He tells us, when speaking of the conduct of the Russians at Kaffa, 'The most lamentable part of the injury thus sustained has been in the destruction of the conduits and public fountains which conveyed, together

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together with the purest water from distant mountains, a source of health and comfort to the people.' p. 447. After this, p. 540, he quotes the MS. journal of Mr. Heber, who says, 'I could find no aqueduct, nor did there appear any need of one, as there are many beautiful springs bursting out of different parts of the higher town—The springs have all been carefully preserved in cisterns,—and one of them, in particular,—is a delightful bath.' It would be easy to add other instances in which these travellers are at variance, and in which their discordant statements occasion no small perplexity to the attentive reader.

We have already expressed our disapprobation of that coarse and virulent style of invective with which our author uniformly pursues the nation as well as the government of Russia. We are, indeed, aware that such language has its eulogists, who will 'return him thanks for the boldness with which he has spoken out, and for daring to call things by their right names;' yet we must continue to protest against this too easy and familiar mode of eloquence. We must even venture to express our opinion, in opposition to Dr. Clarke, that the conquest and subsequent treatment of the Crimea, described by his critical encomiasts, in a fine vein of metaphor, as the '*damned spot which all the perfumes of Astrachan* will not sweeten, nor the waters of Wolga wash away,*' are not illustrative of the Russian character, nor 'infinitely worse than even the conduct of modern France towards Switzerland and Spain.'

That the Russian troops have committed in the Crimea all those excesses in which the soldiery of every nation, when not restrained by the wholesome coercion of discipline, are apt to indulge, we can readily believe; that they were encouraged, and even instigated by their officers to the commission of those excesses, we also believe; and we fear that even the illustrious Suvarof, whom Dr. Clarke has singly exempted from his general censure, did not practise, either in the Crimea or in Poland, the morality which, in his public addresses, he recommended to his armies. But we do not admit that a whole nation can fairly be made responsible for the crimes of a set of men cut off from domestic society, and actuated only by the love of plunder or the love of mischief. If Dr. Clarke had seen his favourite Don Cossacks on the territory of a beaten enemy, he would perhaps have found that '*auferre, rapere, trucidare,*' &c. was a motto no less applicable to them than to the other Russian troops: yet we do not therefore object to the highly favourable

* Astrachan is a place of considerable trade. The market is plentifully supplied with provisions of all kinds, but especially fish. After the sale is over, what remains of the common sorts is thrown to the dunghill, where the hogs and poultry feed upon them; and hence it happens that their very pork and fowls taste of fish.—Bell's Travels, Vol. i. p. 39.

picture of their domestic life by which he has repaid their kind hospitality. No one attributes, to the depravity of the universal population of France, the wide desolation produced by Buonaparte's legions; neither can it be supposed that the able commentators on Dr. Clarke, when they compare the conduct of the Russians in the Crimea with that of Britons in India, would infer from such a parallel that the English people are generally void of faith or humanity.

The conquest of the Crimea was certainly, on the part of the Russian government, a manifest usurpation, achieved by that mixture of fraud and violence which ambition, when possessed of sovereign power, seldom scruples to employ. It was one of those common acts of injustice which are to be found in the history of every nation; which the vulgar often admire; which the good must always lament; and which the wise are bound to reprobate. But wise men seldom delight in exaggeration; they do not seek for inflated superlatives; nor adopt the rant of fanaticism in delivering the impressive award of justice. It seems to be almost universally admitted, that the conduct of the French government towards Switzerland and Spain has exhibited extreme ambition so blended with extreme malevolence, as to defy a comparison with any abuse of power which history has yet recorded; so that those who contend that the usurpation of the Crimea is 'infinitely worse' than these, can only be considered as evincing their contempt for the judgment of mankind, and as substituting the language of petulant and childish invective for that of rational abhorrence. In the Crimea, as in Poland, the dissensions of a turbulent aristocracy finally subverted the fabric of government; and the loss of independence was, in both, the lamentable but natural consequence. It is surely absurd to claim our peculiar commiseration for the calamities of 'that once happy and peaceable country' which its whole history represents as alternately torn to pieces by intestine discord, or engaged in sanguinary conflicts with its neighbours; and it is worse than absurd to compare the restless contests of the Tartar Mirzas for the choice of a master, with the struggles of the virtuous Swiss or high-spirited Spaniards for their national existence. When Catherine II. extorted from the Turkish emperor the concession of independence to the Khans of the Crimea, both the contracting parties were perfectly aware that this pretended independence was a word without a meaning; and that their act was substantially nothing more than a transfer, from one sovereign to the other, of the allegiance of an irregular army, accustomed to subsist by plunder; and which, if it secured against their inroads the provinces of Russia, would proportionally endanger those of the Ottoman empire. That both the rival courts, whilst they pretended to acquiesce in this compromise,

secretly

secretly laboured to establish their exclusive supremacy, and directed to that object all the subsequent intrigues of their respective factions, is, in itself, so probable, is supported by so much evidence, and has been so generally credited, that we cannot consent to disbelieve it on the single assertion of Dr. Clarke, who thinks fit to represent the Turkish party as guided by the manœuvres of Potemkin, no less than the wretched Sahim Gherai, the puppet, and ultimately the victim of Russia. The real conduct of the court of Petersburg towards that unhappy prince; the pillage of his subjects and the devastation of the country, which appear to have been silently tolerated; and the shameful negligence which occasioned such a waste of life during the conveyance of the Armenian and other Christian colonists from the Crimea to the interior of the empire, cannot be defended or palliated; and we should be satisfied to leave these topics to the pencil of Dr. Clarke, if we were not persuaded that the exhibition of moral as well as of physical deformity is injured by caricatura, the extravagance of which, where it means to excite horror, is generally only mean and ludicrous.

ART. X. *Extracts from the Diary of a Lover of Literature.*
4to. pp. 250. Ipswich, Raw; London, Longman. 1810.

THAT this age abounds with readers, needs no other proof than the fecundity of the press; that many of them take notes analytical and critical, can scarcely be doubted; and that he who is conscious of his own acquirements, desires the fame of possessing them, has been proverbial ever since the time of Persius: these considerations must be our excuse, if we dread the opening of a new channel to publication. A perusal of the present volume indeed, satisfies us that the writer has set the standard of his diary too high to give legitimate encouragement to every real or imaginary lover of literature, whose vanity might incline him to acquaint the public with his opinions.

Our author, as appears from his work, having checked a bias towards the bar, has made general literature his principal profession; and has been in the useful habit of criticising, analysing or confuting, sometimes the whole argument, and sometimes particular passages of the various books which have passed under his review. From the voluminous common place book which such a habit rapidly produces, he has taken a pretty large sample, including the remarks of five years from 1796 to 1800. To the question, with what pretensions, he answers,

‘These are simple, and easy of statement. To furnish occupation,

tion, in a vacant hour, to minds imbued with a relish for literary pursuits, by suggesting topics for reflection and incentives to research, partly from an exhibition of whatever struck me as most interesting in the thoughts of others, during a miscellaneous course of reading, and partly, too, from a free and unreserved communication of the thoughts they gave rise to in my own mind—this is all that I venture to propose to the Reader as my aim in the publication of the following Extracts: and if, in the prosecution of this purpose, I should be so happy as to conciliate that good will which is not unlikely to result from the tolerable execution of such a design, I shall fully have accomplished every thing, so far as an Author's feelings are concerned, to which my ambition, or my vanity (if it must be so), aspires.' Pref. p. 6.

If poetry pleases, by exciting a succession of interesting emotions, and picturesque nature delights by a succession of agreeable images, the general reader may reasonably be gratified by the quick succession of literary ideas which this publication will present to him. The writer, except that Adam Smith is his guide in his theory of morals, and Burke the god of his political idolatry, has closely adhered in his course of reading and opinions to the motto of the Rambler. The immortal dead, and the perishable race of living writers appear before us as suddenly, and glance by us as rapidly, as the figures in a phantasmagoria: some too bearing a principal, and some a subordinate part in the representation; some leaving a confused and vague, and others a distinct and vivid recollection. After stating this, it is unnecessary to add that a scene so diversified cannot be the legitimate subject of a review; being in fact itself a review of all that is most prominent in ancient or modern literature.

We conceive that we can only perform our duty to the public by presenting them with some specimens of the execution of this journal, and to the author by considering two or three of those peculiar opinions which occur, it is true in separate parts of his volume, but with an evident continuity of design and sentiment.

'Oct. the 6th.—Pursued Boswell's Life of Johnson. The distinguishing excellence of Johnson's *manner*, both in speaking and writing, consists in the apt and lively illustrations by example, with which, in his vigorous sallies, he enforces his just and acute remarks on human life and manners, in all their modes and representations: the character and charm of his *style*, in a happy choice of dignified and appropriate expressions, and that masterly *involvement* of phrase, by which he contrives to bolt the prominent idea strongly on the mind. Burke's felicity is in a different sphere: it lies in the diversified allusions to all arts and to all sciences, by which, as he pours along his redundant tide of eloquence and reason, he reflects a light and interest on every topic which he treats; in a promptitude to catch the language and transfuse the feelings of passion; and in the unrestrained and ready use of a style, the most flexible, and the most accommodating to all topics,

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"from grave to gay, from lively to severe," that perhaps any writer, in any language ever attained.—"*Ipsæ res verba rapiunt.*" As opposed to each other, condensation might perhaps be regarded as the distinguishing and characteristic of the former, and expansion of the latter." p. 9.

'*July the 20th.*—Finished the perusal of the orations of Demosthenes. Upon the whole, I am rather surprised, I confess, though it be to my shame, at the *transcendental* fame of this orator; and cannot help ascribing it, in some measure, to *traditional* veneration. Of the effects of these harangues upon an Athenian audience at the time, I can readily believe any thing: but they exhibit nothing of that artificial construction and rhetorical embellishment, which is calculated to extort the applause of the critic by profession: nor of that impassioned and overwhelming eloquence, which secures the admiration of the world at large. Sheer sense, urged with masculine force and inextinguishable spirit, is all they have to boast; nor do I meet with any thing in any of them—and when I say this, I am not unmindful of Partridge's critique upon Garrick)—which a person of sound judgment and strong feeling, long practised to an Athenian auditory, might not very naturally be supposed to urge in the same manner, on a similar occasion, without much premeditation. The speech on the Crown, is evidently the most laboured of any: yet, how inferior is it in genius, erudition, taste, and pathos, to Burke's matchless diatribe on the attack of the Duke of Bedford and Earl of Lauderdale!" p. 37.

'*April the 15th 1798.*—Mr. L. breakfasted and spent the day with me. Had a long and interesting conversation on the subject of Rousseau. He had brought a volume of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* in his pocket; and spoke of its author, notwithstanding his own partiality for classic literature, as, without any exception, the greatest genius and the finest writer that ever lived. I can impute this only to a temporary fascination—to a fervid but transient glow of feeling, which of all men, his favourite is the most calculated to impart, and himself to catch.

'Rousseau is a character who has by turns transported me with the most violent and opposite emotions, of delight and disgust, admiration and contempt, indignation and pity; but my ultimate opinion of him, drawn as it is from a pretty attentive consideration of his writings and his actions, will not, I think, easily be changed.

'This extraordinary man, it is evident, was constitutionally of an ardent spirit, vivid imagination, and most acute feeling. A mind thus attuned, is naturally prone to brood over its own visions; to hang, with fond complacency, upon a scene where every thing is arrayed at the disposition of the will and in the tinct of fancy; and to turn aside with soreness and disgust from the spectacle of real life, in which good and ill are so intimately and stubbornly mingled; where apathy succeeds enjoyment; interest and self-will dissolve the charm of social intercourse; avarice and pride disturb the dreams (the endearing dreams) of sentiment and passion; and even the sweet sympathies of pity itself, are chafed and exasperated into anguish, by the coarse manners, squalid rags, and loathsome horrors, that too often accompany the

the wretched. Expelled at a tender age from those domestic habits which mitigate the natural fierceness of man; a sort of outcast from his family, his country, and almost from his species; a wild and needy adventurer, cursed with a fastidious delicacy, and exposed to that scorn and contumely and insolent neglect, which the pride of genius most impatiently endures; he contracted a distempered sensibility, which forms the distinguishing feature of his character, and animates almost every passage in his writings. He wrote from the heart; but from a heart excoriated by real or imputed wrongs, stung with a maddening sense of the depravity and sufferings of his species, and inflamed with an implacable indignation at the causes of these evils, as he viewed them, through his perturbed indignation, in the civil, social, and domestic institutions, the received opinions, and prevailing practices of mankind. Upon these accordingly he pours out, in *consuming fire*, the vials of his wrath; while he arrays in all the glowing hues of impassioned eloquence, romantic modes of being, dear indeed, and delightful to the fancy, but utterly incompatible with the real and unalterable condition of our nature.' p. 71.

'June the 13th 1800.—Began Herder's Outlines of the Philosophy of the History of Man, of which I had heard high praise;—but was soon obliged to desist. He appears to write like a great child, eager to communicate its late acquirements, however trivial and however trite, with wonderment and rapture, as new and most important information. His tedious rhapsodical method, is, however, by no means peculiar to him. In the writings of all the modern German philosophers I have ever met with, there is an encumbered heaviness and wearisome prolixity, arising from a generous but most fatiguing disposition to leave nothing upon trust, but to impart, at full length, and in all the amplitude of ponderous detail, the whole mass of whatever they have laboriously collected—which gradually extinguishes every spark of curiosity and interest, and overwhelms the spirits with lassitude and langour. Something of this may perhaps be ascribed to the particular state of science in that country; but must be owing to the peculiar genius of the people. I fancy that in their poetry, I discover a distinguishing cast of character somewhat allied to their prosings. We search in vain, in the effusions of the German Muse, for what the French emphatically term "*la spirituelle*"—for traits of a delicate and refined sensibility, and cultivated imagination: but are struck, at every step, with indications of powers, rather clumsily robust, than vigorously active; and feelings, rather coarsely strong, than nicely susceptible;—a sort of intellectual constitution, which appears to accomplish every thing by effort; which can neither execute what is trifling with grace, nor what is great with dignity; but is for ever mistaking rudeness for simplicity, violence for pathos, appetite for passion, delirium for fancy, enormity for grandeur, and whatever is ghastly ferocious and horrid, for the terrible and the sublime.' pp. 232, 233.

The reader whom these quotations may incline to introduce himself into a study thus varied, and enlivened, will find from the
dissertation

dissertation on dreams and argument on annihilation that our extracts have been by no means too favourable for an impartial specimen of the author's manner. We must now yield to the temptation of noticing a few leading sentiments which appear at intervals throughout the work, with an intention, as it should seem, to provoke enquiry.

In the first place the author is one of that common species of bold reasoners, who are more inclined to reduce Revelation to the level of their opinions, than to submit their judgment to Revelation. In this spirit he has introduced some strictures on the sacred writings, which are not only too light to be entertained, but too hasty and indigested for publication.

'Finished the perusal of St. Matthew's Gospel in Griesbach's edition of the New Testament.—Christ's strange temptation in the wilderness (c. 4.) has all the insulated air of an interpolation: its texture is peculiar to itself, and it coheres with the main narrative at neither extremity.—One cannot be surprised that the people were powerfully struck with the Discourse from the Mount (c. 5, 6, 7.):—it is still surpassingly impressive: what must it have been at the time it was delivered!—Matthew evidently applies the passage from Esaias, "He took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses" (c. 8., v. 17.) not to Christ's vicarious sufferings, but his miraculous cures:—and he is usually astute enough in spying out the completion of a prophecy.—Surely the Destruction of the Temple and the Day of Judgement—events rather differing in the degree of their importance—are strangely confounded in the prophetic denuntiations (c. 24.), as this Evangelist reports them.—I have ventured, in this review, to consider the Gospels, however sacred the subject which they treat, as mere human compositions: they pretend to nothing more; and with such perplexing difficulties is the hypothesis of their inspiration clogged, that I suppose nobody, at this time of day, regards them in any other light.—The various readings collected with such diligence by Griesbach, however numerous, are fewer than we should expect to find in writings so frequently transcribed and reprinted; and they rarely, if ever, affect the sense in any important particular.' p. 102.

'Finished St. Luke's Gospel. This is the history on which Mr. Evanson *solely* relies;—and it must be confessed, that it has more the air of an ordinary historical composition, than any of the other narratives on the subject.—The angelic annuntiation to Zacharias and Mary (c. 1.), on which is founded the preternatural conception of John and Jesus, must, it is evident, entirely depend, for its direct evidence, on the credit of those two witnesses, attesting a transaction altogether private.—Why did not Christ (c. 4. vv. 23, &c.) work a miracle in his own country, instead of provoking a natural indignation by denying so easy a manifestation of his divine mission, where, from the proverbial proneness to incredulity, it was so particularly wanted? Fifty reasons, I am aware, may be assigned from the comments and glosses of those who are resolved at any rate to find one; but what I wish, is a substantial

stantial and satisfactory answer.—*Luke* relates the perplexing story of transferring a legion of devils from a man into a herd of swine. What can be made of this, under the torture of any ingenuity? Those who refine possession by the devil, into derangement of intellect, must be gravelled here.* p. 120.

*There is more in the tone of these remarks, than in the remarks themselves, to demand a few observations; and it is the more necessary to apply such an antidote, where the enquirer unites with his freedom an appearance of sincerity and candour, which we observe with pleasure in his review of *Hurd's Sermons* and *Hey's lectures*.

As to the temptation of Christ, which he elsewhere calls 'an inexplicable and suspicious legend; unconnected with the narrative where it appears easily feigned, and incapable of contradiction': we affirm it to be neither 'inexplicable nor insulated,' otherwise than as the parts of a narrative must be often found, which only professes to relate the most prominent circumstances, or important precepts. How can it be affirmed that 'it coheres with the main narrative at neither extremity,' when the temptation, as related circumstantially by *St. Matthew* and *St. Luke*, and briefly alluded to, as a thing known, by *St. Mark*, immediately follows the baptism of our Lord, and precedes the beginning of his ministry?—a period the most awful of his mortal life, and for which he would, as man, prepare himself by fasting, meditation, solitude and prayer. The Apostles confirm what is intimated by numerous passages in our Saviour's life, that he not only appeared on earth as a propitiation for the sins of man, but as a model for their practice and imitation. But it was only as being himself liable to be 'tempted in all points like as we are,' that he could afford a pattern to corrupt and frail creatures in the exercise of victorious virtue. If then he was subject to temptation, it was to that peculiar temptation which beset his peculiar circumstances and condition. Endued, as Jesus was, with the miraculous power by which his divine commission was to be proved, the temptation to which his situation chiefly exposed him was the undue exercise of that miraculous power; first, for the purpose of self indulgence; next, of unmeaning ostentation; and lastly of temporal grandeur. Whoever will consider that from some of the modifications of sensual gratification, of pride, or of ambition, all the vices which deform our nature are derived, may find in the evil suggestions, attributed to the devil by the Evangelists, a proof of *St. Paul's*

* Something of the same nature may be found page 114 and 166, and many scattered passages are fully sufficient to warrant our remarks, particularly that offensive and gratuitous affirmation, p. 24. that 'Paganism, about the beginning of our era, seems to have been in much the same degree of credit as Christianity now.'

assertion that Christ 'was tempted in all points as we are;' and it will be no less evident that in the means by which these suggestions were to be accomplished, the temptation was artfully adapted to the peculiar circumstances of his situation. In this light the subject may be considered under more points of view than it is here fit to enlarge upon; and the longer it is thus considered, the less 'suspicious,' we venture to affirm, it will appear to those who are contented to rest their belief in the existence and agency of the evil spirit upon the literal account of Scripture. In the mean time the lovers of allegory may refer the same course of argument to the corrupt suggestions and inclinations of the mind.

With regard to the inspiration of the Scriptures, the principle of Warburton and Hurd seems unexceptionable, 'that when the Deity interposes in human affairs, he interferes no further than is necessary to the end in view, and leaves every thing else to the operation of second causes.' Since we find that the Creator has contrived the natural world with such prospective wisdom, that whilst it is upheld by his power, and actuated by his will, it moves as it were spontaneously, in conformity with established laws: it is reasonable to conclude, that in his moral interpositions he has adhered to the same plan, and having guarded from error and preserved from oblivion that which it is important for mankind to learn, has commonly entrusted the mode of communicating it to the natural powers and faculties of his servants.

Again, when it is asked, somewhat reproachfully, 'Why did not Christ work a miracle in his own country?' the objector surely forgets, that throughout the Gospels such a manifestation of the divine mission is commonly conferred as a reward of previous good inclination. A predisposition to believe, as a moral qualification, is required, before this confirmation of belief is bestowed.* The subject of *dæmoniacs* is no doubt imperfectly understood: but we do not see the objection to which our author alludes, when he opposes the case in St. Luke (chap. viii. verse 33) to the interpretation of madness. The most obvious difficulty in the several accounts of this miracle, was long ago removed by the reference of Grotius to the sacredness of the Jewish laws, prohibiting the flesh of swine.

The Diarist, however, as it uniformly appears, is surprised that there are difficulties in revelation. To deny that difficulties exist, must indeed be either hypocrisy or folly. It is more satisfactory, as well as more candid, to argue that † Christianity is a 'scheme imperfectly understood, planned by infinite wisdom, and canvassed

* Compare Matthew xii. 38. Mark viii. 11. Luke xi. 16. John iv. 48. 1 Cor. i. 22.

† See the unanswerable reasoning of Butler in his Analogy, page 2, cap. 3, &c.

by finite comprehensions. But we are sometimes asked, why is it not purposely cleared of all possible objections, which as long as they exist, must stand in the way of its universal reception? to this there is a ready answer, connected with the situation of man, as living in a probationary and preparatory state. If the fact, that God has revealed himself to mankind, were rendered evident to our senses, or capable of any other than moral demonstration, the chief probation of half the civilized world would be taken away. With the uneducated ranks of society, who from want of ability and opportunities of inquiry, do, and of necessity must, adopt their religious belief from the instruction of others, to act conformably to that belief, is a sufficient trial. The same remark may be extended to many of a higher class, whom youth or ignorance make too careless to doubt, pleasure or occupation too busy to enquire. But there remains a large proportion of persons whose rational desires are satisfied by enjoyment, and whom refinement of taste, absence of passion, love of personal character, or the nobler resources of a cultivated mind, withdraw from all temptation to irregular indulgences. Theirs is the probation of the mind; and consists, as it is rational to conclude, in the sincerity with which they examine revelation, and the impartiality with which they hold the balance of moral evidence and speculative objections.

La Vérité repose aux pieds de l'Eternel.

Rarement elle éclaire un orgueilleux mortel.

To reject revelation unexamined, or examined cursorily, is contumacy; to admit into the examination prejudice or self-conceived opinions, is pride. The true and practical morality of the mind consists in avoiding these errors; and in associating enquiries into revealed truth with that submission of reason which is due to a subject that involves the counsels of God.

The difficulty, almost amounting to impossibility, of inventing and establishing such facts as those on which Christianity rests, seems to have forcibly struck the objector who has called forth these remarks. Now if it has been justly observed that a circumstance originally doubtful, becomes not more certain at last, though it has been long remembered, the converse must be equally admitted, that what was true two thousand years ago, loses none of its authenticity by time. If then prophecy and history; if external and internal testimony, if considerations from analogy and collateral proofs, form a body of evidence to which none of that on which we are accustomed to found our daily reasonings, notions, and actions can at all be compared; is it reason, or is it philosophy, to allow our conviction to be shaken, because only St. John has recorded the miracle of Lazarus, because the cases of daemoniacs are now inexplicable, because the scriptural account of the en-

trance.

trance of sin into the world is embarrassed with difficulties; or because, in a detached part of our Lord's conduct, there appears a mystery, which at this distance of time we cannot unravel? The emphatic remark of Paley cannot be too often enforced. 'True fortitude of understanding consists in not suffering what we know to be disturbed by what we do not know.'

Besides the theological inquiries, there is another very prevalent pursuit throughout the book before us, of the sources of the pleasures of taste. For this interesting purpose many of the ancient treatises are consulted; and our own writers from Dryden to Alison carefully analysed. Here too the author is sceptical, and cannot arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. Of the last-mentioned writer, he says:

'Surely this succession of pleasurable images (I wish to say it without offence,) reminds one of the hypothesis of the elephant and tortoise: for where a train of similar causes, multiplied indefinitely, (it should seem) for no other purpose but to increase the intensity or duration of the effect, is called in to account for one grand result, we are still left to search for the efficient causes of that result in the agency of the separate principles which compose the series to which it is ascribed.'—p. 186.

It should here be remembered, that Mr. Alison's interesting essay considers the nature of the emotions excited by the objects of taste, and the associations that heighten or diminish our sensibility to them. The connection between these objects and our imagination, in which connection the '*efficient causes*' of the pleasure we receive from them must be found, he has professedly reserved for a discussion which most of the readers of his first essay are impatiently expecting. To us it has always appeared, that inquiries into this subject dive too far below in searching for the hidden sources of the pleasures of the imagination, which, after all, lie nearer the surface than their complexity inclines us to suppose.

First, we are strongly interested in any vivid representation of human passions or emotions. This would seem sufficiently natural. But a sceptic turns round upon us to ask, why is such vivid representation pleasing? The efficient cause of our gratification, he says, is not sympathy. Terror and pity, in which we are usually supposed to sympathize, are disagreeable emotions. Neither do we suffer any share of the remorse of Lady Macbeth, nor of the jealousy of Othello, nor of the malice of Zanga, nor of the hatred of De Montfort, nor of the ambitious pride of Satan. True, our feeling in these and similar cases is not always sympathy; but it is always either sympathy or interest, or both, in the extraordinary situation of the hero of our tale: not perhaps in his passion, but in his strong expression of it; in the energy with which he acts under critical emergencies or contending emotions; in his feelings; in short, his presence of mind, his whole character. This interest

engages, occupies, and delights the imagination, and is at once the pleasure for which we are seeking.

Such at least, we conceive, is a just account of the feelings with which we are impressed by passages of acknowledged sublimity. When Ajax, in the *Iliad*, enveloped in the mist with which Jupiter had surrounded his favourite, asks not for life, but only 'to perish in the face of day,' the reader cannot fail to sympathize in the hero's distress, and his bold indifference towards all but glory; and feels, in a lower degree, the suspense and anxiety by which the actual spectator of such a battle would be agitated. On the contrary, when Milton represents the fallen angel with admirable union of pathos and sublimity, exclaiming,

Farewel, happy fields,
Where joys for ever dwell: Hail, horrors, hail
Infernal world! and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor: one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.

We cannot justly be said to sympathize with a character which we thoroughly disapprove; but we feel so strong an interest in its vigorous and unbroken energy, that neither the hero of the *Æneid* nor *Iliad* awakens an equal degree of admiration or emotion.

In epic then and tragic poetry, it is the *character* of passion that affects us: in odes and elegies it is the *expression* of passion. Nothing else could have given celebrity to the far-famed effusion of Sappho; and the sort of pathos which charms us there is carried incomparably higher in Pope's *Eloisa*. When passion declines into sentiment, an interest of the same nature is awakened, but felt of course less vehemently, unless it is increased by the sympathy which often arises from kindred emotion or similar situation; in which case the incidental effect, from the association of ideas, becomes so strong, that a sonnet or sentimental elegy will often dwell upon the mind longer than the sublimest scenes.

The foundation therefore of the pleasures we receive from epic, tragic, and sentimental poetry, is human passion, which always excites our interest, and sometimes our sympathy; whether demanding our admiration and awe, or awakening pity, melancholy, and the tender affections. And surely when it is remembered that we are men, living in the same world, actuated by the same passions, subject alike to chance and change, and slaves alike to feeling; it is superfluous to enquire farther *why* we are affected, interested, or pleased by the representation of human passion.

Secondly, we are gratified by the description of character and manners, even where there is no expression of passion; and probably, for the same reason, because we are concerned with them as men. This is the charm of the lower sorts of comedy. The represented characters

acters amuse us more than even their archetypes in nature, because the features which we have seen dispersed among a variety of persons are concentrated in the representation to form a stronger portrait. The satirist aims at engaging us in a similar interest, and heightens it, according as he succeeds in drawing his pictures either of individuals or of human life, in the most forcible colours. So Horace, in the very opening of his satires, begins with a general description of human weakness, and then particularizes the different professions. At intervals too, by a spirited stroke of his pen, he sketches an individual character. We need therefore look for the foundation of the pleasure which comic, satiric, and moral poetry affords us, no farther than the manners and characters of men.

Thirdly, the objects of nature and art, which are beautiful or interesting in themselves, please us in poetical description, because that description recalls or excites in our minds the emotions which the objects themselves are calculated to raise. 'The ideas suggested by the scenery of spring, are ideas productive of emotions of cheerfulness, gladness, and tenderness. The ideas suggested by the prospect of ruins, are images belonging to pity, melancholy, and admiration. The ideas in the same manner awakened by the view of the ocean in a storm, are ideas of power, majesty, and terror.'^{*} Similar trains of ideas, it is obvious, are excited by the poetry of Thomson, many parts of Cowper, the descriptive passages of the Georgics, &c. and have given to most readers the earliest delight of which they have been conscious in poetry. It is enough, therefore, to say, that the objects of nature and art furnish the theme of that third class, which is usually termed descriptive poetry.

It would not be difficult to select numerous passages, of which either unmixed passion, or pure delineation of character, or mere description of nature, form the sole feature. Of the first a striking example is afforded by the exclamation of Ajax, already alluded to, *Εν δὲ φρεσὶ καὶ ὀλεσσον*; and the sublime idea that Milton has attributed to Satan—

'So farewell, Hope, and with hope farewell fear;
Farewell Remorse; all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my Good.'

Of the second class, we have a sufficient instance in the strong outline from the pencil of Juvenal—

'Nam quod turpe bonis, Titio Gaioque, decebit
Crispinum.'

Examples of unmixed descriptive poetry will occur to every reader, but few will paint so many or such vivid scenes as the well known lines—

^{*} Alison, page 53.

' Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds, &c.

But frequent as these instances may be, it much more frequently happens that the different sources of pleasures, hitherto traced, join in the same stream, and almost elude us when we attempt to separate them, and distinguish the original cause of our gratification. Here too the inexhaustible stores of *Paradise Lost* offer us a ready example. Satan's speech to the sun opens with a sublime description of the sublimest object in nature, which leads to the impassioned sentiment—

' I add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams.'

We have a similar mixture of forcible thought with individual satire in the line—

' Si natura negat; facit indignatio versum,
Qualemcunque potest, quales ego, vel Cluvenus.'

Still more frequent is the union of descriptive poetry with sketches of manners and character; for few writers have been so inattentive to the objects around them as not to perceive how tame, uninteresting, and desolate nature commonly appears, till man arises upon the scene. Instances may be every where found; but we already seem to have trespassed too long upon the patience of our readers.

We are then disposed to maintain that there is no species of poetry which does not fall under one of the three classes here described; and no poetical beauty which may not be ultimately referred to one of them separately, or to their union: the medium through which we receive the pleasure thus conveyed to us being of course the imagination. And this medium leads us to such numerous associations with the principal idea of the writer, that we need not wonder at the intricacy in which the whole subject is involved. Nothing indeed is more difficult than to analyse literary gratification. In this respect, as well as others, the old illustration may be adopted, and a highly finished poem may be compared to a highly finished picture; the different parts please us taken separately, and the general tone pleases us when they are formed into a whole: but the most patient investigator will scarcely discover how the colours are blended, or to which of them the principal effect should be ascribed.

One of the pleasantest associations which accompanies the volume now under review, is the contemplation of a leisure so successfully spent in the acquisition of useful knowledge, and the pursuit of elegant studies. We trust that the example is by no means singular, and that there are many more journalists than journals, many
more

more readers than choose to give the world such a proof of the employment of their time. Such an instance is a practical evidence, more valuable than a thousand arguments, of the excellence of that general and established plan of education upon which some theorists would persuade the present age to refine. This writer glances from ancient lore to modern essays, from chemistry to poetry, from metaphysics to rhetoric, with all the ease which an education regularly disciplined ensures, and with all the ardour which a mind generally cultivated inspires. Inform the memory, exercise the judgment, correct the taste, give the power of expression, and the habit of composition: the mind so matured will be at no loss to find the place suited to her powers; and a sound and fruitful stock will be prepared, on which the accuracy of an historian, the acuteness of a lawyer, the sagacity of a philosopher, or the elegant knowledge of a general reader may be successfully engrafted.

ART. XII. *Select Poems from the Hesperides, or Works both Human and Divine, of Robert Herrick, Esq. with occasional Remarks.* By J. N. sm. 8vo. pp. 233. Bristol, Gutch. 1810. *A Selection from the Poetical Works of Thomas Carew.* London sm. 8vo. pp. 95. Longman and Co. 1810.

Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry, with Remarks by the late Henry Headley, A. B. A New Edition; to which are added his Original Poems, &c. and a Biographical Sketch of his Life. By Henry Kett, B. D. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. 2 vols. sm. 8vo. pp. 420. London, Sharpe. 1810.

THESE new books are all old, and are intended to flatter that appetite for reprints, which is one of the symptoms of the bibliomania now so prevalent. Those who cannot afford to purchase, or to *pick up*, as the phrase is, the original publications of our old poets, which are scarcer and dearer than any one but a collector would believe, must be content with the selections or entire reprints of them, which are daily issuing from the press, and of which the volumes, whose titles we have just transcribed, are fair specimens. The collector of the present day does not object to reprints, any more than the possessor of the Pigot diamond objected to have glass models taken of his jewel; nor do they at all tend, as the Rev. Mr. Dibdin insinuates, to cure the bibliomania, any more than a sight of those models lessened the public desire to possess the original. No; your modern collector will even lend a literary curiosity for republication, as Voltaire says, *avec une clémence, qui sera louée dans tous les journaux et dans tous les siècles.* The copy is of the same value as the original, only to

those who can relish the beauties of an author without the assistance of the ugliness of his types; while the collector, who is a very different person from the reader, of books, glories the more in his curious original, since the fame of its existence is thus the more widely diffused.

The reign of Elizabeth, and not that of Anne, was without doubt the Augustan age of English poetry. 'If we seriously and impartially examine,' says Mr. Headley, 'the cluster of poetical names that were concentrated in the space of ninety-one years, from the accession of Elizabeth to the restoration of Charles II. and compare them with those who have respectively flourished from that time to this, a period of an hundred and thirty-eight years, we shall find the phalanx of older classics but little affected by a comparison with the more modern muster-roll. And here a natural question seems to arise; how happens it that the great parts of poetry should be so soon filled up and manifest a degree of excellence in some respects unequalled by our later writers? We constantly find,' he continues, 'a period in the annals of every country, at which its people begin to be sensible of the shame and ignominy of ignorance: this no sooner becomes perceived than it is deeply felt: the mind, stimulated by a forcible impulse, catches the alarm, and hastens at once to renounce its slavery; in the struggle and collision that ensues, the genius of the people frequently takes astonishing strides towards perfection. We may yet further observe, that the military spirit of Eliza's reign, being put upon the stretch far beyond its usual tone by the perilous and alarming situation of the kingdom, served to excite a general inclination for action, that invigorated attempts of every kind, whether literary or political. The temper of the times was happily and singularly disposed for the reception and cultivation of the classics, which then more immediately began to operate with salutary effects. The manly spirit of expiring chivalry lent a romantic grace to the prevailing taste, which, associating with the fantastic incongruities of Italian imagery, required nothing but the chastity and good sense of ancient learning to add a weight and value to composition, which were hitherto unknown.' *Kett's Headley*, vol. i. pp. x—xiii.

Whatever may be thought of the elegance of these remarks, there is much truth in them. Certain it is, that the poetry of the age in question, possesses a raciness and strength, which was ill exchanged in the succeeding reign for mellowness and dilution. The vigour of the Muse in her youth was more enchanting than the graces of her maturity. 'This was some time a mystery, but now the time has given it proof.' It was denied or forgotten in the days of Pope, and is even now but partially acknowledged. The names of Shakspeare and Spenser indeed are pronounced with a profounder awe than those of Dryden and Pope; but while Halifax, Duke, and

Yalden

Yalden are well known, and present familiar ideas to the mind, Carew, Herrick, and Lovelace are nothing but sounds; yet the former were mere rhymesters, and the latter true poets. This injury is greatly to be attributed to what Mr. Headley calls 'the late very incomplete and careless publication of the English Poets, commonly called Johnson's Edition, in which so few of our older classics appear.'

It would never be discovered from it, nor indeed from any edition of the British Poets, that the age of Elizabeth was the most poetical age of this poetical nation; and it would not be sufficiently manifest who 'the wits of either Charles's days were.' The fact is, that our early writers, actually possessing many conceits, have gained credit for nothing else; and under this imputation all their feeling and fancy have lain buried for centuries. The public are therefore almost as much indebted to the revivers of neglected poetry, as to the authors of it; and the labours of Cooper, Percy, Ritson, Ellis, &c. are gratefully estimated by every admirer of true genius.

As one of the most striking examples of the unjustly neglected early poets, we would instance the author of the first of the volumes before us, Robert Herrick; and to the list of renovators and perpetuators of departed genius, amply deserves to be added his present editor.* Herrick, a more exquisite poet than Carew, whom Mr. Headley ranks above Waller, had nearly buried for ever all his feeling and fancy beneath the conceit, the pruriency, and the obscenity, with which his volume (of more than fourteen hundred poems) abounds, when a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1796 first informed the public, that in the scarce volume, called Robert Herrick's Hesperides, which had been flippantly passed over by Phillips in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, and by Grain-ger after him, there was much true poetry; and Mr. Ellis, in the second edition of his 'Specimens,' raked four beautiful pearls from the dunghill: Dr. Drake, in the third volume of his 'Literary Hours,' noticed the poet's beauties more at large, collected his biography, and furnished an essay on his genius and writings, with a recommendation that a hundred of his poems should 'be chosen by the hand of taste,' and formed 'into an elegant little volume.' It appears, however, from the 'advertisement' prefixed to the present selection, that Dr. Nott had formed the design before Dr. Drake had pointed it out as a *desideratum*; and indeed the latter's prescriptions, as to its execution, are as little attended to by the former, as the practice of one physician is generally followed by another.

'When I first had in idea,' he says, 'the republication of these poems,

* Dr. Nott, of Bristol Hotwells, the translator of Catullus, Petrarch, &c.

it was my design to preface them with a short sketch of the author's history; and I had long since collected my scanty materials for the purpose from every known source; but, just as I was about to mould them into the form of a life, the last edition of Dr. Nathaniel Drake's ingenious and amusing work, *Literary Hours*, fell into my hands, in which I found that he had anticipated me; every circumstance I had obtained this gentleman was already in possession of; and he had so elegantly inwove [n] them with those three numbers of his book, which he allots to Herrick, that for me to embody them again, thus recently, in a biographical shape, must have been considered as nothing short of plagiarism.

'I differ in opinion from him, when he asserts that out of the fourteen hundred poems, of which Herrick's works consist, one hundred only could be selected by the hand of taste. I have presented the public with nearly *three times that number*, and I trust the offering will not be thought intrusive.' pp. iii, iv.

We are as partial to Herrick as Dr. Nott can be, and have studied him perhaps with equal care; and really we cannot but think that he would have shown more kindness to the poet, if he had taken Dr. Drake's advice, and confined his Selections within the hundred. Herrick has not a *century* of pieces in his best style; and the editor, in order to make up the two hundred and eighty-four, with which 'he has presented the public,' has been obliged to preserve much of that pedantry and conceit, which failed to preserve the poet. He has indeed removed his pruriency and obscenity; he has destroyed the dragon which prevented the fruit of the Hesperides from being gathered; but, after all, what reader of taste will venture through a volume, in which he stands the chance of picking up such foppery as this?

'THE BRACELET OF PEARL.

'To SYLVIA.

'I brake the bracelet 'gainst my will;

And wretched I did see

Thee discomposed then, and still

Art discontent with me.

One gem was lost; and I will get

A richer pearl for thee

Than ever, dearest Sylvia, yet

Was drunk to Anthony:

Or, for revenge, I'll tell thee what

Thou for the breach shalt do;

First crack the strings, and after that

Cleave thou my heart in two.—p. 178.

But Dr. Nott does not seem to discriminate between conceit and feeling, since he recommends the following poem 'to the taste and skill of the unisical composer.'

'TO

' TO THE WATER NYMPHS,

Drinking at a fountain.

' Reach with your whiter hands to me

Some crystal of the spring;

And I about the cup shall see

Fresh lilies flourishing:

Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but this;

To th' glass your lips incline;

And I shall see by that one kiss

The water turn'd to wine.'—p. 140.

This is almost as bad as Scriblerus:

' She drinks! she drinks! behold the matchless dame!

To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:

Thus fire is water, water fire, by turns,

And the same stream at once both cools and burns.'

It appears to us that Herrick trifled in this way solely in compliment to the taste of the age; and that whenever he wrote to please himself, he wrote from the heart to the heart. His 'Night-piece,' his 'Corinna going a-Maying,' his 'Gather ye rose-buds when ye may,' and his 'Mad Maid's Song,' are not greater proofs of his taste and feeling than of his genius. We would willingly quote one of these poems, as a specimen of his powers; but Dr. Nott has not only exposed many of the poet's deformities, but concealed several of his beauties; and our pages will be usefully, as well as agreeably, employed in remedying the last of these evils. In the event of a second edition, we would recommend the editor, if he cannot part with all Herrick's conceits, at least to correct them still further by the insertion of such real poetry as is to be found in his 'When he would have his verses read,' 'No bashfulness in begging,' 'Upon his departure hence,' 'His wish to privacy,' 'His Alms,' 'His Winding-sheet,' and the following little poem:—

' UPON A CHILD.

An Epitaph.

' But born, and, like a short delight,

I glided by my parents' sight:

That done, the harder fates denied

My longer stay, and so I died.

If, pitying my sad parent's tears,

You'll spill a tear or two with their's,

And with some flow'rs my grave bestrew,

Love and they'll thank you for't. Adieu!

The next two poems, which will conclude our supplement to Dr. Nott's Herrick, are from his 'Noble Numbers, or Pious Pieces,' 'the inferiority of which,' says the Doctor, 'is generally allowed, even by his warmest admirers.' This is true; but surely 'His

Thanks.

Thanksgiving to God for his House,' and the following, which are 'noble numbers' indeed, should not have been overlooked by the editor.

' HIS LITANY.

' To the Holy Spirit,

' In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!—

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath pray'd,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When (God knows) I'm toss'd about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames, and hellish cries,
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprize,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

Is it not surprising that a clergyman, as Herrick once was, and the author of an effusion like this, should be guilty of the ribaldry, with

with which what he calls the 'human' part of his book is clogged?
And this is the easy way in which he gets over it.

'HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA.

'I have been wanton, and too bold, I fear,
To chafe o'ermuch the virgin's cheek, or ear:
Beg for my pardon, Julia; he doth win
Grace with the gods, who's sorry for his sin.'—p. 226.

This is Mr. Thomas Little's motto, '*luisse pudet*;' and is but a sorry excuse for publishing indecent poems.

Even from these extracts it will appear that Herrick possessed a vigour of fancy, a warmth of feeling, a soundness of sense, and an ease of versification, sufficient to rank him very high in the scale of English minor poets; and we are quite convinced that, when the list of these is made out in future, his name will not be forgotten. Dr. Nott's Selection, except that 'it should to the barber's,' is well edited; and his 'occasional remarks,' in the shape of notes, display both reading and taste.

At pp. 9 and 91, Dr. Nott seems anxious to trace the origin of the conceit, of *looking babies in a mistress's eyes*. It is as old as poetry itself; and besides the instances of it which he produces, we could quote him one from Massinger, two from Randolph, and one from John Evelyn, the author of *Sylva*. The Portuguese have it too: in that language, the same word signifies a pupil of the eye and a child; and Camoens makes much of the accident: but Lord Strangford is woefully out when he tells us, even after he has upon another occasion quoted an instance of the conceit in question from Donne, that the allusion of Camoens 'has been fancifully pursued by one of the most *original* of our modern poets, Little.'

Dr. Nott has but few anecdotes of Herrick, and those few, instead of being concentrated into one narrative, are loosely scattered through the volume. We believe that we can yet add a little to the very scanty stock of information, which the poet's biographers appear to possess respecting him.

Being in Devonshire during the last summer, we took an opportunity of visiting Dean Prior, for the purpose of making some inquiries concerning Herrick, who, from the circumstance of having been vicar of that parish (where he is still talked of as a poet, a wit, and a hater of the county,) for twenty years, might be supposed to have left some unrecorded memorials of his existence behind him.

We found many persons in the village who could repeat some of his lines, and none who were not acquainted with his 'Farewell to Dean Bourn.'

'Dean Bourn farewell; I never look to see
Dean, or thy warty incivility,'

which,

which, they said, he uttered as he crossed the brook, upon being ejected by Cromwell from the vicarage, to which he had been presented by Charles I. 'But,' they added, with an air of innocent triumph, '*he did see it again*;' as was the fact, after the Restoration. And, indeed, although he calls Devonshire 'dull,' yet as he admits, at the same time, that 'he never invented such ennobled numbers for the press, as in that loathed spot,' the good people of Dean Prior have not much reason to be dissatisfied.

The person, however, who knows more of Herrick than all the rest of the neighbourhood, we found to be a poor woman in the ninety-ninth year of her age, named Dorothy King. She repeated to us, with great exactness, five of his 'Noble Numbers,' among which was the beautiful Litany quoted above. These she had learned from her mother, who was apprenticed to Herrick's successor in the vicarage. She called them her prayers, which, she said, she was in the habit of putting up in bed, whenever she could not sleep: and she therefore began the Litany at the second stanza,

'When I lie within my bed,' &c.

Another of her midnight orisons was the poem beginning

'Every night thou dost me fright,
And keep mine eyes from sleeping,' &c.

She had no idea that these poems had ever been printed, and could not have read them if she had seen them. She is in possession of few traditions as to the person, manners, and habits of life of the poet; but in return, she has a whole budget of anecdotes respecting his ghost; and these she details with a careless but serene gravity, which one would not willingly discompose by any hints at a remote possibility of their not being exactly true. Herrick, she says, was a bachelor, and kept a maid-servant, as his poems, indeed, discover; but she adds, what they do not discover, that he also kept a pet-pig, which he taught to drink out of a tankard. And this important circumstance, together with a tradition that he one day threw his sermon at the congregation, with a curse for their inattention, forms almost the sum total of what we could collect of the poet's life. After his death, indeed, he furnished more ample materials for *biography*, and we could fill a volume with the fearful achievements of his wandering spirit;

'But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.'

Our readers will be apt to think, we suspect, that there is little valuable in our gleanings: yet these traditionary tales of two centuries old, serve to shew the respect in which a literary man is held even by the vulgar and uneducated.

The Selection from Carew is a very insignificant and trumpery performance. Its preface is signed by 'John Fry, Bristol,' who

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does not seem to be aware that the Poems of Carew were reprinted entire by Thomas Davies, in 1772, and are now to be found also in Anderson's Poets. The former republication may possibly be out of print, and the latter little read; but still these things should be acknowledged. They do not, in our opinion, render a Selection from Carew the less desirable; for he has many exquisite poems, which would form the taste of youth, and charm the minds of women; and yet we should be sorry to send either of these to his whole volume, while such poems as the 'Rapture' and others were to be found in it. Mr. Fry might therefore have printed all Carew's unexceptionable pieces in modernized orthography, and if these were not sufficient to make a volume, he might have had recourse to some of the neglected poets whom we have named in the course of this article. Instead of this, he has omitted some of his dearest beauties, printed his selections in the orthography of the *second* edition of his author, although second editions are always more incorrect than first, and eked out a volume of ninety pages, by parallel passages from Johnson's Dictionary. Upon the whole, the book is the same drivelling piece of pedantry that we have ever witnessed: we do not mean that there is any scholarship displayed in it; for Mr. Fry is so palpably ignorant of classical allusions himself, that he explains them all from Lempriere; and, in one instance (p. 75), because the word *Falerne* looks, from the union of the *r* and *n* in the second edition of Carew, very like *Faleme*, he actually prints it so; and if he finds his author talking of 'silent night' (p. 13), 'whispering winds' (p. 14), and 'snowy breasts' (p. 15), the oldest and tritest epithets in all poetry, he quotes whole strings of instances of the same phrases from any modern book at hand. Here is an of his parallel cases.

'Beautie's sweet, but beautie's frail.' p. 3.

— 'thou must outlive

Thy youth, thy strength, thy *beauty*, [There we have
the word *beauty*!] which will change

To wither'd, weak, and *gray*. [And there's for *frail*!]

PAR. LOST, xi. 538.

We do not like Carew so well as Herrick: he has more conceit and less feeling: in point of ease we think the poets are equals. Their styles so greatly resemble each other, indeed, that it is impossible from internal evidence to decide the claims of Dr. Nott and Mr. Fry, to two poems called 'the Enquiry' and 'the Primrose,' which are found, with some slight variations, in the volumes of both poets. Each of the selectors, of course, claims it for his own author; and Dr. Drake is of opinion with Dr. Nott, that as Herrick, who published last, had the boldness to reprint the poems from
Carew,

Carew, with alterations, they were doubtless only a loan from the former to the latter.

As sins of omission in Mr. Fry, we would charge his failure to insert the 'Deposition from Love,' the 'New Year's Sacrifice,' the 'Willing Prisoner to his Mistress,' the 'Epistle to Ben Jonson,' the 'Elegy upon the Death of Dr. Donne,' the 'Hue and Cry,' and the following pretty specimen of Carew's amatory poetry.

' TO MY MISTRESS IN ABSENCE.

' Though I must live here, and, by force
Of your command, suffer divorce;
Though I am parted, yet my mind
(That's more myself) still stays behind;
I breathe in you; you keep my heart;
'Twas but a carcase that did part.
Then, though our bodies are disjoin'd,
As things that are to place confin'd,
Yet let our boundless spirits meet,
And in love's sphere each other greet;
There let us work a mystic wreath,
Unknown unto the world beneath;
There let our clasp'd loves sweetly twine;
There let our secret thoughts, unseen,
Like nets be wov'n and intertwin'd,
Wherewith we'll catch each other's mind:
There, whilst our souls do sit and kiss,
Tasting a sweet and subtle bliss
(Such as gross lovers cannot know,
Whose hands and lips meet here below),
Let us look down, and mark what pain
Our absent bodies here sustain;
And smile to see how far away
The one doth from the other stray;
Yet burn and languish with desire
To join and quench their mutual fire.
There let us joy to see from far
Our em'ulous flames at loving war,
Whilst both with equal lustre shine,
Mine bright as your's, your's bright as mine.
There seated in those heav'nly bow'rs,
We'll cheat the lag and ling'ring hours,
Making our bitter absence sweet,
Till souls and bodies both may meet.'

Mr. Fry's Selection is preceded by a brief biography of Carew, containing no further information than is to be found in Anderson. We think that more particulars of his life might be gleaned by industry. The reformation of the poet, to which Lord Clarendon bears testimony, is confirmed by a number of psalms, paraphrased

or

or translated by Carew, which have been discovered in the Ashmolean Library.

Mr. Kett makes a better figure as an editor than he does as an author. He was a friend and fellow-collegian of the late Mr. Headley, and has prefaced the present edition of the '*Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry*' by a concise biography of the selector, and closed it by reprinting his '*Poems*,' first published in the year 1786. Mr. Headley was an amiable and ingenious young man, who 'fell a sacrifice to a lingering consumption in his twenty-third year.' He shewed his poetical taste by his '*Select Beauties*,' if he did not shew his poetical genius by his own '*Poems*'; he had a true relish for old poetry, and well discriminated its value in those little pieces of biography which introduce his Selections. His notes, which Mr. Kett has judiciously taken from the end of the volume, and placed at the bottom of the page, display considerable research, and are never thought irrelevant or tedious.

Before we conclude, we wish to say a few words upon a question, to the discussion of which we are invited by every one of the books before us; whether the orthography of a poet should be altered, as that of the times alters. Upon this subject, the revivers of old poetry seem divided: Mr. Headley thought it should be sacred, and accordingly printed his '*Select Beauties*' in the redundant and unsettled orthography of his authors' first editions, wherever he could meet with them; Mr. Kett differs from him, and, in the edition before us, has adopted the present mode of spelling; Dr. Nott prefers the modern orthography; and Mr. Fry again, the ancient.

Mr. Headley defends his own practice thus:

'It is the indispensable duty of every editor of an ancient poet to exhibit the spelling of his author in the exact state in which he found it, (unless indeed in such words as are evidently mistakes of the press,) in order that the reader may trace the progress of orthography, together with that of poetry. When this practice is not observed, a republication is not merely imperfect, but dangerous, as it leads to an infinite number of mistakes, and can answer no possible end but that of multiplying the number of our books without adding to the sources of our information.'

Upon this, Mr. Kett writes the only note in his edition:

'This passage is faithfully preserved, but cannot be passed over without remark. That the *text* of an ancient English classic should be scrupulously adhered to, and transmitted to posterity unmutated, and that the *alterations* in the edition of Christ's History, 1783, are reprehensible in the highest degree, is unquestionable; but that it is the indispensable duty of every editor of an ancient poet to exhibit the *spelling* of his author in the exact state in which he found it, may reasonably

reasonably be doubted. If we admit of such a decree in the laws of criticism, what is to become of the editorial labours of Steevens, of Malone, and of Ellis? particularly of the last-mentioned gentleman, who, by reversing the method adopted by Mr. Headley, has given to our elder poetry a popularity, of which a considerable portion at least must have been anticipated by Mr. Headley, but for this unfortunate error in his critical creed. This argument might be extended to a length more suited to a dissertation than to a note upon a note; but we shall only add, that even Ritson, the most laborious plodder in literary antiquities since the days of Tom Hearne, became a convert to the present more enlightened system.—Vol. i. p. 83.

The law upon this subject, we take to be this. Where the orthography of a poet influences his rhyme, as Chaucer's and Spenser's does every moment, the whole ought to be sacred; but where that is not the case, we see no reason why our present improved and fixed system of orthography should not be adopted. The orthography of our old poets was so capricious and unsettled, that Shakspeare, in subscribing his own name to the different sheets of his will, spelt it in two or three ways; and in this very Herrick before us, we have a fac-simile of the poet's autograph spelt *Hearick*. Those who are familiar with old books know, that they often spell the same word half a dozen different ways in one page; and he, who religiously adheres to the orthography of the poet whom he is reprinting, is often only transcribing the fancies and blunders of his printer. It may be well in a work, professedly antiquarian, to enable the reader 'to trace the progress of orthography, together with that of poetry;' but when it is an editor's object to tell the world what beautiful poetry it has neglected, it surely becomes him to give it in the most alluring form, and not to tease his reader so much with its orthography, that he shall not have patience to attend to its sense. The stickler for antiquity, who will not read Shakspeare except in the first folio, ought to object to see him acted except in an inn-yard, upon a stage eight feet high, with a green blanket for a scene, and a doublet and hose for the dress of Julius Cæsar. This is the way in which the poet was originally played; and all modern improvements are fantastic refinements. In altering Shakspeare's orthography, we do not affect his diction, any more than, by furnishing him with natural scenes and appropriate dresses, we lessen the probability of his plots. The taste of the day is not for blankets, inn-yards, and redundant letters; and if we would have our old poets heard and read, we must, in some degree, make them conform to our prejudices. The best old poetry has so much the air of being written for all time, that it wants little but modern orthography, and the present age wants nothing but powers equal to its production, to make it pass for the effusion of yesterday.

ART. XII. *A Reply to the Calumnies of the Edinburgh Review against Oxford. Containing an Account of Studies pursued in that University.* Second Edition. pp. 188. Oxford, Cooke and Parker. London, Mackinlay. 1810.

A Second Reply to the Edinburgh Review. By the Author of a Reply to the Calumnies of that Review against Oxford. pp. 118. Oxford, Cooke and Parker. London, Mackinlay. 1810.

IT is no common responsibility that we take upon us, in offering to pass an opinion upon the contents of these publications. The subject of them involves, on one side, some part of the substantial fame of the University of Oxford; on the other, the authority of a distinguished literary Journal, which, as it pronounces its decisions with confidence, we must suppose does not form them lightly. We are far from comparing, in any view of public importance, the character and estimation of the parties concerned: yet even to the inferior of them we owe, by virtue of our common professional character, all the respect of the most delicate and scrupulous justice, and we feel that the severest discretion and impartiality will be required of us, while we venture to hold the scales on this occasion.

Professing, however, a perfect indifference of judgment, we freely own that our wishes are not equally neutral, but swayed, in some degree, by a feeling which leads us to hope that the assailants may be found to be in the wrong. Why so? Because it is always desirable that accusation should turn out to be unfounded. It is best that public men, societies, and institutions should, upon inquiry, appear fit to serve the world in some higher way, than as a theme for invective, however patriotic or ingenious.

The substance of the original accusation appears in the first Reply of the writer who has undertaken the cause of the University. His argument embraces the following subjects: I. Study of Aristotle, and (imputed) neglect of the mathematics. II. Falconer's edition of Strabo. III. Classical education. IV. A view of the studies at Oxford; and V. Miscellaneous Remarks on Plans of Education in general, &c. Subsequently the Edinburgh Review has rejoined; and, apparently, laid out its whole strength in defence of its former positions, with some abatement of their extent. This rejoinder is encountered by the author's Second Reply, which seems to exhaust the whole subject. Here the cause rests for the present: and here probably (for reasons which will appear in the sequel) it will finally rest.

It should be observed, that the rejoinder of the Review (Art. VII, No. XXXI.) is treated by the author 'as the production of three

writers, each defending himself, and vindicating his former writings from the censures past upon them.' Unquestionably, his assumption is right. He draws it from the frequent violation of consistency: we, from what is perhaps a more certain proof, the striking diversity of mind and manner visible in the several parts, which marks it to be the production of at least *three* different, and indeed very different, writers.

The Two Replies taken together, besides giving a distinct answer to the more direct charges, which compose the original case of the Reviewers, comprehend a variety of matter branching out from the main topics in question, or drawn forth by the author's spirit of excursive speculation. As he thinks freely, and not superficially, all his speculations have their value; but we must be contented on some points with simply referring to his own pages, that we may be able to give a fuller view of others, which either most affect the main subject, or are such as the rapid hand of a Reviewer can touch most easily.

Upon his first remarks, directed against a quality of the Edinburgh Review, which we believe it is proud to avow—its *general severity*, we must say frankly, that we have always thought this the weak part in the conduct of the Journalists. To reign by terror is but a low ambition, and can hardly answer the ends of good government either in the commonwealth of letters, or of a country. In all wise policy, besides the power to repress, there must be the disposition to foster, to encourage, and to tolerate. The rights of genius, and the interests of learning, we are persuaded, require such a mode of proceeding, and we heartily join with the author in his spirited and powerful remonstrance on this head. It comes from him too with a proper grace, as in his own immediate debate with them, he is evidently more disposed to provoke the power of his antagonists than to conciliate their moderation.

'This severity, however, although a prominent vice in the conduct of that Review, is not the grievance which has called forth the present complaint. A remedy, indeed, for that evil in some measure adequate, may be found in the justice and candour of other critics who possess the confidence of the public. But when the examination of works in almost every branch of science and literature is made the vehicle for covert insinuation, and open railing against the English Universities, and especially against Oxford; when sarcastic sneers and allusions in one number are followed up by keen reproaches and bold accusations in the next; when the public are taught with unwearied and malicious industry to look upon us either as gloomy bigots, or lazy monks, or ignorant pretenders to learning and science; although the falsehood and malevolence of such charges may be visible to many, yet it must happen that such continual droppings will in time make an impression on the public mind; and if not seasonably counteracted, will probably alienate

alienate that respect and confidence which we have heretofore enjoyed, and which it is the nation's interest, as well as our own, that we should never lose.'—First Reply, p. 10.

After praising a masterly analysis of La Place's *Traité de Méchanique Céleste*, contained in Number XXII. of the Edinburgh Review, the Author proceeds to notice some strong observations upon the state of science at Oxford, subjoined to that analysis. The precise charge against Oxford, is made in these words :

'Where the dictates of Aristotle are still listened to as infallible decrees, and where the infancy of science is mistaken for its maturity, the mathematical sciences have never flourished, and the scholar has no means of advancing beyond the mere elements of geometry.'—No. XXII. p. 283.

To this it was replied—

'The only parts of Aristotle's writings which can interfere with the student's progress in natural philosophy, are his *Physics*; the doctrines of which it is well known were formerly made the basis of instruction in that department of science through all the Universities of Europe — but it may safely be asserted that, *for more than a century*, the *Physics* of Aristotle have been set aside at Oxford, and, except for the sake of satisfying liberal curiosity, and of tracing the progress of science, they are never even consulted.'—First Reply, p. 15.

From the tenour of the Reviewer's argument, which was upon natural philosophy; and from the form of his expression, 'infallible decrees,' we should naturally think that he alluded to the *Physics* of Aristotle; and then the answer would be complete which informed us 'that for more than a century those physics have been set aside.'

But 'what was said about the dictates of Aristotle was not meant, it seems, of his physics, but of his *logic* and his *metaphysics*; and the logic of Aristotle is particularly hostile to inductive science.'—No. XXXI, p. 161.

Reply: 'Whatever terrors may have haunted him with respect to the latter of these works, I am happy in being able to release him at once from them all. The work forms no part of the system of education in this University. Whatever its merits may be, the student is neither required, nor expected, nor advised to read it. The whole of the question then resolves itself into the logic of Aristotle.'—Second Reply, p. 15.

It is impossible not to interpose a slight remark here. The critic coming forward, for the second time, to explain the precise nature of his imputation, alleges a blind devotion to the *metaphysics* of Aristotle, as corrupting the philosophical learning of Oxford; while the simple fact is, that they do not even enter into the plan of

Oxford study. Is it not indecorous, (to say nothing more,) in an accuser, when the case is come to a solemn and a final hearing, to make a statement so wide of the truth, and to be so far misinformed in the very matter and substance of his charge?

The Aristotelian logic remains, as the stumbling-block of the human intellect at Oxford. This logic, it is said, 'is peculiarly hostile to inductive science,' and is thought to hinder the reception of that great scheme of philosophy which Bacon introduced into the world.

A certain injudicious fashion has taught many persons, and learned Reviewers among the rest, to set Aristotle and Bacon at eternal variance with each other. Their names, their works, their modes of philosophising, are studiously contrasted; and an admirer of the ancient philosopher is held to be a decided foe of the modern. Syllogism and Induction having been made something like the flags of hostile schools, wherever Subject and Predicate are seen together, the zealous partizans of Observation and Experiment (for with them it is that the hostility commences,) immediately throw common sense overboard, and prepare for action. Without being greatly surprised to find the *Edinburgh Journal* partaking in this popular propensity, which has the sanction of some great names to support it, we are glad to see a confutation of the error, that lies at the bottom of it, given by the author in his *Second Reply*. The confutation is an extended one, and deserves to be read attentively. The substance of it is nearly this, in his own words:

'First, it is a mistake widely spread, that the organon of Bacon was designed by the author himself to supersede the organon of Aristotle. The author himself professes no such design, nor can I discover the slightest intimation of it throughout the whole work. To the province of natural philosophy is the whole treatise exclusively confined. With this province, the logic of Aristotle has no necessary or natural connection.

'Among the causes which have hindered the improvement of science, Bacon frequently notices the injurious effects of Aristotle's works: but in a manner which shews that it is not the inherent vice of his logic, but the precipitate and unphilosophical application of it, which did the injury.

'By aphorism 125, it may be seen how entirely false the current notion is, that Bacon invented the method of Induction for arriving at those truths which Aristotle sought by means of Syllogism. In this aphorism, it is distinctly declared, that the *method* of acquiring first principles adopted by each is in *kind* the same. The defect of the ancients was an impatient, scanty, and superficial observation; the advice of the modern is to be cautious, slow, laborious, and persevering in experiment, before we venture to elicit *propositions*, out of which other truths are to be syllogistically inferred. In short, "Syllogism and induction

duction are employed for different purposes, and neither of them was unknown or disregarded by Aristotle." In the words of Dr. Gillies, "The patient examination of objects, and the accurate definition of terms are continually employed by our philosopher as the best means for arranging perceptions into science. Our acquaintance with the properties of things, Aristotle perpetually inculcates, must be acquired by patient observation, generalised by comparison and induction."

"The most decisive authority, however, for it is one which this Aristotelian school cannot object to, is to be drawn from the works of Bacon. In the Advancement of Learning, he treats of the art of logic, its present condition, its use, its abuse, its imperfections, and its capacity of improvement. He observes that it does not help to the invention of arts and sciences, but only of arguments; and admits that in sciences popular, as moralities, laws, and the like, yea, and divinity, the syllogistic form may have use, and in natural philosophy likewise, by way of argument or satisfactory reason."

Bacon's leading distinction is to treat it as an instrument of judgment, not of invention; or as the author expresses it,

'the main tendency of all is to shew that *discoveries* in natural philosophy are not likely to be promoted by this engine; a proposition which no one of the present day disputes; and which, when alleged by our adversaries as their chief objection to the study of logic, only proves, that they are ignorant of the subject about which they are speaking, and the manner in which it is now taught. Throughout this part, Bacon, so far from holding the Aristotelian logic useless, speaks of the additions and improvements which he would wish to see engrafted upon it. The abuses of which he complains, have long since been remedied. The art is now confined within proper limits, and is never suffered to impede the progress of free inquiry. The deficiencies are not yet supplied; but out of the materials furnished by different modern writers a more complete system, and nearer to his idea, might now be moulded.'

In the course of perusing what the Reviewer has written in his second critique, upon this important subject, we were impressed at every step with an irresistible conviction, which not even our knowledge of his great attainments could overcome, that there was a radical defect in all his ideas respecting the merits and objects of these two philosophers; and that the defect was owing to the simplest of all causes; viz. the want of a direct knowledge, or recollection of the actual contents of their works. This phenomenon has not escaped the author in his reply. The Reviewer's undue reliance upon Dr. Reid as an interpreter of Aristotle is sufficiently conspicuous; and his quotation from him is produced for a purpose which it will never serve. 'After men,' says Dr. Reid, 'had laboured in the search of truth near 2000 years by the help of *sylllogisms*, Lord Bacon produced the method of induction as a more effectual engine for that purpose.' The success of the men, who thus laboured,

was suitable to their folly: but they are a race extinct in this part of the world. Why then hold up their preposterous efforts, to discredit logic in its more sober use? Wherein that use consists, according to the enlightened view of it at Oxford, may be seen by consulting the author's First Reply, pp. 22, 23; together with some remarks upon the competence of Dr. Reid to speak authoritatively on this subject. Dr. Reid's complaint, 'that Aristotle has purposely darkened his demonstrations by using letters instead of words,' is singularly futile, and ought to be wholly unacceptable to those who delight in the refinements of the modern mathematical analysis. The advice of the Reviewer, 'that where the organon of the old philosopher is consulted once, the *Novum Organon* should be consulted ten times,' we are at a loss how to apply. The first book of the *Novum Organon* certainly is a mine for the philosopher to explore; and the deeper he searches, the richer will he find the vein to be. But the common adoption of that work, as a manual of study, for the attainment of physical science, which seems to be proposed, is what we should think highly inexpedient, believing that the benefits of the great revolution which Bacon produced, are to be found in the present improved modes of inquiry into every part of nature, and in the works which give the actual result of them. During that long sloth of the human mind, when men took their knowledge of things upon the word of Aristotle, as they received their notions of religion from another instructor, no less fallible; Nature was performing her grand course of experiments, (if we may be allowed the expression,) in the laboratory of the universe, almost unobserved and in vain. Reason was in abeyance, and Authority usurped. It was the enterprise of Bacon to reform, or rather to create anew, the whole system of their knowledge of Nature, by directing their eyes abroad, to observe and learn her laws and manner of operation; and by experiments of their own to solicit still further discoveries. 'He had to explode inveterate prejudices; to awaken men from a stupid lethargy; to rouse them to action; to convince them that as yet they knew little of nature; and to set them an example after which they might be enabled to learn more. These great purposes have been long answered.' The impulse which he gave to philosophy in its new direction, has been continually accelerating, and now has gained a force and extent which, though derived from him, can hardly be recognised in the first movements of it, as seen in his works.

The author has said, in a passage already quoted from his Second Reply, that the *Novum Organum* relates *entirely* to natural philosophy. This indeed is the direct, and almost the only, subject of it. On any other, Bacon does not seem to have proceeded far in the developement of his ideas. Yet that he had wider views, and intend-

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ed that his master principle of induction should be carried into the philosophy of Mind as well as of Matter, is certain from one luminous aphorism near the end of the first book; an aphorism, on which a distinguished writer of the present day has treated pretty largely in a recent publication.*

Connected with the censure upon Oxford 'for listening to the infallible decrees of Aristotle' is that 'of mistaking the infancy of science, for its maturity.' If this be added as a corollary or consequence of the former charge, the answer is obvious: to say that 'because logic is studied, therefore science is not,' is a very inconclusive mode of speech; and farther, if this obnoxious logic were 'a hindrance to science, science had to contend with the obstacle during the seventeenth century' (when logic was most cultivated,) 'in a degree far beyond what could have been felt in the eighteenth;' and yet the flourishing era of science in England is referred to the former period, by those who maintain that logic and science agree so ill together.

Here, in justice to some bright names, which have adorned at once the history of Science and of Oxford, the Reviewer adds, 'We are aware that Oxford has to boast of *Wallis*, *Halley*, and *Gregory* among its professors; and that a successor worthy of them is still to be found in the same university.' . . . Their 'writings instructed, and will for ever instruct the *scientific world*.' Part of this pauegyric, the author of the Reply turns to the confirmation of his own argument, very forcibly.

'Of *Wallis*, he says, it is remarkable that he wrote a complete and accurate treatise on logic, strictly according to the Aristotelian method, which has been used very generally as the lecture book in that department; and is still used by many in preference to the compendium of Aldrich which is more concise. Thus then did that illustrious professor not only 'mistake the infancy of science for its maturity;' but he contributed to propagate that mistake to the utmost of his power in the university where he resided.' Second Reply, p. 29.

We may add that *Wallis* had even the courage to present and dedicate this piece of ancient heretical learning to the Royal Society (instituted *pro Naturali Cognitione promovenda*) at a time when that body was most strenuous for the new philosophy, and filled with the greatest men (Newton included) whom it has ever known. Aldrich too, another confirmed logician, appears from his habitudes of friendship with *Halley* and *Gregory*, and his co-operation with them in their favourite mathematical pursuits, to have belonged to their school; and to have been esteemed by them accordingly. Were we not afraid of seeming to affect too much familiarity

* Stewart's Essays.

with the Great in science, upon a slender acquaintance, (for this kind of ambition steals upon us, as well as upon some who might be thought to be more proof against it,) we might proceed to mention another among the foremost champions of the new philosophic cause, Gassendi; who still did not think himself obliged to forswear the doctrine of syllogism; but among his various works composed also a system of Logic, which, though not exactly the same with that of Aristotle, is a modification of it, and proceeds upon the syllogistic form entirely.*

By these splendid examples, as well as upon other grounds, we are compelled to admit that modern Philosophy and ancient Logic, may exist together in the same mind; and we subscribe to the author's reasoning that it is a weak and untenable charge against Oxford, that natural Philosophy is obstructed there, because Logic is taught.

'The organon of Aristotle,' he says, 'and that of Bacon being *wholly different* in their nature and design, there is no incongruity in adopting both according to their several measures of utility. The ridicule indeed properly belongs to him who would have us neglect one because we are in possession of the other: a folly not unlike to that of a man who would discard the windmill because the steam-engine has been invented.'

And again:

'If the reviewer contends that he has since alledged other reasons, as that the Oxonian system has done an injury to science by not teaching *any thing at all* concerning physics; and by turning its attention *entirely* to other objects (Review XXXI. p. 160.) I answer, that he has shifted his ground of defence; and that the charge does not rest as he said it did rest, upon the foundation of teaching the logic of Aristotle. He ought therefore to have been prepared to make good this accusation. He has failed of doing this; as every one must fail who combats the plain truth. *There never has been a time within the memory of persons now living when Oxford was open to this charge.* The examinations formerly were insignificant, but not less so in logic than in geometry; and few people will question the assertion I now make that much less of logic was understood and taught twenty or thirty years ago in this place than of geometry and natural philosophy. Rather therefore than relinquish an untenable post by honourable capitulation; he has suffered himself to be driven from it, after practising every strata-gem, lawful and unlawful, without effect.' Second Reply, p. 32.

We may be permitted to say a few words here upon the inferences which the Reviewer has drawn and presented to his reader

* It is presumed that no one will be misled by his ingenious paradoxa adversus Aristoteles. First, they are paradoxes, and written avowedly in defence of a thesis; next, they are written against the sect, more than against the founder of it: and he distinguishes continually between the philosopher's own doctrine, and the modern corruptions of it.

from

from the nature of the public examinations at Oxford, when they were in a state very different from the present; but which, when they were at their lowest ebb, he has argued upon as some criterion of the common studies and learning of the place. We happen to know, that nothing can be more fallacious than this view of them. By a course of change, how produced is immaterial, the theatre of Public Examination in that university had become almost entirely deserted and disregarded. Every thing of importance in the way of Examination, and by far the greatest part in the way of Instruction, was done within the walls of each particular college; and could be seen there only. The Literary Discipline centered there. Such a state of things was defective; and it has been reformed. But when the Reviewer is disposed to propagate the belief that either the subjects or the state of learning in the place were to be judged of by those open examinations, (mere reliques of form,) he proceeds upon what we know to be a most gross historical mistake; and a person might as well record the rise of the tide by measures taken on a shore which the sea had abandoned.

Adverting at the same time to the 'college lectures;' after throwing them into the scale, 'according to the best of his information,' the Reviewer still supposes that there was a general neglect and ignorance of modern Science, till a very recent date, of not more 'than four or five years' from the present time. But here we perceive a pointed difference in the *information* of the author of the Reply. '*I know*,' he says, 'that the subjects have been uniformly taught here for twenty years past, and *I believe* for more than double that period, which he affirms are not taught here' (in these the Principia of Newton are included), 'and that during the last ten years they have not only been taught, but made the subject matter of examination for degrees.' The direct testimony of this reply must be allowed to over-rule the uncertain presumptive information of the other party, and to decide so much of the question as is here at issue between them.

The charge indeed, as it was at first worded, must fall to the ground, by the Reviewer's own concessions—it described a system of things as 'still' existing, which does not exist—even according to his own notions: for he admits his knowledge that a great change in the Oxford examinations had taken place—'but it was recent—on that account we took no notice of it: it did not concern the subject in hand.' Now although one way or another way of stating a thing may happen to be indifferent to the subject in hand, yet if, by the mode of positive statement, another person's reputation is deeply affected, we cannot reconcile to any theory of moral sentiments the intrepidity of a writer who thinks only of the welfare of his argument, regardless of his neighbour's rights and character.

These

These we hold to be sacred, even if the violation of them would assist our reasoning in the highest degree. If our reasoning holds good, independently of the injustice committed, it is well for us: but for him, the difference is a wanton affront. The author, in his first Reply, was defending 'the present character of Oxford.' The Reviewer says something equivalent to this, If the imputations upon your present character be withdrawn, our speculative argument remains just the same!

The third and last article of the charge was expressed in these words: 'The scholar has no means of advancing beyond the mere elements of geometry.'

'The Author, knowing that different senses are affixed to this term, instead of asserting positively that our system of instruction did advance beyond the elements, preferred the interrogatory form;' and, by the questions he has put, the Reviewer observes that he has 'furnished a very unexpected confirmation of the charge. The questions were—Are plane and spherical trigonometry, are the properties of conic sections, of conchoids, cycloids, the quadratrix, spirals, &c. the mere elements of geometry? Is the method of fluxions included under the same appellation?' On all these subjects, lectures both public and private are given.—But the critic retorts, 'Are plane and spherical trigonometry the mere elements of geometry? We answer, *most certainly they are*; more especially plane trigonometry.' And then he launches into an exercise of his wit upon the mathematical studies of Oxford, where trigonometry, according to his representation, is reckoned 'one of the higher attainments.' But we are not able to understand the logic of stopping at the lowest subject on the list, and discussing 'the place it ought to hold in the scale of geometrical science.' The whole list, from Trigonometry to Fluxions, forms the vindication. 'If any one of these subjects exceeded the mere elements of geometry, the falsehood of the Reviewer's assertion was certainly established. It was immaterial whether one or several were *within* the elements, if *one* went beyond.'—This is quite undeniable; and we consider the Reviewer's digression upon the first question in the series as merely a theft upon the substance of the subject. There is something in it, however, at first sight rather plausible. But, *re verâ*, never did we witness a more vicious combination of materials to make out a plausibility. On one side there is put down, 'First or most elementary course'—on the other, 'higher and rarer attainments.' Now almost all the learning in the world lies between those two terms, in the popular use of the words. But, scientifically speaking, Geometry *elementary* and the *higher* or *transcendent* Geometry touch with no medium between them. When therefore a person puts at the bottom of the higher, what he *ought* perhaps

perhaps to place at the top of the *elementary*, it is easy enough to transpose or mix the popular and the scientific phrases, and by means of that artifice to represent what he has done very sophistically.

However, the question still remains, where trigonometry is strictly to be placed? The author of the Reply refers the question to 'the authority of eminent mathematicians;' observing that 'although he should be inclined, in any question of mathematical science, to pay great deference to the Reviewer of La Place, yet if he can produce known and established authority of the most respectable kind against him, he trusts it will not be deemed presumptuous to dispute a doctrine which he peremptorily maintains.' The appeal is then made to Professor Playfair; who, in one of his publications, by very strong and positive distinctions, both of words and otherwise, has taught us to exclude Trigonometry from the Elements of Geometry. If this authority be admitted, as we believe it must, the debate is closed so far as respects the author of the Reply; but at the expense of a bitter war, bellum grave, aut etiam internecinum, which he has kindled between the Reviewer of La Place and Professor Playfair. As we cannot conveniently wait the issue of their contest, it becomes us, in the interim, to declare, that, if a verbal dispute about terms is raised, and definition brought in, we know not how the science of quantity can be made to include any part of the science of number. To state the question is to decide it. Trigonometry is an elementary part, a very low part, of mathematics; not of geometry. The Review subjoins a formal '*criterion*' for determining in all cases what is elementary, and what is not. That the formula of this criterion is unsound in every essential point, inadmissible as a principle of arrangement, and inconsistent with the ordinary doctrine of mathematicians, (such as D'Alembert, and Professor Playfair again,) the author has shown by an accurate examination, and has left this laboured fabric of mathematical wisdom in a very ruinous condition.

The idea of a floating boundary, which is included in that criterion, is rather exceptionable; but, granting it, still we cannot suppose that Science has made such a flight during the last six years, active as it has been, that Conic Sections, which Professor Playfair in 1804 ranked beyond the elements, should now be considered as only '*elementary*.'—Review, No. XXXI. p. 165. Does the boundary of the elements advance so rapidly? Let the empire abroad be extended in all quarters; but we do not wish, upon every new conquest, to have the *pomæria* put in motion.

Upon the whole, it is impossible to express our opinion of the general argument of this first division of the Reply, in any words suitable to the real strength and force of it, which shall not be exceedingly

exceedingly full and explicit. For the original charges, taken as descriptive of the *present* state of Oxford, the adverse party themselves do not contend. The injustice of them, as applicable to any *recent* period, is shown by testimony which we presume will not be disputed. The attempt made to defend them has brought forth new controversial matter; in the treatment of which this spirited advocate of the University has so clearly the advantage,—exposing the inconsistencies and misconceptions of his opponent, and retorting both his light and his graver criticisms, with a juster aim, and a stronger arm,—that if we had to give an instance of able and successful vindication, we should refer to this part of his Reply. In one passage, he suggests to the candour of the Reviewer, ‘that room might have been found for the insertion of Bradley’s name among the more renowned professors of Oxford.’ This suggestion he might, and probably would, have foreborne, had he observed that Bradley is mentioned, with his appropriate praise, as a successful astronomical observer, in a former number of the Review.—(No. XXII.)

There is an instance of misquotation of which the author complains, (Second Reply, p. 104) and it deserves to be noticed. He had said ‘that in Oxford, as in courts of judicature and other bodies of ancient standing, many forms and practices continue to subsist, which had lost their original force and meaning.’ This admission was quoted by the Review; but what immediately follows was *not* quoted, though essential to the tenour of his case. ‘Even after the new doctrines were received and taught, formal exercises continued to be performed according to the ancient regimen. How long this anomalous state of things lasted, I cannot exactly say; but it may safely be asserted, that for more than a century the Physics of Aristotle have been set aside.’ We do not believe that there was any unfair design in the suppression, though it has the effect of misrepresenting the spirit of the passage. Under the new aspect which it assumes by imperfect quotation, the Review praises it warmly; and then enters upon a train of reflections, which suppose all along the existence of some forms or statutes at Oxford, at this day in force, to ‘chain down the mind, and check inquiry.’ Acquitting the critic of unfairness, we cannot so easily acquit him of palpable false reasoning about Forms and Statutes. These things may be of very little efficacy, to do either good or harm. If the public mind is not conformable to them, they are virtually abolished while they subsist. So it was in Oxford, according to the author’s statement, that ‘the new doctrines were received and taught’ in the face of the old exercises: that is, the Genius of the place was not so feeble but that it could carry a few links of the old chain about it, after it had sprung into liberty.

After

After having detained our readers so long in this thorny field of controversy, we should wish to vary their prospect for a while by extracting from the First Reply some account of the real merits of a writer who has been mentioned so frequently, the Grecian philosopher. The sketch contained there would give them a view of his genius, and some of his works, especially his Rhetoric, executed with a most luminous and animated pencil, and with a force and precision, which have not been often surpassed in the delineation of any great mind. But it would be unjust to give a few partial extracts from it, and the whole is too long to be inserted here.

Upon his Art of Reasoning, which has passed under consideration, we have one remark more to offer. On subjects of learning the opinion of professed men of learning is not always the most satisfactory. *Cuilibet in arte sua credendum* is a maxim true for the science of an art, not for the utility of it. From their peculiar course of studies, or their literary connection, they often come to be parties, more than judges, and speak under the prejudice of antipathy or of favour: hence the necessity of consulting, not their opinions, but their arguments. But if the art have a practical bearing upon life, the most unexceptionable judges of its utility are men of strong and cultivated minds, free from the bias of any literary party. Upon this principle we feel ourselves obliged to own, that, so far as authority is to sway, we cannot but think respectfully of the real use and importance of an art, the study of which has been recommended by two of the most public-spirited and enlightened statesmen that England ever produced, Lord Clarendon and Lord Chatham. A long panegyric upon the Academical Logic may be seen in the Tracts of the former, p. 326. The Letters of Lord Chatham are in every body's hands.

The subject of the author's second chapter is Mr. Falconer's Strabo. According to the Edinburgh journal the edition is a bad one, and the public character of Oxford is to expiate its demerits. The Latin, if incorrect, is entitled Oxonian Latin; and the plan of the edition, if faulty, derives an aggravation of its faults from the place which is said to have given birth to it. From this sanctuary of science the Reviewer 'expected ample compensation for some former disappointments' in the department of editorial criticism. But Oxford, prodigal of character, has, it seems, only gone farther in debt to his disappointed expectations.

Here are two questions—the merit of the work, and the responsibility of the University; which the Reply carefully distinguishes, as the Review had blended them into one. The first step of the Reply is to correct, in a clear and intelligible way, 'what was perhaps only a mistaken opinion concerning the responsibility of the University' for works printed at the Clarendon press, by a short account

count of the mode in which the general controul of the Press is conducted. In none of their proceedings do the Delegates, who conduct it, 'take on them that kind of responsibility which belongs to the editor of a work, except so far as the printing is concerned. For the general plan, and the general competency of the person employed, they are responsible; but not for the detail of the execution.'—p. 31. A statement which directs the several degrees of responsibility to the right quarter; and shews, that neither is the University the editor, nor the board of Delegates, nor any other public representative of the University. This broad and material information should, we think, have produced some change in the language of the Reviewer, in his second criticisms; but they are still levelled, as before, at the *University*. He likes to assume the reputation of pursuing high game, and continues to write as if he had not been better informed. 'He repeats his old cavil, again and again refuted, that the University are responsible for the correctness of every phrase, printed at the Clarendon press. It is idle to teach a person that will not learn.'

The Review, before it notices the Strabo, touches upon the Poetics of Aristotle, published at Oxford, 'a minute, but very successful instance' of critical enterprise; produced however, if we may believe the Reviewer, 'by an *auxiliary volunteer*, residing in the metropolis, engaged in business, and never secluded from the avocations of society. *By not enjoying the leisure*, perhaps he never contracted the *indolence* of a monk. . . . His name stands in the title-page, plain Thomas Tyrwhitt—without any decorative adjunct, or title of degree: though it would have done honour to the proudest which the most exalted seat of learning could bestow.' The invidiousness of this passage is indisputable. The truth of it is another question. In judging the merits of any controversy, there is no better way than to seize upon one or two prominent points, and examine them well. The result of such an examination will go far in giving us a tolerably correct idea of the whole affair. The entire paragraph respecting Tyrwhitt, which we have now quoted, is of a prominent kind. It is industriously composed and coloured to give effect. And when we ask what is the plain, obvious, and unavoidable meaning which it is designed to convey, we think it most truly explained in the Reply, viz. it intimates, 'that Tyrwhitt took no degree at Oxford, and was not even a member of the University.' The author of the Reply then subjoins a summary of plain facts, by which we learn that this supposed 'auxiliary volunteer' was a regular member of the academical corps, who had been many years in the service, duly enlisted, and promoted to degrees, and who spent far the greatest part of his life in the 'indolence' of literary leisure. Now it is commonly held to be a thing not creditable

ditable either to the good sense or the principles of a writer to make a long connected statement, either positive or indirect, which may be overthrown by a refutation through simple matter of fact. Such a statement, and such a refutation, are now before us.

But the Reviewer, pressed by the unexpected biography of Tyrwhitt, makes a bold retreat, and into this memorable defence: 'As we *asserted* nothing on this subject,' (of Tyrwhitt's degree, which is only a small portion of the matter,) 'we think we *might have escaped* the charge of *misrepresentation*.' Unless it be permitted to call this *defence* by its proper name, '*Chicane confessed*,' we know not what to say of it.

Mr. Falconer's history affords the counterpart to Tyrwhitt's. The Review describes him as '*a distinguished graduate, selected from the whole body, at an advanced period of life.*' The Reply corrects this description. 'He never was a graduate: he was not even a member of the University when he undertook this work: he was not selected therefore from the whole body, nor indeed was he selected by them at all.' Here is another statement of the same kind, with the same kind of refutation. Two such examples, so pointed, and so pregnant with invidious matter, leave no kind of doubt upon our minds, that to traduce the University was the Reviewer's object; and misrepresentation, wilful or blind misrepresentation, one of his means.

The Reviewer *defends* himself by referring to the title-page, wherein Mr. Falconer announces himself '*Olim e Coll. Æn. Nas.*' The Reply is, 'If he can convince any human being that he believed what he was there asserting,' (the circumstances above quoted,) 'in consequence of having read this description in the title-page, I must congratulate him on possessing powers of persuasion of no ordinary kind.'

Olim e Coll. Æn. Nas. translated by the Reviewer, is '*a distinguished graduate, selected from the whole body,*' &c. as free a version as we ever met with. But he thinks moreover '*it is nothing but ludicrous to represent so natural and almost unavoidable an error,*' &c. There are depths of distress into which we are ashamed to pursue a hard-driven, fugitive argument. Let it go, we should say here: but the Replier is inexorable, and has the cruelty to destroy it in its last retreat.

We are still upon delicate ground. For coming to examine the Reviewer's report upon the Oxford or the Grenville Homer, (as it is commonly called,) as well as the Strabo, the author declares, 'Here again are *assertions* which I am unable to reconcile with the *veracity* of the anonymous critic.' Let us see the case of the Strabo. The first assertions of the critic with regard to it are—'We have not collated, but have *perused the whole* attentively

Every

Every error of the press, and inaccuracy of spelling that had crept into the Amsterdam text, is religiously retained . . . *Errours* have accumulated upon errors, *all* carefully embalmed and preserved in the splendid edition before us.' The Oxford edition, it will be recollected, professes to follow the text of the Amsterdam: and it has followed it, the Reviewer declares, with the sottish fidelity of 'religiously repeating' all its blunders. He gives *nine* examples occurring within the space of 150 pages.

All and *every* are strong words, but to be understood with a proper allowance of candour; which favour the critic has claimed in his second publication. Candour also towards the work in question requires that the critic should not make a licentious use of them. This being premised, we have to consider scale opposed to scale, and list to list. Against the unfavourable list of *nine* errors, there is produced a series of *fifty* corrections, specified one by one, in the course of 100 pages. Now if the Reviewer's assertions are true, that 'all and every error' is retained, then *none* are corrected: and consequently we shall be brought to this inconvenient mode of speaking, *all* and *every* mean nine, and *none* means fifty. So much for 'the scale of examples to warrant the general inference!' The most remarkable part of the criticism is, that after the contrary scale had been laid before him to assist the correction of his own, 'he does not retract or alter a syllable of his statement, and yet he ventures to appeal to the decision of "every candid mind." This to be sure is modesty as well as veracity.'—Reply, p. 65.

We have no desire to reduce the small numbers of his list, but only to request some attention to his judgment, when we hint that there is some temerity in pronouncing *ὑπάρχειν*, twice, to be an indisputable error for *ἐπάρχειν*, when H. Stephens and Budæus recognize the use of *ὑπάρχειν* for *imperare*, by this very author, Strabo; and also that another condemned word, *ἐλλείπειται*, is no mistake at all, but properly deduced from *ἐλλείπω*, as *ἐλλειψιμένον prætermisum*, in Sophocles and Euripides; and this reading *ἐλλείπειται*, is positively preferred as 'sanius' by the late German editor, Siebenkees.

The assertions respecting the Homer are shewn to be no more valid than the others, or even less so. *Review*. 'All the errors of Clarke's edition religiously retained.' *Reply*. 'Near three hundred new readings given in the Iliad from MSS. or the editions of Ernesti and Villoison.' *Review*. 'We gave *one* example to warrant the general inference.' *Reply*. 'The defence of his veracity consists in this; that having examined twenty lines of a work consisting of twenty-eight thousand, and having observed one error, he proclaimed to the world, that all the errors of Clarke's edition were religiously retained in it. If this be rightly termed *veracity*, it is

a virtus

a virtue against which the inexperienced part of mankind ought to be well upon their guard.' p. 63.

But is even this solitary error, which has to sustain upon its shoulders a charge against the whole Iliad, a real one?

παῖδα δὲ μοι λύσσετε φίλην, τὰ δ' ἄποινα δέχεσθε.

So the line runs in Clarke, and he gives his reasons for it. But the Review objects, 'that the reading is arbitrarily introduced.' The Reply shews that it rests upon MS. authority. To defeat this authority the Review brings forward a canon of criticism, forbidding us to compose a reading by parts, out of different MSS. a canon which we think exceedingly injudicious. But, to be concise: considering that this is a disputed passage, and that the most judicious editors differ about it, we wonder not a little to find it selected as a test of the general merits of any edition. The Venetian MS. as published by Villoison, gives *λύσσετε*, conjunctim; yet the Reviewer maintains that it gives *λύσαι τε*, divisim. The confusion of mind which led the learned critic to comment upon *λύσσετε* as 'the imperative mood, middle voice,' is quite inexplicable.

We proceed now to the ground on which the Reviewer has raised all his strong works; namely, his criticism upon the editor's Latin in the notes to the Strabo. The author of the Reply wishes to defend neither the general style of the Latin on which the notes are written, nor the correctness of many of the phrases which have been selected for animadversion by the Edinburgh journal. His object is of a more serious kind: it is to vindicate Oxford, which he has already done by shewing that its public character is not implicated in the style of these notes, and which he proceeds to do still more effectually by reducing the credit and pretensions of the critic to such a level as shall take from his general censures and opinions even the semblance of any competent judgment, truth, or authority.

He contends that where the exceptions of the Reviewer are right, there is no correct leading principle influencing his determinations; that his criticism is of a mechanical sort; that he supports it either by no reason at all, or by a false one; and that the Reviewer's own few, short, corrective essays in Latin, are overrun with faults more disgraceful than any of those which he condemns. For the critic not only points out the failings of Mr. Falconer's composition, but engages to correct some of them. This is fair towards the memory of Mr. Falconer. It is also fair towards his readers, after telling them what is not right, to shew them what is, and so render his criticism useful. But in all this career he is encountered by the equal activity of the author of the Reply; who, with a steadiness and energy of performance which cannot be too much praised, has relieved us from the well-meant endeavours of the other in-

structor, by the more efficient directions and example of his own Latin style.

First, of the use of *qui* with the subjunctive mood. We cannot treat this point largely: but, it is agreed, that some *general* rules are wanting to guide us in the construction of *qui* with that mood. The critic feels the difficulty, but does not help to remove it. The author of the Reply affords us some assistance by pointing out one broad distinction, 'which will serve greatly to simplify the matter,' viz. the distinction between relatives and indefinites. He discriminates between an useful hint and an absolute rule. He knows how far his directions will go, and marks the limits. Even in the stricter sciences we must be contented for a time with approximations; much more in criticism. The Reviewer objects to the principle 'laid down by this *dogmatical* author,' (the propriety of the epithet '*dogmatical*' appears from what we have just written,) asking what he would make of such a passage as the following: '*Loci autem, qui ad quasque quæstiones accommodati sunt, deinceps videndum.* Cic de Inv. I. 23.'

Reply. 'As I am unable to find this passage, it is impossible for me to say what may be made of it. How *unsafe* it is to trust to his quotation, the other passage which I can find informs me, *Quæritur et quibuscum vivat.* Cic. de Inv. II. 9. Of this he observes, that if *technical accuracy*, and not *colloquial brevity* were intended, it would have been written by Cicero, *Quæritur, et qui sint, quibuscum vivat.*'

Now '*Cicero is engaged in a technical enumeration,*' as any one may see by reading the passage. But this and some other passages are wholly irrelevant: they do not militate against any doctrine ever advanced by the author of the Reply.—The first passage, which is more to the point, '*Loci autem,*' we find in the *Topics*, (c. 23.) and upon it we shall say, first, *perhaps* it is an example against the author's doctrine; but, secondly, *perhaps* not; for Ed. Lambini reads *accommodati sint*, which reading is also noticed in the MSS. collations of the Ed. Oxon. And Cicero himself elsewhere employs this construction with the same verb *video*: *deinceps erit videndum, quæ quæstio, quod firmamentum sit*; Inv. I. 13. *videbimus ecquæ consuetudo sit*; de Inv. 12. although *ibid.* *videre oportebit, quæ sunt continentia.*

But we must advance to absolute certainties.

'I request,' says the author, 'the reader's particular attention to the next paragraph, in which the Reviewer professes to clear himself from the charge of *falsehood* for having said that Mr. Falconer *systematically* used *ut* with the indicative mood, when it ought to have the subjunctive. I accused him of having produced only *two* examples, which was not sufficient to warrant the epithet *systematic*, in a word of such continual occurrence. He does not produce one more, but tells his readers he

had

had already produced three: thus, according to approved usage, defending one false statement by advancing another.'

We hear more of 'poor UT.' The Review blames Mr. Falconer, we should say Oxford, for the omission of UT in this passage: 'Paullo infra Caunum ex Idubeda emissus Orospea mollibus initio jugis vix assurgere videatur: sensim tamen sese efferens Molinæ primum montes erigit.' p. 220. The Reply properly defends the omission, and shews it to be right, translating the words, 'To the eye it may seem.' But the Latin in question comes from a quarter which the Reviewer did not suspect. It is not Mr. Falconer's, but Mariana's, taken from his history of Spain; and it is not only correct as to 'poor UT,' but has an air of elegance which might have captivated any critic of taste, not straining hard for something to find fault with.

Next to be considered is the Reviewer's Latin, and the defence of it. We pass over his mistake in 'supradictos reges,' and proceed to his great achievement in the correction of Mr. Falconer. 'Plataenses ad paludem olim habitasse, noster affirmat; in locum autem meliorem translatis, novæ urbi priscum nomen continuasse, *situi* licet, ab aquis remoto, *haud diutius competisset*.' In which emendation the Reply has marked three conspicuous faults, *situi*, *haud diutius*, and *competisset*. *Situi* is given up in silence by the Reviewer; *competisset*, which had been properly corrected for him into *competeret* ('quanquam ei, situ ab aquis remoto, jam id non competeret,') he weakly supports by fresh mistakes, which only bring forth new confutations in the second Reply. To see a person who pretends to judge in these matters, firmly believing that *competisset*, not *competeret*, or *congruens fuisset*, not *esset*, is the true form, excites the most sincere compassion in us: for it is a mistake as certain as any that ever contaminated the Latin tongue. '*Haud diutius*,' if we may credit the second remarks of the learned critic, is protected by three examples, which are all equally to the purpose; that is, not at all. One of them may suffice, to shew their propriety: 'Neque—*diutius* ea uti licuisset,' Sallust, B. C. The English of which is, 'Nor would they have been permitted to keep their power long:' the historian is speaking of revolutionary power, which is commonly of short duration. Whereas in the contested passage the idea is this, 'the name no longer accorded with the situation of the city;' an idea of a different kind, although the term '*long*' occurs in both. Besides these irrelevant examples, the reasoning of the Reviewer on this point makes against himself. He contends warmly for the analogy of sense as a guide in translating the phrases or words of a modern language into Latin. Analogy of sense is a principle for which we have a high respect: but analogy of sense is one thing, and sameness of

sound is another. Now if the Reviewer will consider his own language, he will find that the forms of thought which we have exhibited in English are different; and therefore analogy of sense demands that they should be differently translated. Better examples and different reasoning must be given.

Observandum est, quo violentior est ardor solis, eo *citius* fieri pluvias—says Mr. Falconer: that is, ‘the rains set in *sooner*, the hotter the climate is.’ But the Reviewer mistakes the whole; thinks the sense to be ‘it rains faster;’ points a note of admiration at *citius*, and substitutes *crebrius*, to express his own misconception. The Reply kindly helps him to more appropriate words, *vehementius*, *effusius*, *gravius*.

‘The egregious silliness’ of mistaking a road for a gate (versus *Labicanam*) ‘has been well exposed’ by Mr. Falconer, a nephew of the editor. But that silliness would do honour to any man’s understanding, when compared with the folly of the busy ridicule bestowed upon ‘*major fides*.’

‘The Reviewer proposes the following as a piece of faultless Latin, not without his accustomed sneer at Oxonian Latin.’ Nonne vult Pausanias Melanthum Andropompi filium e Nelei progenie *primum fuisse qui* in Attica sedem *habuisset*; atque ideo *eundem qui* Xanthum *occidisset*. On which the Replyer observes (p. 84.) I shall beg leave to cast it quite ‘in a new mould’—Nonne vult Pausanias primum ex Nelei nepotibus Melanthum in Attica sedem habuisse, ac proinde eum esse qui Xanthum occiderit. The superiority of this amended sentence, no one can deny. The correction of the tenses is confirmed by a very exact parallel quoted from Cicero; and as to ‘*primum fuisse qui*, and *eundem qui*,’ the author of the Reply considers them as barbarisms; the idea expressed by the first, being one of continual recurrence in Cicero: and Cicero’s regular manner of expressing it being by *primus* or *primo* alone. To establish this position, a dozen examples are produced from a part only of the book *De Claris Oratoribus*. The Reviewer, who seems at times to suffer a total *defailance* of reason, asserts that there is *only one* occasion for it in the whole book. This assertion no one can believe, who merely knows the subject of the work, even without having read it. The subject is the history of the progress of eloquence: almost every succeeding orator adds some improvement to the art, and *is the first* who gave it this or that particular beauty. Of course Cicero must have frequent occasions for the phrase, and his phrase is the simple form, without *fuit qui*. Pericles . . . *primus adhibuit doctrinam*. Pericles *was the first* who added learning.

‘As to the single authority,’ continues the Replyer, ‘which he produces on his side . . . Cic. de Cl. Orat. c. 15. if it is, as I really believe

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it to be, the only passage in that author of the same kind, it cannot surely be allowed to contradict an uniform stream of examples in a phrase of such continual recurrence. The *inverted collocation* of the sentence may well account for the anomaly.

We perfectly assent to this; it is an anomaly, and not an example. But the Reviewer has another squadron of five examples all marshalled in order. He does not see that they can be of no possible service to him; being absolutely foreign to the question. The first may serve as a specimen of the whole—*eum recte primum esse iudicio suo, qui omnium caterorum iudicio sit secundus*. There is here no trace of the idea, 'he was the first that did any thing.' We therefore order them all out of the field, where they can stand only as a reproach to the wisdom of the general who brought them there. The same mistake of the question has brought forward '*dignissimus qui et patrem Corvinum habuisset*,' i. e. a man *most worthy to have had* Corvinus for his father; whereas, to serve the question, the idea ought to be, *the worthiest man that ever had* Corvinus for his father. The distinction is a very plain one; yet the Reviewer does not comprehend it. Such errors arise not from the want of Latin, but of something more important.

Ex abundanti, we shall just remark that if any farther confirmation of the genuine phrase (*primus*) is desired, it may be had in Pliny to a great extent. We turned to his history of the art of painting, and found it there, as we had anticipated, in almost every sentence. So Thucydides in the opening of his history has, *Μίνως γὰρ παλαιάτατος. . . . ναυτικὸν ἐκτίσας* properly translated by L. Valla, without fuit. Bayer ad loc. 'Latini simpliciter *primus fecit*, i. e. *primus fuit*, 'qui fecit:' namely, according to modern idiom.

We think also that the author of the Reply has shewn the barbarism of *eundem qui*, in such a passage; for his perceptions are of a discriminating sort: he never conceived that *idem* and *qui* could not stand together at all, but expressly said the contrary. According to his limitations we believe his criticism to be just; but not having examined it as accurately as we might, we are inclined to confide in his opinion, which we have found generally correct. The instances opposed to it all involve, '*absolute sameness*' as the chief idea; which he distinctly excluded from the beginning.

The Review made one remark upon the accuracy of the maps which accompany the edition of Strabo. 'The three false propositions and the misrepresentation' said by the Oxford Reply to be contained in that remark, we have diligently considered. One of the false propositions is indisputable; but the other two, respecting the coinage of Ægæ and Erythræ, we think ought to be called by some other name of less disgrace. It may not be false, but it is quite nugatory, to allege the unauthenticated evidence of *unpublish-*

ed coins, in *private* collections, when we are discussing the industry of an editor who must be tried only by what he could know. The misrepresentation is glaring, viz. that 'Histiaea is not in the map'.* Oreus is there, which in Strabo's time, and in Strabo's description, was the name of that place; and the maps are said to be adapted to Strabo. The 'artifice' or the simplicity (as we should rather call it) with which the Reviewer persists that there is no false proposition in what he said about Histiaea is amusing; for he insists upon it that 'Histiaea, the only name under which that place ever existed as a state or free city, is not in the map, and it is not.' Very true; and yet there is a glaring misrepresentation: because Oreus is there in the place of Histiaea. And the maps are formed, not according to any happy æras of political independence, but after the text of Strabo.

But with respect to Ægæ and Orobiaæ, the omission of which in the map of Eubœa, the Reviewer has censured on various grounds, because 'they are described as cities of consequence in the text of the author' and 'duly placed in D'Anville,' we must mention a small fact not unimportant, that neither the one nor the other of those two cities is so much as mentioned by Strabo in his regular survey of the island. We request that the expression *regular survey* may be marked. For *incidentally*, even in the prefatory matter which *immediately precedes* his formal description of it, Orobiaæ occurs, and elsewhere Orobiaæ and Ægæ, incidentally also; but observe, in what terms. p. 649. ὅς—κτίσται ΛΕΓΕΤΑΙ . . . καὶ Ὀροβίας, ἐν ᾧ μαντεῖον ἦν ἀψευδέστατον. In Bæot. p. 588. κατὰ δὲ τὴν παραλίαν ταύτην κῆσθαι φασὶν Αἰγὰς τὰς ἐν Εὐβοίᾳ—ἐν αἷς τὸ τοῦ Ποσειδῶνος ἱερὸν . . . κεῖται δ' ἐπὶ ὄρους ὑψηλοῦ τὸ ἱερὸν—HN ΔΕ ΠΟΤΕ καὶ πόλις, Ἐγγύς δὲ τῶν Αἰγῶν καὶ αἱ Ὀροβίαι. Eight MSS. ὀρύβαι.

From this sentence it is absolutely certain that in Strabo's time, Ægæ, instead of being 'a city of importance,' did not even exist; and almost certain that neither did Orobiaæ. The omission of both in his direct geographical survey completes the evidence. We are therefore strongly inclined to believe, that Mr. Falconer meant to shew his care and his adherence to his author, by omitting these places.

But all this time our readers may be wondering, why in the Review of an edition of such a writer as Strabo, they hear nothing of the immediate subject of his work. While the Reviewer detains us with grave and pleasant reflections upon the editor's unfortunate Latin, and with writing some of his own, still less lucky, the fact that Strabo is a geographer, seems to have escaped him.

* Reply, p. 93.

Besides a copious Geography, physical, and political, Strabo has enriched his work with much various information, in every page, highly interesting and valuable. With the description of cities and kingdoms, seas and mountains, he has combined the observations of a traveller, and the narrative of an historian: his views of men and things are commonly full of good sense; that highest species of good sense which is the offspring of speculation and experience enlightening each other; and it would not be easy to travel with him over the ancient world, without being greatly instructed by his company.

The Reviewer, whether from incapacity, forgetfulness, or design, has not examined the work in this point of view. His criticism is conducted on the same principle, as if it were a mere piece of Greek with a Latin translation. He condemns the edition because the text is not revised. A revisal of the text of Strabo would be an useful service, and it would be a difficult and laborious one; but it would be a service by no means to be compared, either in dignity, or utility, with that which Mr. Falconer has attempted, of illustrating the larger masses of information contained in that author, and assembling new lights from all points on his islands and mountains. For a view of Mr. Falconer's various and valuable merits, in the execution of his work, we refer to the first Reply, page 100, &c.

The single inaccuracy of putting Philip the *Second* for Philip the *Fourth*, is obtruded on the world as sufficient to condemn the editor's knowledge both in geography and history. The error is not uncommon with other writers—e. g. Montesquieu has it; but little loss of fame can attend it, where it comes in a store of better things, and is largely compensated by extensive and manly information. The Reviewer asserts that 'Philip the son of Demetrius is repeatedly called Philip the Second.' But this assertion, like many others from the same pen, has been disproved. 'He is so called only once,' if we may rely upon the assurance of a gentleman* who has exerted himself with becoming spirit to vindicate the memory of his relative and friend.

It is hardly necessary for us here to state the opinion we entertain of the criticisms discussed in this second part of the author's Reply. That opinion has already appeared. But although it may have been seen that he has established all his leading points, and repelled the objections of his opponent, that is only an imperfect view of what he has done. His Reply is regular, complete, and decisive; nothing is suppressed, nothing is avoided, or got rid of by expedient. We cannot record the same honesty and courage in the other writer:

* Mr. Falconer.

for there are numerous* charges against his learning, and one affecting his honour, which he has permitted to pass in silence. The author of the Reply has also written in a higher tone of reasoning, which commonly improves the truth he has to deliver. The opinions of the other, erroneous as they are in themselves, are betrayed by the very means he employs to support them. In quotation, in particular, he seems only to forge weapons for his own destruction.

Perhaps we ought to say something of the tone and manner which the Reviewer has adopted. It is the custom of this gentleman to dress up his criticisms with as much bitter pleasantry as his talent will allow. If nature have not blessed him with a very happy vein, we can easily forgive the defect, when we consider that his ingenious sallies will always be useful for one purpose—to point out his mistakes. The same delusion of thought which creates the mistake, seduces him into many a laboured turn of wit: not satisfied with being wrong, he must gild and varnish his errors. It is a rule therefore which we can safely give to the young reader (a rule taken by fair induction): Observe, that facetiousness with this critic is an alarming symptom. If he deviates into a sarcasm, you may suspect that there is something not quite right. If his genius works freely, and he becomes very witty, be sure of it.

After a very long disquisition upon the policy of adopting the Oxonian Latin, as it is called, into diplomatic use, we arrive at a brilliant thought respecting the convenience, (i. e. the folly) of an idiom, which expresses to *confine*, to *imprison*, and to *preserve* by the same word; for Mr. Falconer writes, '*obsides servatos*,' for *custoditos*. Now, not to mention that Livy employs *servare* and *adservare* *custodiis*, we beg leave to say, that there can be no great folly in expressing the two senses of *preservation* and *imprisonment* by the same word, since *safe keeping* is an idea common to both; and that in one language which is thought to have some sense in its composition, the verb *φυλάσσω* regularly performs the double office. But no one needs to be misled. The whole page has the proper mark of facetiousness upon it.†

III. *Classical education*.—It would not have been difficult for a writer engaged in vindicating the system of classical education to pour forth a rapid and glowing panegyric upon it. But the author of the Reply has done better, by leading us into a more sober course—giving a fair hearing to objections—distinguishing the different objects which may be proposed in the business of education—specifying the defects of mind generated by the narrow views and contracted habits of the professions—searching for a remedy for these defects—

* See Second Reply, page 95.

† Review xxix, page 439.

and,

and, lastly, bringing into view that general intellectual improvement which is among the principal blessings of our rational nature.

One of the objections to the study of classical learning, is made by a grave, calculating sort of wisdom, which asks, with a ledger always in view, 'What remuneration does a boy receive for the time and money expended in this pursuit?' This view of the question is treated as it deserves, and dismissed peremptorily† in few words. Another, a little purified from the gross selfishness of the former, is made on the ground of that plausible topic, *utility*, this being, it seems, 'the sole standard by which all systems of education must be tried.'

To answer this question the author of the Reply takes up the inquiry a little farther back than writers on this subject commonly go.

'It is an undisputed maxim in political economy, that the separation of the professions, and the division of labour, tend to the perfection of every art, to the wealth of nations, to the general well being of the community.' p. 107. . . 'The more the powers of each individual are concentrated in one employment, the greater skill and quickness will he display in performing it. But while he thus contributes most effectually to the accumulation of national wealth, he becomes himself more and more degraded as a rational being. In proportion as his sphere of action is narrowed, his mental powers and habits become contracted, and he resembles a subordinate part of some powerful machinery, useful in its place, but insignificant and worthless out of it.

'So sensible is the great and enlightened Adam Smith of the force of this objection, that he endeavours to meet it, by suggesting that the means of intellectual improvement multiply rapidly with the encreasing wealth of society; that the facility, therefore, of acquiring those means may encrease in the same ratio with the injurious tendency of that system we have just been considering.

'National wealth is the sole end of his enquiry; and no one can blame him for confining himself to that single consideration. But national wealth is not the ultimate scope of society. . . . And if it be necessary, as it is beyond all question necessary, that society should be split into divisions and subdivisions, in order that its several duties may be well performed, yet we must be careful not to yield ourselves up to the guidance of this system: we must observe what its evils are, and we should modify and restrain it, by bringing other principles into action, which may serve as a check and counterpoise to the main force.'

In this train of disquisition, which, with reference to the present question, we believe to be novel, and which is certainly just and philosophical, the author passes on to consider the cultivation of *literature*, and particularly of classical literature, as 'the common link which, in the higher and middle departments of life, unites the jarring sects and subdivisions in one interest, which supplies common

* Review, page 104.

topics, and kindles common feelings, unmixed with those narrow prejudices with which all professions are more or less infected.'

But the Reviewer still contends, that ' notwithstanding the advantage of classical learning, the ascendancy it has acquired in English education is preposterous, and the mode of teaching it in English schools, and (in one of the) universities, utterly absurd.'

It is not to be supposed that this critic, who treats the study of ancient literature as nothing more than learning Latin and Greek; who conceives that its poets, orators, historians, and moralists, are read only for the sake of anapaests and ' Eolic reduplications'; who balances one of his facts, that the imagination only is cultivated, by another, that young men are taught neither to reason nor to imagine, but to conjugate and decline; who thinks the attempt to encourage the poetic faculty, in some degree common to all, a horrible absurdity; who asserts, that at Oxford, a place which many other travellers may have visited as well as himself, all freedom of inquiry is discouraged; and who, according to his own ideas, would have young men taught ' Latin and Greek,' just enough for them not to understand it;—it is not to be supposed that such a writer is a very formidable adversary. Accordingly, these irregular fancies are treated as they deserve; and cleared away, for form's sake, merely to complete the argument. (p. 116, &c.) In this part of the Reply, however, it is to be regretted that the author should have stopped to bestow any of his learning upon the Reviewer's seeming intimacy with ' Sylburgius and Eolic reduplication.' It was paying too much respect to a blow made at a venture.

IV. V. The course of studies pursued at Oxford is given in a very clear detail. It comprehends more than we can extract, and hardly admits of being abridged. We may observe, however, that it includes an estimate of the two different plans of academical instruction, by lectures from a professor's chair, and by private lectures in a college. The author thinks ' the best method would be that which should unite both more completely than is the case with any modern university.' But ' if they are compared one against the other as means of instruction, the preference seems strongly due to that of college lectures.' His leading distinctions we believe to be perfectly correct—The Public lecture will always be more highly prepared, and give a stronger impulse to the ardent minds of a few—the Private will be adapted with more discrimination, and be more general and certain in its effects.

It is a vulgar mistake, found in the mouths of some who live at a certain distance from Oxford, and whose desire to improve it seems to grow with their distance from it and its affairs, that there is no public lecturing there. An Oxford professorship, they suppose, is the reward of approved merit, not a call to active service.

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service. To obviate such misapprehensions, we are informed in the Reply that 'lectures in a public way are read by the several professors in Natural Philosophy, Astronömy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, Anatomy, besides a course and sometimes two courses in Divinity. There is likewise a course in Modern History often read to a select class, in which the doctrines of Political Economy have by the present professor been much introduced and discussed.' p. 154. The entire plan of the studies is given unaffectedly, with a proper caution as to such plans in general, that when sketched upon paper 'they are often very fallacious.' It gives us more confidence in the author when we see him fully aware that 'nothing is more easy than to mislead the public by representations of this kind.'

But Utility is the incessant cry of some reasoners. To satisfy them, the author proceeds to observe that 'the arts and studies which relate to the improvement of manufactures, and to the raising and multiplying of the means of subsistence, terminate merely in the bodily enjoyments of man.' These arts, indeed, are highly necessary; but their results are not of the first order of good, nor are they the principal ends of human life. Neither necessity, nor conduciveness to the physical accommodation, or improvement of the machinery of life, can be taken as the measure of what is really excellent. It is in his intellectual, and especially in his moral and social nature, and in the studies which correct and advance it, that we must think of man as he deserves, and rate the value of his pursuits. Hence the author contends that there is 'a cultivation of mind which is in itself a good—of the highest order, without any immediate reference to bodily appetites or wants of any kind—and that it is idle to talk of studies being frivolous because they do not immediately tend to what is called *practical* good.'

We may add, that the appropriate subject of almost all that is commonly called classical learning is nothing else than man's moral nature—his passions, his plans of action—their springs and various movements—and whatever humanity or moral speculation is concerned with. All that deserves the name of wisdom, all the common sense of life in its most improved state, is drawn from this source. The fruit of other studies is only learning or science. Men may range over the whole compass of nature, and art; but their best researches will be those which are most intimately connected with some point of moral character in its diversified relations. Contracted and exclusive systems, indeed, must be wrong; but if any one part of learning were to be set high above the rest, we know of none which could fill the station of pre-eminence with less disadvantage than those studies which engage men in the contemplation of themselves, and their common nature; in the knowledge of which they must always have a greater interest than in any combination

bination of matter which the chemist can analyse, or the astronomer survey. At Oxford, however, there is nothing like an exclusive system. Classical literature is surrounded by the sciences; and, if they do not share equal favour with it, they are freely encouraged; none are excluded, none depressed.

The Reviewer indeed says, 'We do not enter into so silly a speculation as whether chemistry, political economy, or classical knowledge, are of the greatest importance—we say, all ought to be had in equal honour.' It would have been well if this lively Reviewer, in avoiding 'a silly speculation,' had kept clear of a silly dogmatism. Indiscriminate honour, we think, is a foolish thing. It is not for the sake of opposing this writer, (he must write much better before we can be very anxious to do this,) but merely with the desire of drawing attention to the question, that we venture to express a doubt, whether, in a seat of national education, it be desirable, on any account, that an equal regard should be paid to many different kinds of learning? whether the public mind, when dispersed over a very wide surface, may not lose more in the vigour of its studies, than it gains by the comprehensiveness of them? and whether the true cultivation of the mental powers is not more certainly and more highly advanced by a plan of liberal *selection*, than it would be by an Encyclopædia of the arts and sciences reduced into lectures?

Were it possible, therefore, to create an university at a stroke, and to mould its studies at pleasure, our notions would certainly lead us to provide for the reception and encouragement of every liberal or useful science, but to concentrate upon some selected divisions of learning (of course, the most important) the highest favour of the institution, and the principal efforts of the spirit and genius of the place. If our object were to correct any existing university, we should proceed in the same way. But here the question of practical fitness would take a new shape. Some concessions must be made to hereditary spirit, if that spirit be not wholly of an ungenerous kind; and the truest improvements, we think, would be those which should preserve as much as possible of the existing force and momentum of the institution, and draw from its present energies and attachments the support necessary for every change proposed.

Very remotely connected with this part of the subject are some free remarks of the critic upon the importance of chemistry and chemical discoveries. Of these he says very truly, that they have had a considerable effect upon the state of the world. Certainly there is nothing more curious than the history of the arts. The invention of Printing forms one great æra of it. There is a deep mistake, however, under which it is plain that the learned Reviewer

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labours with regard to this most useful invention, which, in proper hands, has rendered as much service to the world as all the acids and alkalies put together. He believes, as firmly as any article of his creed, that printing was designed for the easier circulation of low abuse, and to lend wings to defamation. But the tenet is an erroneous one, nor should we despair of his being brought to another mode of thinking, if he could be induced to try two acts of severe, but wholesome mortification; viz. to abstain from reviewing, during the season when the town is full; and to peruse at the same time certain discourses upon Truth, Modesty, and other important, but neglected matters, by a reverend editor of Sermons, pointed out to his consideration in the second Reply. In those discourses,

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hanc lenire dolorem

Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem:

Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te

Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

It is made a matter of blame, in the rejoinder of the Edinburgh journal, that the author of the Reply has written with 'heat and asperity.' To determine whether he has transgressed the bounds of just and indignant feeling, it is necessary to look at the first provocation. He remarks upon that point, that

'The animadversions on this university were (in one instance) wholly irrelevant to the subject of the work under review—The opportunity was apparently sought after, or rather created. The charges were expressed, not indeed with heat and asperity (for how could that find place when there was no provocation?), but with a cool, sneering, sarcastic countenance, infinitely more insulting than the language and tone of passion—They were directed, not against an individual, but a body of individuals which is seldom addressed without some epithet of respect—They were injurious to its reputation in the highest degree—Lastly, and above all, they were, I do not say exaggerated, and distorted, but directly and fundamentally false.

'Under such circumstances, is it to be expected that the injured party shall come forward with a humble remonstrance? that he shall condescend to exculpate himself, and prove his innocence to the satisfaction of his accuser, in order that he may, if it suit his good pleasure, let the world know that he had been *misinformed*? I confess the person who stoops to that method of clearing himself appears to me unworthy of enjoying the reputation which he would make such sacrifices to preserve.'

It is a bad symptom when a party is too patient under bold calumny before the world. Far from censuring some warmth of language in repelling an accusation, we should hardly believe a person had virtue enough to feel the infamy of the charge, or was in earnest about his character, who should preserve exactly the same courtesy and coolness in replying to his accuser, which we should require

require of him in discussing a point of abstract criticism, and setting up one opinion against another. It is something wholly different from the credit of an opinion that is at stake. The courtesy of amicable hostilities is at an end, when personal reputation is deeply wounded; and we must think of another criterion whereby to judge of the propriety of controversial language in such a case as this. Coarseness, illiberality, and vulgar insult, are in every case to be condemned. But these are offences for which our censure must fall, not upon the champion of the learned body, but upon his assailants.—No. XXXI, p. 177, &c.

One of these gentlemen, whose mind is most unhappily tainted with the love of low imagery, and flagrant personality, describes his own style by informing us that ‘he says what he has to say *after his own manner*—always confident that, whatever he may be, he shall be found out and classed as he deserves.’ We admit the test to be a sure one, and shall pass over the merits of his manner, ‘whatever they may be,’ leaving those to be pleased with it, who think an epithet of contempt, or a barn-door simile, to be the best kind of wit, and who can make reasonable allowances for the violation of all the decencies, and some of the moralities, of life: quando tanta fex est in urbe, ut nihil tam sit *ἀνύστροφον*, quod non alicui venustum videatur. Grant him his privilege, and tolerate one of the worst of styles—But when the same critic inveighs against ‘personality and impertinence,’ nay, even whispers something about ‘writing modestly and like a gentleman,’ we suspect that he has a very faint perception of the imprudence of printing invectives against himself, and of doing what is generally thought to be intolerable;

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?

The writings of his two associates in the common cause are not tarnished by equal rankness of insult. But it does them no small discredit to appear in the company of one who seems to reckon upon free licence and impunity in saying all that he pleases, ‘in his own manner.’ The reviewer of Strabo has, besides, much of this kind to answer for in his own pages. But it is time to take leave of all the three productions, and of the Author who has given them their proper reproof:

Horum naturam triplicem, tria corpora, Memmi,
Treis species tam dissimiles, tria talia texta,
Una dies dedit exitio.

ART. XIII. *A History of the Political Life of the Right Honourable William Pitt; including some Account of the Times in which he lived.* By John Gifford, Esq. In 3 vols. 4to. pp. 2150. London. Cadell and Davies. 1809.

'IF' (says a celebrated orator and statesman of antiquity) 'many eminent men have been careful to leave behind them likenesses of their persons, the copies of the mere exterior frame, much more should we be solicitous that the world may receive, from the hand of some consummate master, a finished representation of our wisdom and virtues.*' It becomes, perhaps, the noblest natures, to disdain the former of these two kinds of solicitude, and to be influenced only in a measured degree even by the latter; but the anxiety in both respects, which a great man will not indulge for himself, must be the more strongly felt in his behalf by his friends and admirers. Those who loved and respected Mr. Pitt, may gratify themselves with the reflection that the object of their attachment is already secure of all the immortality which the powers of sculpture or of painting can bestow. To several excellent resemblances of him, taken during his life, one has been added since his death, which leaves nothing farther to be desired in this department. The chisel of Lysippus did not produce a more faithful copy of the features of Alexander the Great, or a happier expression of the *visible soul*, with which those features were informed. It remains to be seen whether biography will be as just to this great subject as the imitative arts; and her first considerable attempt upon it is here submitted to the public decision.

The work professes to be 'a history of the *political life*' of Mr. Pitt. The distinction, implied in this title, between the departments of political and of private biography, will attract the earliest notice of most readers, and probably the censure of most critics. The world is apt to assume a jurisdiction over the proceedings of an author, even on the point in which his free agency might seem the least liable to question,—the choice of a subject. Admitting, in its utmost extent, the lawfulness of the jurisdiction so assumed, it does not appear to us that the sentence which we have in this instance anticipated, would be just. The province of political biography is defined by boundaries which, though they may seem con-

* 'An, cum statuas et imagines, non animorum simulacra, sed corporum, studiosè multi summi homines reliquerint; consiliorum relinquere ac virtutum nostrarum effigiem nonne multò malle debemus, summis ingeniis expressam et politam?' Cic. pro Arch. 12. The same illustration is employed in the well-known Letter to Luccius, Epist. Fam. lib. 5.

fused to the magnifying eye of a metaphysician, are, for every practical purpose, sufficiently clear and precise; and no man will deny that, even thus separately taken, it presents ample scope for exertion to the most capacious mind. He, therefore, who performs what Mr. Gifford has here undertaken, does well; and performing so much, is hardly treated if he be blamed for not having undertaken more.

If, indeed, we were to decide this point rather by our taste and feelings than by our notions of rigid justice, we know not that we should acquit our author so readily. The political history of a distinguished individual is then, we conceive, both most agreeable and most instructive, when it is blended with views of his private life and manners. By this union, not only are the profit and pleasure derivable from biography so much increased; but a new and independent spring of both is opened to us, in the contemplation of that sympathy and resemblance which generally subsists between the public and the private characters of men. 'It is impossible' (said an illustrious master of eloquence) 'that the unnatural father, the hater of his own blood, should be an able and faithful leader of his country; that the mind which is insensible to the intimate and touching influence of domestic affection, should be alive to the remoter impulse of patriotic feeling; that private depravity should consist with public virtue.*' The sentiment is here expressed with all that vehemence which might be expected in the angry eloquence of a political chief, conscious of the amiableness of his own domestic life, and inveighing against a rival too strong in most points to be spared where he was found weak. It has, however, a foundation of truth, and may suggest the advantages resulting from that blended species of biography, of which we have spoken. Even in the anomalous cases where no correspondence, or no close correspondence, can be traced between the more retired and the more conspicuous features of a character, a comparative exhibition of the two has its use, and will furnish the philosopher with many interesting themes of reflection. The chief use, however, of such an

* 'Ο γὰρ μισάνθρωπος, καὶ πατὴρ ποικίλος, οὐκ ἂν ποτὲ γένοιτο δημογὰρος χρηστὸς: οὐδὲ δὲ τὰ φίλτατα καὶ δικαιοτάτα σώματα μὴ στέργαν, οὐδέποτε ἑμᾶς περὶ πλείονος ποίεσται τοὺς ἀλλοτρίους: οὐδὲ γὰρ ὁ ἴδιος ποικίλος, οὐκ ἂν ποτὲ γένοιτο δημοσίᾳ χρηστὸς.'—*Æschin. contr. Ctes.* 29. The striking coincidence between this passage and some lines in Cowper's *Task*, will, we trust, sufficiently apologize for our introduction of the latter in this place, if indeed an apology can ever be necessary for introducing good poetry.

'For when was public virtue to be found,
Where private was not? Can he love the whole,
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be belov'd?'—*TASK, B. 5.*

exhibition, resides in the rule, not in the exception, and belongs, not to the speculative few, but to the active many. By associating, in the view of mankind, whatever is amiable and, as it were, *feminine* in the human character, with whatever in it is commanding and Herculean, it takes advantage of our veneration for the latter class of qualities to betray us into a respect for the former. It gives dignity to the humbler virtues and domestic charities in the eyes both of public and of private men, both of those who aspire to become great and of those who are content to remain little; and thus universally secures the vital interests of society.

In making these remarks, it must be repeated that we are merely expressing a feeling, not urging a claim. By confining himself to a particular compartment of a subject, instead of attempting to compass the whole of it, an author incurs no reprehension, provided only that he duly forewarns the reader of his purpose; this being done, the demands of critical justice are satisfied. It may, perhaps, however, with more reason be objected to the plan on which the work before us is framed, that, even tried on the ground of its own professed objects, it is somewhat too narrow and exclusive. There are events which, though, strictly speaking, they fall altogether within the private life of the statesman, yet so far *savour of publicity*, that political biography, under a liberal construction of that term, cannot with any propriety leave them unnoticed. They constitute, if we may so describe them, the *unilluminated* portion of the planet's disk, which is imperceptible indeed to sense, but which yet we expect to see supplied in the planisphere of the philosopher. In the present history of Mr. Pitt, an account of this mixed class of events will be sought in vain; plainly, by a defect, not in the execution of the design, which, thus far at least, has been but too faithful, but in the design itself.

When Xenophon embodied in a narrative form his idea of a perfect prince, he thought fit minutely to describe the institution and discipline under which the perfection that he was representing, might reasonably be judged to have been attained; and so important did this part of his undertaking appear to him, that he deduced from it the title of the whole work. But Mr. Gifford has been content with devoting to the education of Mr. Pitt only a single page out of three vast quartos. His conciseness, or, as it is in effect, his utter silence on this subject, is the principal of those faults of omission to which we have just been alluding. It is surely not less consonant to the laws of nature and reason, than to those of Homeric poetry, that *the arming of the hero for battle* should enter into the description of the battle itself. A full inspection of the means by which characters of uncommon eminence have been formed, not only is in itself highly useful, but appears to be, in

every case, the most natural preliminary to the contemplation of the characters themselves. And, if the utility of such a study, and its pertinency in a work like the present, be allowed, its great attractiveness may fairly be urged as a strong additional reason why it should not be overlooked by a biographer who writes for popular use. In truth, it is most powerfully calculated to excite attention and sympathy. We love to dwell on every circumstance of splendid preparation which contributes to fit the great man for the scene of his glory. We delight to watch, fold by fold, the bracing on of his Vulcanian panoply, and observe with pleased anxiety the leading forth of that chariot which, borne on irresistible wheels, and drawn by steeds of immortal race, is to crush the necks of the mighty, and sweep away the serried strength of armies.

There are likewise certain other topics, on which this writer has maintained what seems to us a mistaken silence. He has afforded few or no means of judging, what were Mr. Pitt's peculiar habits of business, or study, or studious contemplation; what methods he pursued in the selection of proper auxiliaries to assist his public purposes, and in the management of men in general; what, in short, was his practical skill in that branch of civil knowledge, which Lord Bacon calls *negotiation*, or the *wisdom of business*, and of which that high authority observes, that, 'as history of times is the best ground for discourse of government, such as Machiavel handleth, so *history of lives is the most proper for discourse of business*, because it is more conversant in private actions.'* The observation is, indeed, couched in general terms, and perhaps cannot be quoted against Mr. Gifford, who professes to write, not the history of a life, but the history only of a *political* life. Yet when it is considered that a proficiency in the species of wisdom referred to, is exclusively a *public* qualification, and that too a qualification of first-rate importance, it may surely be conjectured that Lord Bacon would have hesitated to allow the completeness of any portrait of a public character, which should have omitted, or even thrown into the shade, so capital a feature.

Thus much we have offered on the general object and conception of this publication; but it is time to notice the manner in which the plan is executed. The author does not profess, we should observe, excepting perhaps in a very few instances, to have derived his intelligence from secret or peculiar sources. His materials, in fact, seem to have been mostly collected, on the one hand, from the Annual and Parliamentary Registers, or other periodical records, and, on the other, from those personal recollections of which any man, who has been as attentive to the course of passing

* Advancement of Learning, Book II.

events as Mr. Gifford, must, undoubtedly, possess no scanty store. With the memoirs of Mr. Pitt is interlaced, as might be supposed, the contemporaneous history of Europe. The account of the French Revolution is particularly copious; nor can we wonder at this circumstance, on reflecting that Mr. Gifford has collected an immense mass of documents with the purpose of composing 'a full and complete history' of that event; a purpose which, in a tone somewhat more lofty than the occasion required, he announces himself to have formed in order '*that posterity may not be deprived of the awful and most instructive lesson*' supplied by the spectacle. Of the present work we may add, that it has evidently been compiled with much industry, and with a laudable anxiety for truth, and constitutes, on the whole, a valuable magazine of information. The yet higher praise may be accorded to the writer, that he uniformly upholds the authority of morals, and that the homage which he pays to 'the faith of his fathers,' does not consist in the dubious compliment of a decent acquiescence, or the suspicious one of a sly reserve, but is the manifestly sincere expression of a genuine feeling.

The whole narrative is liberally interspersed with reports of parliamentary speeches, and those, for the most part, the speeches delivered by Mr. Pitt. In making these copious citations, the object of our author was not, we presume, either to illustrate the nature of Mr. Pitt's measures by exhibiting them under the torture of parliamentary discussion, or to make us acquainted with the views and sentiments professed by the political parties that may have, at any given time, divided our senate. If they were intended to fulfil either of these ends, they were improperly intended. It is, indeed, the right of the historian to accompany his naked account of measures with a running commentary on their merits; but, to exercise this right usefully for the reader, he should surely paint those measures as they appear to the revising eye of sober reason, and disenchant of all the false colours in which favour or prejudice may have arrayed them at the moment of their adoption. It is, farther, not only the right but the duty of the historian,—of him at least who writes the history of a free country,—to include within the range of his narrative the proceedings of the principal parties in the state; but, in this as in every other department, his narrative should consist, of the *expressed spirit* of original documents, not of a chaotic mass of the crude materials themselves. Otherwise, he has thrown off his historic robe, and degraded himself into a mere compiler. Not but that occasions may arise, in which it shall be material to record the very words of the original authority. This, for example, may sometimes be the case with respect to an important state-manifesto. In reporting, however, the less formal declarations uttered by speak-

ers in parliament, the historian could seldom find such curious accuracy requisite, even if it were attainable; and the instances in which it may be expedient for him to attempt some approximation to it are so rare that, in the formation of any general rule on the subject, they may be wholly disregarded.

The only allegation on which Mr. Gifford's system in this instance could be at all justified, is, that he intended to afford us an exact notion of Mr. Pitt as a speaker; a purpose, which could be but inadequately answered by mere morsels of speeches or abridgements, and not very fully effected, unless, in contrast with the eloquence of Mr. Pitt, we were furnished with some general view, at least, of the oratorical force to which Mr. Pitt was ordinarily opposed. Whether or not this amounts to a full justification of our biographer, might perhaps be variously decided. For ourselves, we acknowledge that our ideas on the point in question have undergone some change. It did at first appear to us that the design of exemplifying Mr. Pitt's eloquence might be accomplished with infinitely less expense of space than Mr. Gifford has allotted to the details of parliamentary debates, and that the author had most unnecessarily encroached on the province of Messrs. Woodfall and Debrett. Reflection, however, has greatly modified this opinion; and we now feel satisfied that the reader, who takes up the reported speeches of one of our modern parliamentary combatants with a view of justly appreciating his merits, should pay a continued attention to a pretty long succession of them in order.

This altered sentiment is built on the observation of a single fact, the existence of which will probably not be disputed. In the British senate, while the influence of individual speeches is evidently trifling in the extreme, the influence of the entire eloquence of a leading speaker is as evidently very considerable. The very nature, therefore, of parliamentary oratory seems to be, that it is a slow fire, not a thunderbolt. It operates its designed effect gradually, and almost unperceived; and the inference is, that he who would fairly estimate this effect, should fully subject himself to the process of the operation.

If the curious circumstance just mentioned could be attributed to the caprice or unskilfulness of our speakers, those persons might be less entitled to demand, from a reader of their reported oratory, the indulgence which is here claimed in their favour. The circumstance has arisen, however, from causes very little within their controul.—‘The eloquence of orators (as the most competent of all authorities on this subject teaches us,) has always been governed by the taste of their hearers. He who is desirous of being heard with approbation, naturally consults the dispositions of those whom he has to address, and in all respects conforms himself to their will and pleasure.’

sure.* The characteristic peculiarities of parliamentary eloquence, it may safely be affirmed, are merely the reflection of certain characteristic peculiarities attaching to the feelings and habits of a parliamentary audience. If that eloquence does not aim at producing a sudden impression, it is because the audience are not apt to be suddenly impressed.

That this want of pliability should prevail in the deliberative assemblies of a free nation, particularly that it should prevail in a numerous popular body like the House of Commons, seems extremely strange; and, as a short analysis of the manner in which this extraordinary quality has been produced and confirmed, may prove not uninteresting, so, in pages dedicated to the contemplation of him whose voice, perhaps above all others, moved and commanded the popular body in question, it can hardly be thought irrelevant.

The phenomenon in question may, we presume, principally be accounted for from the admitted coldness of modern, and especially of British temperaments. In active philanthropy, in genuine warmth and heartiness of nature, even in delicacy and tenderness of sentiment, it is perhaps our privilege to surpass all other nations, modern or ancient; but we seem greatly deficient in mere vivacity of passion and ductility of feeling. To whatever causes, physical or moral, this national sluggishness is owing, we may for obvious reasons expect that, while all partake of it, yet its greater proportion will be found in an assembly composed of educated and reflecting persons, than in an illiterate crowd. It is over the elevated regions of society that this frost of the mind will exert its strongest and most stubborn influence. A parliamentary audience, therefore, is a creature of reason rather than of susceptibility, and to be conquered by the weapons rather of argumentative, than of impassioned speaking. Nothing can be more obvious, however, than that such a conquest must generally be gradual. Where the address is made immediately to the heart, if that be gained, all is gained; but mere argument is not always irresistible where it is found unanswerable, and can hope to triumph over party-attachments and rooted prejudices only by dint of perseverance and reiteration. To the light of reason may be applied what philosophers sometimes say of physical light, that it can be propagated only in time.

It is not, however, meant to be insinuated that the warmer style of speaking is literally altogether discarded from the precincts of the British senate. Amidst the more massive implements of our oratorical armoury, the enchanted spear is not without its place;

* Semper oratorum eloquentiæ moderatrix fuit auditorum prudentia. Omnes enim, qui probari volunt, voluntatem eorum, qui audiunt, intuentur, ad eamque et ad eorum arbitrium et nutum totos se fungunt et accommodant.—Cic. Orat. § 8.

but, like that in Ariosto, it only fells the enemy to the ground, and leaves him to start up again unwounded. The effect of a fine sentiment finely delivered in one of the houses of parliament, may be instantly traced in the looks, the silence, or the acclamations of the members;—it may be traced every where, but in the final numeration of the ayes and noes. Like the ancient Germans, who, with the rudiments of the constitution of our parliament, perhaps transmitted to us the spirit of this parliamentary practice, we always contrive to recover from our intoxication before the matter comes to the vote. But even here, though no practical consequence is instantaneously produced, it is yet possible that a seed may be sown which will not perish. The impression, though transient, probably leaves us somewhat more apt for impression in future by the same hand. A lodgement is made in our hearts, and, if it be duly followed up, though we cannot be stormed, we may at length find it convenient to capitulate.

When men have acquired the habit of admiring eloquence without any notion of yielding it an immediate obedience, they soon learn the farther art of admiring it without any notion of obeying it at all. If parliamentary speaking is addressed less to the passions than to the reason, it is perhaps addressed less to either than, if we may venture on the expression, to the mere *critical faculty*. It is a spectacle at which we gaze, rather than an experiment of which we are the subjects. We become merely the umpires, instead of being the prizes, of the combat. Still an effect is produced, though of a sort very different from that at which eloquence ordinarily aims. It is not that we are persuaded. It is not that we are convinced. It is that we are *propitiated*. However profound our personal indifference with regard to the contest of oratory, we yet feel a growing respect towards him who often wins the prize, and this respect so far tends to conciliate us to his party. In fact, the reputation of frequent success in debate constitutes by no means the meanest among the elements of that attractive matter, with which it is the great ambition of a parliamentary leader to be invested.

The process of things which has been described, is probably facilitated by the circumstance, that a great proportion of the individuals constituting our legislature are bound by political connections which it is considered as a point of honour not, on light grounds, to dissolve. The legislative assemblies of the ancients, though continually the tools of some party or other, appear never to have been themselves actuated, properly speaking, by party-attachments; and indeed, from the members of a vast and promiscuous multitude, it would be absurd to expect that steady and *principled* species of co-operation which our modern idea of a party-attachment implies.

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The persons, therefore, that composed those assemblies, veered about, if we may so express it, with every wind of eloquence; though seldom open to conviction, they were ever open to impression; and the impression of the moment they obeyed without reserve. Such can never be, to any great extent, the case in our houses of parliament, where the system of moving in concert is, not indeed universally, yet pretty generally, established. He who has once openly chosen his side, feels that it would be a painful, and fears that it might be a discreditable step, to recal an avowed preference. He consequently steels himself against all persuasion coming from a hostile quarter. If persuaded in a single instance, he sacrifices that single instance to the maintenance of those general principles on which his preference was founded. If persuaded in a succession of instances, he yet postpones acting on that repeatedly-renewed persuasion, till some favourable opportunity shall occur, or till he can find comrades to accompany and to counterbalance him in his defection. Thus he remains long immoveable,

‘And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.’

Could we now conceive a Caius Gracchus or a Cicero to be suddenly transported from the Campus Martius into such an assembly as we have been delineating, and to be called on for an oration, it is plain that much of the fire of the orator's eloquence, finding no medium of sympathy to conduct it to the hearts of his hearers, would be wasted in air. But, if we suppose this orator frequently to repeat the experiment, it is equally plain that he would at length discover the nature of the new subject on which he had to act, and would strive to adapt his mode of procedure to its peculiar properties. The reaction of the feelings of his audience would compel him to adopt an altered manner, in which, with less of heat and pathos, probably more of scientific reasoning and dialectic dexterity would be discernible. What he still chose to introduce of a highly declamatory kind, if equally splendid, would yet be less warm and touching; for the vivific fire of passion would be substituted the innocuous lightnings of fancy. The skill too, which before had been chiefly directed to the arrangement and composition of each speech separately considered, would now be gradually enlarged into that comprehensive system of contrivance, by which every oratorical effort should only make one of a series of movements, and the ground taken on each occasion, be considered as a matter of at least equal importance with the management of the individual debate. Thus would grow up that species of manœuvring and generalship which constitutes the tactics of a parliamentary campaign, and the art of eloquence, by a change similar to

that which has befallen the art of war, would, from an affair of *battles*, become an affair of *posts*.

By these remarks, it is not intended to be denied that a speaker may make too great a sacrifice to the humours of his audience. He should reflect that, if he owes much to his audience, he owes something also to his art; and his aims, therefore, should be directed to a point somewhere between ideal excellence and prescribed imperfection. A man of genius, indeed, who has once established his influence over an assembly, may even hope, by judicious management, to improve their standard of judgment, and gradually to correct those prejudices, which he feels it needful, in some measure, to indulge. Thus, like the stream which in a course of years alters its channel, he may insensibly shift the banks within which he must always be confined. Our own orators have not, by any means, we conceive, made sufficient exertions, in this manner to elevate the tone of British eloquence. Yet it must be recollected, that their exertions could not, at the best, but have been limited, and that their faults, however great, are in a far higher degree chargeable on us than on themselves. On the whole, then, it seems no unreasonable requisition in their behalf, that their oratory should be *read* with a due reference to the circumstances under which it was originally meant to be *heard*. The reader would, indeed, do well to qualify himself fully for the perusal of it, by completely assuming, for the time, the taste and feelings habitual to a parliamentary auditory. This, however, is more than can be exacted from him. All that we can do, is to present to him the speeches, as they were designed to produce their effect, *in the mass*, and to leave him to peruse them with any prepossessions which he may think proper to indulge, and in any manner that may suit his inclination.

We have hitherto fixed our eyes solely on the bright points of the work before us, and have been engaged only in the business of commendation or of defence. There remains to be performed that, which is to most critics, whatever they may pretend, the more agreeable task—the task of finding fault. And first, notwithstanding the pains which we have taken to shew that a work like this must of necessity contain very ample extracts of parliamentary debates, it must after all be owned that the limits of that necessity seem, in this instance, to have been overstepped. The object is, to furnish the reader with a sample of the eloquence of a particular individual; and it would seem rather extravagant to affirm that such a sample, to be fair, must be nothing less than a full collection of his speeches. The records of two or three sessions of parliament, at the most, might be expected to afford a sufficient specimen;

specimen;—a limb, from which the style and dimensions of the perfect figure might be rightly guessed—an arc, from which the nature and extent of the whole orbit might be justly computed—a division, from which the spirit and character of the entire melody might be exactly understood. At all events, it was not incumbent on this author to swell out and encumber a narrative intended for popular use, with long speeches of mere fiscal or financial statement. The speeches of this class which he reports, are indeed, for the most part, admirable in their kind, but they can interest few, and those few might be content to seek for them elsewhere. Even of these, however, the introduction has its excuse, since they were *divinitus editæ*, pronounced by Mr. Pitt. It would be less easy for Mr. Gifford to vindicate his insertion of certain other orations, in no respect particularly calculated to elucidate the subject-matter of his composition, uttered by persons of no political note, and some of them in the Upper House. If the end proposed by the citation of so much fugitive eloquence was to furnish authentic memorials of the course of party-warfare, we have only to repeat the observation which we have already made, that a *coup d'œil* judiciously taken by the biographer himself might have far better served his purpose.

This last criticism gives us an occasion to remark that our author almost always deals rather too largely in the mere detail of politics, or in the discussion of particular points as they arise, and rather too little in comprehensive and commanding views either of men or of things. There is, on the whole, a fulness in the one respect, a poverty in the other. The validity of this observation could scarcely be made to appear, excepting by so copious an induction of instances, as would weary the generality of readers; but we will submit what, if not a proof, is at least a specification of the charge. In the last chapter of the work, where an account is given of the judicial proceedings respecting Lord Melville, it is observed that the vote of the House of Commons against that statesman passed without his being heard in his own defence, and for *upwards of nine pages* together, does the author comment on the impropriety of such a proceeding. Soon afterwards, the death of Mr. Pitt is related; and the space allotted on the occasion to the entire summation of his character, both as an orator and as a statesman, amounts but to *four pages and a half*. This preference of minute to *telescopic* speculation may possibly be the result of that practice of periodical writing, in which Mr. Gifford is known to have now passed many years, and of which it is the obvious tendency to train men rather into acute polemics than into profound philosophers.

To the same source, it is conceived, may be traced most of the offences

offences which this author has committed in point of style. They are the faults of one, habituated to compose against time. Whether, indeed, Mr. Gifford would, under any circumstances, have proved an elegant writer, may be questioned; but, as he always has abundance of flow, so also, when he is not careless, he has an ample share both of force and of clearness. The misfortune, however, is, that he is frequently careless. His meaning is sometimes overlaid with words, sometimes sacrificed to sound, and, in many instances, greatly perplexed by the embarrassed construction of his sentences.

In order to fill up and round, at any rate, his periods, he often has recourse to tautology, more or less disguised. Sometimes, indeed, it is palpable; as in the expressions, '*a strong, vigorous, and ambitious mind*,' or '*that able, wary and cautious statesman*.' In common, however, it lurks somewhat below the surface; as when we hear of '*the exercise of a sound discretion, operating on an acute and penetrating judgment*,' or are informed that '*as great a clamour was raised against the proposed basis of a commercial intercourse, as if it tended to undermine the constitution of Ireland, to sap the liberties of her people, to subvert their independence, and to impose the yoke of slavery on the land*.'

Respecting certain regulations adopted by the National Assembly of France, Mr. Gifford remarks that, '*unfortunately, they were not the legitimate progeny of reason, but the spurious offspring of passion*.' Here it is plain that, in his eagerness to sharpen the antithesis, he has almost entirely destroyed its edge. Spuriousness may fairly be opposed to legitimacy, and the offspring of passion to the progeny of reason; but the contrast is manifestly impaired and reduced, not marked and heightened, when it is instituted between the *legitimate* progeny of reason and the *spurious* offspring of passion. What is meant, indeed, by calling the regulations in question the *spurious* offspring of passion, we profess ourselves not exactly to understand; unless the sense be, that they were its *natural* effects.

A similar instance of false contrast occurs, where it is said of Mr. Addington, that '*the possession of power seems to have produced a revolution in his mind; to have converted diffidence into confidence, and conscious inferiority into asserted superiority*.' The consciousness of inferiority in the mind of Mr. Addington may have been extinguished or overborne by the *false opinion* of superiority; but between the consciousness of the one and the mere *assertion* of the other, there evidently is no incompatibility; and it may be added, that the assertion of either the one or the other must necessarily have been only an external act, and could have formed no part of the *revolution produced in the mind*.

When

When we find it written in Mr. Gifford's pages that the States-General 'was to furnish six ships of the line,' we set down this mistake, without any hesitation, to the account of the press. A like indulgence can scarcely, we fear, be extended to our author in the case of the subjoined sentence; which, in truth, to the fault of bad grammar, adds almost every other of which written composition is capable.

'Their most powerful auxiliaries was a Popish banditti, called the *Defenders*, who had been systematically organised in rebellion, and had committed nocturnal robbery and assassination on the Protestants, some years previous to the institution of the Catholic committee, and of the society of United Irishmen, and who coalesced with, and became subservient to them.' Vol. I. p. 417.*

A few flaws of another nature disfigure this work, and such as, if they be not imputed to extreme haste of composition, must cast some suspicion on the acquirements of Mr. Gifford in classical literature. A striking passage in the celebrated philippic pronounced by Mr. Pitt against the French Convention, at the opening of the last war, is given in this manner:—'Thus would they deprive us of the last resources of humanity, to mourn over the misfortunes and sufferings of the victims of their injustice.—If such were the case, it might be asked in the emphatic words of the Roman writer, *Quis gemitus populo Romano liber erit?* The inaccuracy here, both in the *transcription* and in the *ascription* of the Latin quotation, would hardly be excusable in a reporter, who was labouring to make up his quota of letter-press, after a sleepless and starving night of agonised attention in the gallery of the House of Commons.

In allusion to a passage cited with much approbation by Mr. Fox, '*Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero*,' or (as it is printed in this book†) *antifero*, our historian states that Mr. Fox did not hesitate 'to avow his preference for a peace the most *iniquitous* over a war the most just;' a mistranslation the more reprehensible, as it does no slight injustice to Mr. Fox, who, could he possibly have entertained a preference so monstrous, would, beyond all question, have greatly hesitated to avow it. The English reader may be glad to hear, in the idiom of his own language, the sentiment as it really was professed by Mr. Fox. It is simply, 'I should prefer the *hardest* terms of peace to the most just war.'

Were we now required to open another head of charge against Mr. Gifford, we should be apt to object to his volumes, that they are not free from a certain unhappy tincture of prejudice. The author manifestly belongs to that order of persons who are apt, in the

* Our references are to the large quarto edition. † Vol. II. chap. 25.

vulgar phrase, to *take strong dislikes*, and the dislikes which he has conceived, he cannot contrive, or will not take the pains, to conceal. In some few instances, indeed, they seem to have had the effect of impairing, if not the correctness, yet the completeness of his narrative. Thus, while all the errors into which the unfortunate Neckar was betrayed by the difficult and hazardous situations through which he latterly passed, are circumstantially exhibited in black array, we hear nothing of some better acts which he performed; as, for example, of his humane though ineffectual attempt, on his second return to Paris, to protect the life of M. Bezenval from the rage of the populace, or of his manly opposition to the famous decree against hereditary nobility. It is, however, very rarely, as far as we have observed, that Mr. Gifford thus offends. His prejudices ordinarily discover themselves, not in the suppression or misrepresentation of facts, but in the comments which they draw from him, and still more, in the language in which they are related. The revolutionists of France, and the oppositionists of England, find no rest in his pages, which every where resound with the 'dismal hiss' of sneer, sarcasm, insinuation, and all the 'arrowy shower' of contempt and hatred. In the prosecution of this wordy contest, the author is not without certain invisible allies in the persons of the familiars of the press, who vigorously second his efforts with the potent machinery of notes of admiration multiplied two or three fold, and capital letters and italics without end.

The reader may wish for some specimens of the characteristic bitterness of Mr. Gifford's manner. The following appears no unfair one. It is well known that, on the memorable fifth of October, 1789, La Fayette pledged himself to his royal master that the safety of His Majesty would remain undisturbed during the ensuing night. The remarkable failure of this prediction, not to say, of this promise, has subjected the character of La Fayette to various imputations; nor, perhaps, can his fidelity on the occasion be easily vindicated, excepting at the expense of his sagacity. This dilemma Mr. Gifford submits to the reader in an interrogatory equally blunt and concise; 'Was the Marquis a *fool* or a *traitor*?'

It is, however, less against the La Fayettes and the Neckars, or against 'the *sage* Roland,' (as he is ironically styled,) and 'Brissot, the factious hypocrite, the perjured rebel, Brissot,' than against the present tyrant of France, that the exercise of our historian's objuratory talents is directed. 'The Corsican' is never spared; and with this, which is the ordinary appellation of the personage in question, some one or other emphatic epithet is generally coupled. Thus we have 'the *wily* Corsican,' 'the *guilty* Corsican,' 'the *unfeeling* Corsican,' 'the *Corsican upstart*,' 'the *irritable* and *per-*

verse

verse Corsican,' and, to crown all, 'the *little* Corsican,' a phrase in which it may be surmised that the diminutive form is by no means adopted for the purpose of expressing endearment. Lest the recurrence of these very similar denominations should prove fatiguing, they are interspersed with others somewhat different, though evidently fetched from the same foundery; such as 'the wretch,' 'the ruffian,' 'the culprit,' 'the hypocrite,' 'this impious hypocrite,' 'this vain man,' 'this foul regicide.'—The actions of this polyonymous character are related in a style equally removed from all affectation of ceremony. The address which, on his departure from Egypt, he left for circulation among the French army, is roundly stated to have 'contained as many lies as lines;' and, with reference to a correspondence which he held with the Northern Powers after his exaltation to the sovereignty of France, it is asserted that 'fraud, duplicity, and falsehood, marked every communication which issued from the black Cabinet of Saint Cloud.' In this last instance, indeed, the reader may forgive the indignation manifested by the historian, when he learns that the correspondence in question related to that damning act—the murder of the gallant D'Enghien. His sympathies will, perhaps, be less called forth by the following sketch which we take from Mr. Gifford's account of the dissolution, by Buonaparte, of the Council of Five Hundred, but which, as it appears to us, might, with the addition of some slight garniture, pass rather for a *morçeau* out of the productions of Scarron, than for a portion of a grave historical narrative.

'In the temper of the Council at this moment, it was easy to foresee what the reception of the Corsican would be. An universal uproar immediately ensued, and exclamations were heard on all sides, of "Who is that? who is that? Sabres here! Down with the Dictator!" These indications of discontent were not, as usual, confined to words, for a great portion of the members instantly rushed from their seats, seized the little Corsican by the collar, shook him, and dragged him towards the door. The moment was critical; the culprit's courage forsook him; he trembled for his fate; and a dagger, aimed at his breast, (although, unfortunately for the repose of Europe, it missed its aim,) completed his consternation. The blow might, probably, have been repeated, had not Lefebvre, most opportunely, rushed into the hall, and rescued the culprit from the rage of the Council. Many of the Members severely reproved the officers and soldiers who thus dared to interrupt their deliberations, and violate the sacred seat of legislative wisdom. After much noise and altercation, the President, who had viewed this scene with great anxiety and alarm, succeeded, at length, in obtaining a hearing,—when he admitted, that "the commotion which had taken place was natural, and that the feelings of the Council, on what had just passed were in unison with his own. But, after all, it was equally natural to suppose that the General, in the step he had taken, had no other object in view than to give an account of the state of affairs, or to communicate

communicate something or other interesting to the public; at any rate he did not think that any member of that assembly should harbour any injurious suspicions." This ridiculous observation called forth various remarks from the indignant members of the Council: one said, "Buonaparté has this day sullied his glory;"—a second exclaimed, "Buonaparté has conducted himself like a King;"—and a third demanded that "Buonaparté be called to the bar to answer for his conduct." Lucien, now sinking the President in the brother, quitted the chair.' v. iii. p. 536.

In a similar, though a more temperate tone, does Mr. Gifford generally deliver himself respecting most of those public characters in this country, who were politically opposed to Mr. Pitt; but we do not feel it necessary to cite examples. Were we desired to state, on the whole, our sentiments with regard to this passionate style, we certainly should hesitate to couch them in some very free expressions applied, on a particular occasion, by Mr. Gifford himself to the National Assembly of France, and which a member of that unaffectedly blunt body of men might have been apt to retort. 'The mortified Commons' (says our author) '*vented their spleen in puerile invectives and bombastic declamation, which would have disgraced a spoiled child.*'

In vindication of himself, the author might perhaps be disposed to urge, that he is a plain man, who ever loves to tell a plain tale, who describes men and things as they appear to him, and who, above all, in recounting flagitious actions, feels himself utterly unable

' ——— to mince the sin,
And mollify damnation with a phrase.'

Our answer is, that it is one thing to describe with plainness, another to describe with passion. If, indeed, the adoption of an abusive manner of writing were in any case excusable, it might be so in an account of the French Revolution; a subject of such a nature, that it may almost be thought to justify, as it might surely exhaust, whatever in style is either lofty or low. The utmost rage and coarseness of invective, no less than the most exalted powers of genius, may seem to find a place in the description of enormities, which, while with their portentous height they appeared to threaten heaven itself, had yet their root in villany of the most base and vulgar order;

' ——— quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara ———.'

That moderation and decorum, however, of expression, which may not be due to his subject, the historian owes to himself and to his readers. History, which exercises a judicial inquest over human actions, can hope to conciliate the respect and confidence of mankind only by the unimpeachable gravity and evident deliberateness of its

its proceedings, nor is its character more compromised by the appearance of partiality itself, than by that of resentfulness and intemperance. Even in the most merited denunciations of guilty deeds, if a vindictive tone be detected, the impartial hearer is shocked. He is apt to demand that the sternness of justice may be softened by a mixture of human feelings, and to recoil from the man who can lay bare with an untrembling hand the depravity and shame of our common nature.

We have been hitherto detained by our attention to the composition of this history. Our narrowing limits warn us that we should now apply ourselves to its subject-matter, and the reader probably will not be sorry that we obey the signal. All, indeed, that we yet owe the author, is to introduce from his work some pretty full extracts, as specimens of his general manner; a debt which, in the sequel, ample opportunities will occur of discharging.

Such a narrative as this, however written, provided only it were full and faithful, no man could possibly peruse without much and various emotion, unless he had quietly slept through the tempest of the last twenty years. We were particularly curious to observe, in what respects the impression made by a calm revision of the occurrences of that busy period, would differ from those feelings, which they traced, in passing, so deeply on the mind. It is interesting to contemplate the altered aspect which a series of events familiar to us assumes, when it is removed, as it were, into the *recess* of history, and, being set free from those *cross lights* thrown over it by hope and fear, is subjected only to the steady illumination of experience. On the present occasion, however, we have, in the result, been struck with observing rather less of apparent variation than we had been instinctively led to anticipate. Of the transactions which characterized the memorable interval under review, some, indeed, that once attracted notice, now seem faded, and others come out in bold relief that once were scarcely distinguishable; but the collective effect is surprisingly the same. A similar remark we would apply to the more eminent men engaged in those transactions, and, among others, to Mr. Pitt. To the public conduct, generally considered, of this statesman, we throughout yielded an approbation, which it might seem presumptuous to call impartial, but which we can at least assert to have been disinterested. On the deliberate retrospect of his measures which has now been afforded us, our good opinion of them, though from some few it has been withdrawn, and, as to others, has somewhat shifted its grounds, continues in the main unchanged, if indeed it has not been rather increased.

Should we endeavour to give a regular and detailed account of a public life so crowded with incidents as that of Mr. Pitt, the attempt,

tempt would either terminate in a mere naked table of references, or would draw us beyond our utmost allowance of space. It is not, therefore, our design minutely to track Mr. Gifford along the route through which his undertaking has led him. We shall be content with conducting the reader to a few of the points which this extensive range comprises; choosing either such as may furnish the most commanding prospects, or such as may have acquired importance by being made conspicuous ground of controversy. It is evident, however, that these two rules of selection will generally direct us to the same spot.

On both principles it seems proper to notice the early exertions of Mr. Pitt in favour of parliamentary reform; and the order of time naturally suggests to us this as our first topic. That once-favourite object, Mr. Pitt is well known to have afterwards relinquished, if indeed, considering the new bearings and relations which almost all political questions assumed amidst the subsequent disturbances of Europe, the object may not rather be said to have relinquished him. With regard to the plan of reform proposed by Mr. Pitt, we were agreeably surprised to find that Mr. Gifford, who has the credit of cherishing a predilection for the straitest and sternest tenets of Toryism, expresses himself with equal liberality and manliness.

‘Such was this plan of parliamentary reform, which, after the maturest deliberation, Mr. Pitt thought proper to propose to the House of Commons, and to recommend to the country; and if it be examined, with coolness and impartiality, every previous prepossession being dismissed from the mind, it is apprehended that it will be found to contain nothing inimical to the spirit and principles of the British constitution; nothing resembling the wild chimerical notions of modern anarchists; nothing from which the sober and dispassionate friend of his country could derive the smallest ground for apprehension and alarm. This, at least, is the impression produced on our mind, after the closest examination of the plan, and of the means proposed for carrying it into execution. It was not, however, so viewed by a majority of the House of Commons, who objected to it on broad and general grounds. They urged that the people had not called for such an innovation; that the large towns to which it had been proposed to transfer the privilege of election, had not solicited such an indulgence; that if a bill of reform should be once introduced, the minds of men were so unsettled, and their opinions so various upon the subject, that it was impossible to say to what extent it would be carried; that what were called rotten boroughs were frequently represented by gentlemen who had the greatest stake in the country, and, consequently, were as much concerned in its welfare, and in that of the constitution, as any other species of representative, in whatever manner chosen, could be; and, lastly, that while no necessity for such a reform was proved to exist, and while the rights and liberties of the people were effectually secured

secured under the present system of representation, it would be extremely unwise to change a certainty for an uncertainty; to risk the loss of an actual benefit, for the bare prospect of a precarious advantage. Mr. Fox, who approved and supported the motion, expressed his dislike of that part of the plan which provided for the *purchase* of decayed boroughs. And, indeed, if theory, and not practice, had been the ground of argument, or the admitted rule of conduct, the objection would have been unanswerable. Upon *principle*, it is as impossible to defend the sale of a right to return members to parliament, as it would be to defend the practice of purchasing a seat in parliament. Of the validity of this objection, Mr. Pitt must have been as fully aware as Mr. Fox himself; but he was not a theoretical reformer; he directed his efforts to obtain as much practical good as he could, with as little practical evil as possible.' Vol. I. pp. 127, 128.

After stating the opinion of Dr. Paley, that no new scheme of representation would be likely to 'collect together more wisdom, or produce firmer integrity' than the present constitution of the House of Commons ensures, the author thus proceeds—

'Mr. Pitt's new scheme certainly did tend to collect together more wisdom, and to produce a greater proportion of firm integrity. And, without being influenced by any *architectural* notions of *order* and *proportion*, which, applied to a system of *representation*, would be perfectly ridiculous, it may safely be contended, that no solid or justifiable inference can be drawn from known effects in favour of those decayed boroughs, which appear, not merely to superficial or hasty observers, but to men of sense and reflection, most exceptionable and absurd. It would, indeed, be insanity to subvert long established institutions, in order to introduce any vague and indefinite plan of reform;—but subversion, it must be repeated, is not necessary for the purpose of *improvement*;—whatever exists, that is conformable with the fundamental principles of the system may remain;—but excrescences, which time and fortuitous circumstances have produced, may be gradually removed, until they shall be totally eradicated; and the system, far from being injured by such an operation, will be meliorated, strengthened, and confirmed. It is not improbable, however, that Mr. Pitt, at a more advanced period of his political life, adopted the sentiments of Dr. Paley, since, as has been observed before, his sentiments on the subject of parliamentary reform underwent a material change. But, though it cannot be supposed that such a change took place, but after the most mature consideration, and on grounds that were perfectly satisfactory to Mr. Pitt, still his arguments retain their original force; they must be tried by their own merits; and, it is apprehended, that whoever examines them with an attentive and impartial mind, will be led to acknowledge their validity.' Vol. I. p. 131.

The conduct of Mr. Pitt with respect to the question of reform may reasonably be expected to divide the opinions of candid and thinking men. It has sometimes, however, been censured with a degree of decisiveness and violence which allowed of no quarter to

an opposite sentiment. We allude especially to the recent remarks of some writers who, in the criminatory efforts which they periodically direct against the character of this celebrated statesman, are apt to forget that it is already entitled to all the privileges which the last sanctuary of human failings can confer. Without any particular reference to Mr. Pitt, we cannot but express our strongest disapprobation of such proceedings, not only as indecent, and as unnecessarily outraging the feelings of a great man's surviving friends, but also as subversive of the cause of truth, by prolonging the rage of personality, always injurious to fair discussion, beyond that term which, if it has lived to attain, it has already lived too long. To the invectives here in question, we certainly should do little injustice, if we were to say that they indulge in a style of lawless abuse, which would not have misbecome the ensanguined pages of the *Ami-du-Peuple*, or of the *journal du Père Duchêne*. This surely will not be thought an exaggerated description of a picture in which Mr. Pitt appears as a man 'profligate enough to thirst for the blood of his former associates in reform—of the very men whom his own eloquence and the protection of his high station had seduced into popular courses—and not content with deserting them, to use the power into which he had mounted on their backs for the purpose of their destruction.' The whole tone, indeed, and taste of the philippic from which this morsel is extracted, have so disgusted us, that we feel tempted, not so much in behalf of the memory of Mr. Pitt, as from a regard for the general interests of decency and truth, to address the accuser in a few words of plain remonstrance.

In the quarter whence this accusation has issued, we need hardly observe that a systematic adherence has long been professed to the party which at present constitutes the opposition in both houses of the British parliament. It is with a distinct advertence to this circumstance, that we are about to offer our expostulation.

One farther preliminary remark must be made. Whatever may be thought of the facts on which the charge under consideration is founded—and those facts may be noticed presently—it will be admitted that the charge itself, as it stands, and combining, as it does, the implication of motives with the imputation of actions, is of a most serious nature. It attributes no venial failing or generous error; not that 'last infirmity of noble mind,' the love of fame, nor 'the glorious fault' of ambition. If it be true, Mr. Pitt committed, in the eyes of morality at least, a crime as great as could possibly challenge the indignation of man or the visible wrath of heaven. This proposition the accuser will of course concede with a lavish hand; and we therefore advance.

And first, is it or is it not a fact that, on the dissolution of the
Addington

Addington administration, Mr. Fox and his party were perfectly willing to enter into power in coalition with Mr. Pitt? And, in the adjustment of the terms of such a coalition, would they not willingly have consented that Mr. Pitt should divide the new cabinet at least equally with themselves? In point of fact, is it not notorious that they were prepared to concur in placing him in his former rank, at the head of administration? If these things be so—were then, we ask, Mr. Fox and his friends aware of the character of him with whom they anticipated and desired an alliance? or were they ignorant of that character? Had a close, a vigilant, and certainly not a very friendly inspection of Mr. Pitt's public conduct for twenty years, including the whole period from his intimacy with reformers to his alleged persecution of them, failed to expose to men of the most unquestionable talents the corruptness of his heart, and the profligacy of his principles? Or must we suppose that, with a vivid consciousness of both, those men would yet contentedly have accepted his friendship, and even placed themselves in his debt? In a word, is it only in the confession of their absolute blindness, that they can find an asylum from the charge of utter baseness? And, on either supposition, we should be glad to know, what sort of an asylum must be provided for their adherents?

In these inquiries, there is nothing, we trust, that can be thought either unfair or irrelevant; and we shall next beg to propose a second class of questions which appear to us equally unexceptionable. Lord Grenville is, we need not say, confessedly a favourite of the first order with the present accusers of Mr. Pitt. Now Lord Grenville was a zealous member of the dark divan, the *Comité de salut public*,* who were the chosen instruments of Mr. Pitt in the establishment of terrorism; the celebrated bills which have occasioned so much of this outcry against Mr. Pitt, are still familiarly recollected by the appellation of the *Pitt-and-Grenville Bills*; and when Mr. Pitt thirsted for the blood of reformers, Lord Grenville was undoubtedly consenting unto their death. Why then, we would ask, was not Lord Grenville treated with a portion of that 'strong language,' as it justly styles itself, which has been accumulated on Mr. Pitt? Why was not the sworn accomplice arraigned together with the principal? Will it be said that the accomplice has repented? Whether any repentance could atone to society for the crimes ascribed to him, we will not undertake to determine. But has he, in fact, repented? Has he publicly testified his abhorrence of the memory of his seducer? Has he, at least, buried that me-

* The Secret Committee appointed by the House of Commons in the year 1794 received the appellation of the Committee of public safety from the members of Opposition. The reader will, of course, perceive that we have applied the term more generally.

mory in a deep and condemning silence? Has he been content, as the very lowest *amende* admissible, with breathing on it the ambiguous breath of faint praise? Or, on the contrary, has not Lord Grenville, repeatedly since the death of Mr. Pitt, pronounced his name, in the House of Peers, with accompanying expressions of the most profound esteem and veneration?

The situation, then, to which some of the present followers of this noble person are reduced, is, to treat it very tenderly, not a little whimsical. They profusely admire Lord Grenville; and Mr. Pitt, whom Lord Grenville profusely admires, they cordially execrate. And why do they cordially execrate Mr. Pitt? For acts in which Lord Grenville, the object of their admiration, cordially participated. This difference of feeling towards the living and the dead, we profess ourselves not exactly able to understand. Whether the purity of some men's friendships, like that of a Braminical devotee, is shown in never touching the dead, or whether the antipathies of certain minds have, like the gastric juice of animals, no consuming agency over a living subject, it is beyond our power to conjecture. But a harsher critic might be tempted to offer some very significant comments on that pleasant inconsistency, which, out of two statesmen similar in merit, spends all its execration on him whose career, either of injury to his country or of service to his partisans, is closed, and lavishes all its praise on him who may yet live to abuse the trust, and to dispense the patronage, of office.

Having said thus much concerning the framers of this accusation, on the matter of it we think it necessary to say but little. Setting aside, for a moment, all considerations individually attaching to Mr. Pitt, the three following propositions will, we apprehend, be found not less true than they are plain:

First, About the year 1794, many wise, enlightened, and experienced men did entertain a sincere belief of the existence of Jacobin plots and conspiracies in this country. Whether such suspicions were just or erroneous, is entirely a distinct inquiry;—they were in fact entertained, and by the persons described. The claims of the Burkes and Windhams, and Spencers and Fitzwilliams, to the character of wisdom, illumination and experience, are generally allowed. At the time mentioned, however, those statesmen, together with numerous others of less eminence, expressed, in declarations still on record, the liveliest apprehensions of the existence of Jacobinical plots and conspiracies in this country; and it will not, we believe, be pretended that all these declarations, or the greater number of them, were insincere. Of the more immediate adherents of Mr. Pitt we say nothing, although it is to be remembered that Lord Grenville was then a member of that body.

Secondly,

Secondly, If such suspicions were sincerely entertained by many wise, enlightened and experienced men, they might be sincerely entertained by a wise, enlightened and experienced minister. The information of a minister so qualified must, of course, be for the most part better than that of other men; but, in a free country, it cannot in every case be better; and, at the best, must be partial and imperfect. His superiority of information, therefore, might only corroborate his suspicions, however erroneous; cutting deep, and finding the taint still proceed, he could not but be confirmed in them. It follows, that a minister, professing to act on such suspicions, is not necessarily guilty of hypocrisy.

Thirdly, Of a minister, who should be impressed with such a belief, it would be the bounden duty to take the utmost precautions for the public safety; and, among these, to subject to the inquest of the proper legal authorities any individual whose conduct might be such as, in his view, to justify peculiar and flagrant suspicion. In thus acting, such a statesman is not a persecutor or a tyrant; he is only fulfilling a sacred and indispensable obligation. To impose on an individual the hazard and inconvenience of a penal trial, must always be a painful task; but the conjuncture supposed allows of no option.

These considerations embrace, we would submit, the whole of the case before us, regarding that case in its leading features. The single inquiry that remains is, why the benefit of them must be refused to Mr. Pitt;—why that conduct which, in another, would have been not only legitimate but most commendable, in him became profligate and infamous. The only allegations, applicable to this question, which we can discover, are, that Mr. Pitt had once been himself a reformer,—that he was even the tempter who had seduced into projects of reform those whom he afterwards dragged to a trial for treason. How far Mr. Horne Tooke, the most conspicuous of the individuals who were thus dragged to trial, would acknowledge himself to have been made a reformer by the juvenile seductions of Mr. Pitt, we stay not to ask; but, accepting the facts as they stand, and with all the exaggeration that has been collected around them, we confess ourselves at a loss to know, in what manner they can be made to sustain the intended inference. Was it in reason, or was it in honour, that Mr. Pitt was bound to prosecute no man on suspicion of his being a revolutionist, whom, ten years before, he might have sanctioned as a reformer? Is it meant that he was, at all events, to presume the innocence of such persons? Or must we understand that he was, at any price, to connive at their guilt?

In the prosecution of this argument, we have not taken it upon us to determine, whether or not the presumed necessity on which

the strong measures of Mr. Pitt were built, did actually exist. We are in truth, however, of the affirmative opinion; and though our estimate of the necessity is by no means so magnified as that of many persons, yet the conduct of Mr. Pitt on this occasion appears to us, on the coolest review which we have been able to take of it, to have been altogether that of a great and able minister. Nor, in thus approving a coercive policy, are we swayed by any attachment to the principles of Toryism; principles, towards which we should feel an extreme dislike, if we did not feel a profound indifference. In other times, indeed, we should have condemned the coercive policy of Mr. Pitt. That policy is always to be judged of, as being intended for a *crisis*; and, whatever may be thought of its merits, there can be no doubt, that, on the one hand, the proselyting dexterity which characterized the presiding Spirit of the French Revolution, and, on the other, the general agitation, or disquietude of the popular mind in our own country, concurred to form, at that period, a moral crisis of a very peculiar nature.

That the adoption of the rigorous system which Mr. Pitt then thought expedient, should be opposed in parliament, was perhaps natural; but the grounds chosen for that opposition do not strike us as having been chosen happily. Some of the hostile orators contended that the British constitution, if it deserved the reputation which it enjoyed, could have nothing to fear from the machinations of Jacobinism; forgetting that an indiscriminate and superstitious reliance on the power of a healthful temperament to resist disease, is the grossest of all empiricism. Others paraded the certain inconveniences, or the possible abuses, incident to a strong government; forgetting that, when measures are recommended simply as being necessary evils, the question is, not whether they are evils, but whether they are necessary. All, as events have proved, very greatly misapprehended the real character of French philosophy and French liberty.

Mr. Fox ridiculed with much felicity, in the House of Commons, the idea of a Jacobin emissary delivering lectures, in his broken dialect, to a congregation of English peasants. We know not whether it would be paying a compliment to this great man to observe, that the native frankness of his disposition in some measure disqualified him for appreciating the subtlety and resources of the revolutionary propagandists* at Paris. He resembled, in this in-

* We use this word with no reference to a *club de la propagande* which has been stated to have existed in Paris. The principle of *propagandism* certainly existed there, and so much is allowed by M. Mounier, the great enemy of *Barruelism*. 'Il n'y a point eu cependant d'autre propagande, que le zèle de tous les partisans de la révolution, qui, dans toutes les circonstances dont ils pouvoient profiter, ont fait des efforts pour augmenter le nombre de leurs prosélytes.' Moun. De l'Influence attribuée aux sociétés de Francs-maçons.

stance, the Turnus of Virgil, unconsciously bantering Alecto. The regicide lecturer was described with that raciness and force of pleasantry for which Mr. Fox was distinguished, and which has sometimes disposed us to esteem him the greatest master of wit in the House. The description, therefore, could not but divert either those who heard or those who afterwards read it; but among the whole number, collectively taken, of both, no man, we are persuaded, was more thoroughly diverted by it than the Abbé Sieyès.

The discussion in which we have now been engaged, has, together with the commencement of Mr. Pitt's public life, involved that later portion of it which took its colour from the occurrences of the French revolution. We have thus been unavoidably led to cast an anticipating glance at an era in the history of Europe, on some of the circumstances of which it will presently be our business to bestow a full attention. In the mean time we must notice briefly another epoch, of less general interest indeed, but yet in this country sufficiently memorable;—the agitation of the Regency-question in the British parliament. We know not any period in the political existence of Mr. Pitt, which his friends might more confidently cite as illustrative of the higher qualities of his character. It has sometimes been asserted of him, that he was not only ambitious, but was actuated by that low and sordid ambition, which always thirsts after instant gratification, and is less a passion than an appetite. This account cannot, we think, be made to consist with his proceedings at the time to which we allude. Amidst the feeble expectations that were entertained of the King's recovery, the part which Mr. Pitt acted, and which he acted not with a wavering or intermittent resolution, but with uniform firmness and consistency, was altogether different from that which would have suited a mind meanly greedy of place. In a selfish light, indeed, his conduct would have been ridiculous. To a reader of the debates which past on the occasion, it must be plain that, had he been disposed to *huckster* for a continuance in office, he would have found no want of contracting parties on the other side; nor was it possible for him to misunderstand those gentle invocations towards a compromise, with which he was at first addressed, and which nothing but his obduracy converted into denunciations of vengeance. At the same time, this consideration, though it augments his fame, is by no means material to it; it is sufficient that, in clear opposition to those suggestions of interest which a sordid and selfish disposition at least would have found irresistible, he, by no act or word, invited such a compromise, and even held, with steadfastness, a course of proceeding which precluded all possibility of its taking place.

We subjoin a few of the reflections with which Mr. Gifford winds up his narrative of the transactions to which we have referred. Of the two paragraphs that we cite, the first, like a former extract, is creditable to the liberality of the author's political principles; and the justness of the sentiments contained in the other, more than atones for the unhappy style of eloquence in which they are conveyed.

'The great constitutional points which the discussions on the regency involved, the important precedent which they went to establish, and the opportunity which they afforded for displaying the firmness and consistency of Mr. Pitt's character, in a novel and interesting point of view, all combine to render this an important epoch in his parliamentary, and political, life. It has been often remarked, that, on this occasion, Mr. Pitt, who had lately stood forth the champion of prerogative, proclaimed himself the asserter of popular rights; while Mr. Fox, who had been distinguished as the man of the people, appeared as the advocate of claims hostile to those rights. As applied to Mr. Pitt, the remark is neither totally just nor totally unjust. He certainly supported the rights of Parliament, but not in opposition to the prerogatives of the Crown; on the contrary, all his efforts had, for their object, to prevent the Crown from being stript of any of its lawful appendages, more than it was absolutely necessary to vest in the regent, for the exercise and support of the Royal Authority; and to secure to the Sovereign the certain means of resuming the Kingly power, in its utmost plenitude, whenever that incapacity should cease, the existence of which could alone justify the transfer of any portion of it to another. But, even here, constitutionally speaking, he was the supporter of popular rights; for he well knew, with every sound statesman and lawyer who had flourished since the revolution, that the prerogative of the Crown was an essential part of the rights of the people, which it tends to confirm and secure. Indeed, so admirably framed is the constitution of Great Britain, that the support of the *lawful* rights of either of its component parts, so far from injuring those of the other, has a direct and necessary tendency to preserve them. It is only the *unlawful* extension of the rights of either (or rather the usurpation of non-existing rights) that can interrupt the general harmony of the whole, and endanger the safety of the constitutional fabric. The various parts of the political building are so dove-tailed, as it were, that no partial shock can be sustained by them;—let any one be shaken, a general convulsion follows;—destroy any one, they are all become disjointed, the fabric is disfigured, it totters, and ruin ensues.

'The part which Mr. Pitt had to sustain, at this important period, was a part of extreme difficulty; every step he took exposed him to suspicions the most grating to a generous and noble mind, and to reproaches which he would have shuddered to deserve. Every measure which a sense of duty led him to adopt, subjected him to imputations of interested motives, which his soul abhorred, and, while he consulted exclusively the rights of the Crown, and the welfare of the country, he incurred

incurred the odious accusation of considering only the promotion of his own views, and the gratification of his own ambition. All the arts of ingenious sophistry; all the ridicule of inventive, but distorted genius; all the invectives of impotent malice, and all the taunts of malignant enmity, combined to produce that mental irritation which is most favourable to attack, and most hostile to defence. But the combination was vain as the rage of the winds which assail the Monarch of our woods.—Its fury was spent in fruitless efforts to shake that firmness, which could only be moved by the desolation of Europe, and the calamities of the country.—His conduct was the more deserving of praise, as its certain consequence was his dismissal from office, by the regent, at a time too when his fortune was impaired, and his circumstances were impoverished, by unavoidable inattention to his personal concerns, resulting from the magnitude and extent of his official duty.' Vol. I. pp. 403—405.

The administration of our foreign affairs, during the earlier years of Mr. Pitt's public service, exhibited, on the whole, a continuance of successful policy; but we purposely pass them in silence, and do not expect to be blamed for the omission. The Berlin treaty of 1785, the business of Nootka Sound, the once-important affair of the Russian armament, all these, recent as they are, have, in the view of mankind, already been thrown back some centuries. They may be compared to objects which become invisible to us, not from their being depressed below the horizon by the ordinary convexity of the globe, but from the intervention of a huge system of mountains. When the sentiment expressed by Mr. Burke at an early period of the French revolution, *I see a chasm in the place of France*, was reported to Mirabeau, that sagacious anarch is said, not more happily than justly, to have exclaimed, *It is the chasm of a volcano*. It is, indeed, astonishing to consider, how serious an effect has been produced on the destinies of the world by an occurrence which originally appeared of a nature altogether negative. Even at the present moment, no object within the range of political contemplation, seems to have any place or character, except with reference to the revolution in question. All the lights break out from this one central point. The volcanic fire, enveloping heaven, as it were, in a volume of pitchy darkness, has left nothing to be distinguished but by the reflection of its own disastrous lustre. A close inspection of this mighty event is so essential to the due appreciation of Mr. Pitt's merits as a statesman, that, in here entering into the subject with some fulness, we feel secure of the indulgence of the reader.

Into the causes of the revolution, no farther enquiry appears in this place necessary than may suffice to elucidate the character which it communicated to France, considered in her foreign relations. The chief of those causes Mr. Gentz conceives, and, as

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we suspect, rightly, to have been the progress latterly made by the lower and middling classes of the French nation in knowledge and intelligence, unaccompanied, as that progress was, by a corresponding improvement in morals. The popular mind, conscious of power, and unprovided with the corrective of sound principle, became fevered and restless; and quickly acquired a degree of expansive force, which the gorgeous but slender frames of rank and privilege that enclosed it, could ill resist. They were shattered to pieces, and Europe was covered with the glittering fragments. Released from their confinement, the spirits that had hitherto been struggling in common for a vent, now began to struggle mutually for the mastery. In fact, the anarchy which accompanied and precipitated the destruction of the old regime, was nothing else than a *conflict of minds*; a conflict, however, in which success would of course fall, not to refined talents or elegant acquirements, but to practical vigour, hardihood, and dexterity. In the result, therefore, a new energy was infused into every department of the state; but an energy which, having been originally composed of unhallowed materials and 'strange fire,' was not likely to have contracted any virtuous admixture from the feculent medium of blood and discord through which it had past. Such, apparently, in its rough outline, is the natural history of the French revolution, and, agreeably to this account, that event may perhaps be correctly defined to have been *the sudden developement of malignant power*.

The birth of such a monster as the revolutionary system could hardly come to pass, unattended with prodigies and commotions throughout the western world. Intimately connected as the European commonwealth of nations had been for upwards of a century, it might safely have been foretold, both on the general principles of human nature, and from the narrower canons of political science, that a local affection of so violent a kind would prove but 'the beginning of sorrows.' It has, in effect, always appeared to us, that the revolution was not more the crisis of a previous situation of things than the war was the natural crisis of the revolution. The evil might, in all probability, have been adjourned, but it would have been adjourned, in the parliamentary phrase, only to an *early day*.

To verify this remark, we need only recur to the character of the revolution, already given. It was power; it was power suddenly conferred; it was power suddenly conferred on malignity. Any accession of strength that France could have gained towards the close of the last century, even by the most orderly, legitimate, and leisurely developement of her resources, could not but have rendered her so far more dangerous to her neighbours. She had long
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shewn herself too ambitious for their peace and too great for their safety, and undoubtedly was not likely, by growing greater, to become less ambitious. But that power which, in the keeping of even monarchical France, would probably have been abused, in the hands of revolutionised France, made giddy by the whirl of the change which she had undergone, and shaken from all the holds of moral principle, could only prove pestilent. Those statesmen who had set at nought every obligation, whether of law or of charity, that had contributed to bind together the polity of their own country, were ill qualified to become guarantees of the rights of nations. That spirit which, at home, had shewn itself so insatiate of novelty that, even in its crimes, it seemed to scorn all precedent, and would commit

‘The oldest sins the newest kind of ways,’

could little be expected, abroad, to endure existing prejudices and venerate established forms. It seems plain, therefore, that the innovating mania, which had so thoroughly transformed the internal condition of France, must inevitably, in no very extended period, have produced a like effect on her foreign relations. Even supposing the other governments of Europe to have demeaned themselves on the occasion with more equanimity and dispassionate wisdom than, in so singular a situation of things, it would perhaps have been reasonable to demand of them, still nothing could have preserved them from being embroiled with the new state, short of an unqualified submission to its insolence and caprice.

Yet there were, at the outset, those who believed otherwise. Even in this country, an opinion then partially prevailed that regenerated France, contenting herself with the enjoyment of a virtuous tranquillity, would never again disturb the repose of the world. The tree of revolutionary liberty, it was conceived, would bear only the fruits of peace and good-will. Nor did this opinion claim the sanction of mean names merely, but was cherished and avowed by a politician of no less ability and fame than Mr. Fox. It was declared by Mr. Fox, in the House of Commons, that ‘his whole system of external politics had been changed by the change of the French constitution. He had formerly been anxious for maintaining the balance of power, but now he owned himself to be very indifferent about it; not because our ancient rival and enemy might seem too poor or too weak to give us any immediate disturbance, but because *she had erected a government, from which neither insult nor injury could be dreaded by her neighbours.*’* How erroneously

* We quote, in this instance, from the report of Mr. Gifford, (Vol. I. p. 611.) who thus gives the celebrated sentiment with which Mr. Fox followed up the words quoted

neously the actual nature of the revolution must have been estimated by him who could thus think and speak, we need not remark; since it now seems generally admitted that, in the moving forces which operated that mighty change, whatever was not extravagant and over-weening vanity, was deliberate crime, and that the terrible tragedies which instantly followed, must be imputed not to accident, but to the radical and utter unsoundness of the original plan. Yet, perhaps, it would be less difficult to reconcile this mistake of Mr. Fox respecting the facts of the case, with that preternatural discernment which his admirers have ascribed to him, than his inference concerning the event with the eminent political knowledge which he unquestionably possessed. No man could less require to be told that, to a nation, civil liberty is power. The purest of all gems is likewise the hardest. The state which is the most free from abuses, and in which there are the fewest obstructions to the rise of merit, must, other things being equal, enjoy the greatest share of political solidity and vigour. If, then, the new constitution of France deserved the admiration with which Mr. Fox professed to regard it, it followed, not merely that 'our ancient rival and enemy,' in her renovated condition, would not be 'too poor or too weak' to disturb her neighbours; but that she would become incomparably stronger, and, if not in gold, at least in the other *sinew* of war, incomparably richer also. But this being settled, the question seems at an end; for, power is temptation. It has been remarked by zöologists, that some of the most powerful animals are likewise the most peaceable; but no such general law was ever yet observed to prevail in the natural history of states; and, at all events, an exception to the rule might be dreaded in the case of a people of so much enterprise and vivacity as the French, and so closely inserted into the midst of Europe. This position derives strong confirmation from the language held by Mr. Fox himself in the year 1787, when, commenting on the treaty of commerce recently concluded with France, he observed that 'the power of that country was then greater than it had been in the reign of Louis XIV.' and demanded with indignation, whether 'any statesman could be dupe enough to believe that *moderation, at a moment when it seemed least necessary, was the real and true motive which had actuated France.*'* So truly was it afterwards said by this

in the text. 'He avowed his admiration of the new constitution of France, as the most stupendous and glorious monument which human integrity had erected to human happiness in any time or country.' Various editions have been circulated of this declaration; but we are much mistaken if Mr. Fox afterwards, on occasion of its being quoted upon him in the House of Commons, did not disavow the word *monument*, and assert that his own word had been *fabric*. Whether he thought the variation material, we know not.

* Debate on the King's speech; Jan. 23. Debrett.

eminent man, that the change in the French constitution had changed his whole system of external politics.

It should be said, however, in justice to Mr. Fox, that in placing so much reliance on the good dispositions of the new France, he was not resigning himself to a mere Utopian vision, but only misapplying a precedent in actual existence. From the general tenor of some speeches made by him during the early stages of the French revolution, as well as from some direct allusions which those speeches contain, we are satisfied that he figured to himself, perhaps almost unconsciously, some similarity between that event and the recent revolution of America. This similarity was, perhaps, in his mind, when he brightened his picture of the future fortunes of France with the rich colours of a policy perpetually just and pacific. The phenomenon which he thus anticipated, extraordinary as it might appear, yet might be said to have actually occurred on the other side of the Atlantic. No sooner had the United States hewn out to themselves a safe independence, than the weapons of bloodshed seemed, not to drop, but to vanish, from their hands. With the trifling exception of a petty Indian war, the whole nation was instantly seen absorbed in peaceful pursuits. The fermentation raised, throughout a vast continent, by a struggle in which so many passions had been engaged, ceased, not as by a spontaneous deferescence, but as by the effect of a charm. It was, perhaps, natural to suppose that the spell which had worked such wonders was liberty, and certainly pleasing to indulge the hope that the miracle would be repeated in our own hemisphere. In one view, indeed, it might seem as if the experiment would be made to greater advantage in France than in America; since Mr. Fox, of course, assumed it as a condition of his prophecy, that the other powers of Europe would leave France to perfect her new constitution unmolested, and would thus spare her both those difficulties and that provocation, which, in parallel circumstances, America had experienced from the presence of an invading army.

It is, indeed, plain that the infant republic of America was nearly precluded from warlike exertion, by the combined effect of its weakness and of its remoteness from the great theatre of political contention. Still, where the spirit of discord subsists, it will break forth, and, in the case of America, might have been expected, more or less, to manifest itself, if not in malignant efforts of foreign hostility, in the more wicked shape of civil anarchy and war. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the temper of the new state was decidedly pacific; in whatever manner that circumstance is to be explained. It has, however, been very satisfactorily explained by M. Talleyrand, who, in his *Essay on Colonies*, resolves it into the natural effect of the situation of America as a country newly-settled

settled and immensely underpeopled in proportion to its extent and resources.* The numberless opportunities of enterprize and exertion, particularly in the clearing and cultivation of land, which such a country furnished, were so many sluices to draw off that superfluous humour, that *disposable unquietness*, if it may be so called, which had been excited by war, and would not subside with peace. Here, all the adventurous, the busy, and the troubled spirits, found either a resting-place, or a safe range. A yet unoccupied world seemed to stretch out before them its interminable solitudes, in which the most daring wantonness of speculation might roam without restraint, the most intense activity tire itself into tameness, the most fevered passions and burning recollections be gradually charmed away by a change of scene, or tranquillized by the surrounding stillness. Thus a part of the community, which, under other circumstances, would have been most noxious to the rest, was rendered not only harmless but useful. The fire which, amidst closely-built habitations and crowded harvests, would have proved a scourge, became beneficial when it raged over vast tracts of shaggy waste and tangled forest, subduing the wild feracity of nature, and opening innumerable inlets to the progress of cultivation.

These reflexions, were they pursued to their full extent, would be found to connect, by more than one link, with the subject of our present discussion; but we will be content with deducing from them this plain inference, that what took place in America under the singular circumstances described, could furnish no safe standard of expectation as to what might occur in a long-settled country, thickly peopled within, and closely hemmed in from without. So far therefore as the precedent of America extends, the original position remains unshaken, that France, made free, could not but

* 'Sans doute cette révolution a, comme les autres, laissé dans les ames des dispositions à exciter ou à recevoir de nouveaux troubles; mais ce besoin d'agitation a pu se satisfaire autrement dans un pays vaste et nouveau, où des projets aventureux amorcent les esprits, où une immense quantité de terres incultes leur donne la facilité d'aller employer loin du théâtre des premières dissensions une activité nouvelle, de placer des espérances dans des spéculations lointaines, de se jeter à la fois au milieu d'une foule d'essais, de se fatiguer enfin par des déplacements, et d'amortir ainsi chez eux les passions révolutionnaires.' *Essai sur les avantages à retirer de colonies nouvelles dans les circonstances présentes, Lu à l'Institut National.*

A similar remark to that which M. Talleyrand has here developed with so much eloquence, occurs in the following passage of M. Puisaye's *Mémoires*, Tom. i. liv. 4. not.

'M. de la Fayette, dont la constitution Américaine avoit ébloui la jeunesse, s'étoit persuadé, qu'en greffant la déclaration des droits sur le tronc vermoulu d'une vieille monarchie absolue, elle produiroit sous la main les fruits que quelques hommes en avoient facilement recueillis, chez un peuple trop peu nombreux, trop disséminé sur un territoire immense, et trop occupé de spéculations individuelles, pour que l'ambition pût sitôt y multiplier les rivalités.' It may be suspected that M. Talleyrand's essay was in the mind of the author, when he penned this sentence, although the application of the principle is not exactly the same.

be an object of increased political jealousy. This alone would have been enough; but she was doubly an object of increased jealousy, when she became free with revolutionary freedom. It is indeed probable, that the possession of genuine liberty would have endowed her with a power more solid in kind, and (if we look to that which must constitute the soul of all political greatness, her own intrinsic resources, mental or material) ultimately greater in degree. But it would hardly have produced that instantaneous readiness for vehement exertion, that convulsive tension of every faculty, which she derived from the revolutionary paroxysm; and, at any rate, would not have communicated to her the same *momentum*, as it may be termed, of mischievous efficiency,—the same mixture of power and evil inclination,—the same union of strength and ferocity.

But it is time to notice some other objections to which the reasonings that we have here urged may seem liable; objections better grounded than on the extravagant notion of revolutionary virtue, and, indeed, perfectly consistent with a full concession of the premises from which our reasonings have been deduced. Admitting, it may be said, that the revolution was nothing else than the triumph of unprincipled and malignant energy, still the natural tendency of that energy was rather to produce a civil than a foreign war, and in civil war it would have vented its whole rage, if the impolitic interference of some continental cabinets had not diverted it into a steady course of foreign conquest. Even as matters were, the French territory was partially the scene of insurrections, and, had France been left to itself, the flame must have found fuel in a thousand elements of turbulence, which the sense of a common danger smothered, or which the military exigencies of the state had drawn away. In this manner, it is argued, France must have fallen into one universal agony of intestine strife; both her ordinary resources and her preternatural strength would gradually have wasted in the struggle; and, within no long period, she would have dwindled into an object rather of pity than of terror.

These sentiments we have not imagined, only for the sake of combating them. At every period, since the commencement of the last war, up to the present moment, much has been said to the same effect, and, we must observe, with more of eloquence than of exactness. Through all the *utter and the middle darkness* of the reign of regicide, the phantoms of civil war and counter-revolution, if they have sometimes been raised to stimulate our hopes, have more frequently been evoked to chill our exertions. Of the sentiments in question, the debateable part resolves itself into two propositions. Had the revolutionary principle been left to its own unmolested workings, we have it asserted, first, that the evil vigour of
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of that principle would have terminated, not in a foreign, but in a general civil war; and, secondly, that such a civil war would have had the effect of so weakening France as to unfit her for the business of annoying her neighbours.

That the revolutionary principle would have vented its rage in intestine war, if it had not found the broader but apparently less obvious channel which it now occupies, seems extremely probable; and that, naturally, it would have preferred the nearer to the more distant vent, may very plausibly be contended; but the latter position is by no means self-evident. The problem, indeed, can be determined only by an observation of the dispositions actually manifested with regard to foreign powers on the part of the early revolutionists. It is perfectly idle to quote the insurrections which prevailed in France during the period of the war, as proofs of a predominant tendency in the revolutionary spirit towards a state of intestine strife and anarchy. On a superficial view, indeed, it might seem as if a proof more emphatic of the fact could not be afforded. We are struck at the sight of so much mutual discord in the face of so much common danger. But the truth is, that it was in no trifling degree the danger which produced the discord. If participation of fear or misfortune commonly has the effect of uniting men together, it has sometimes the effect, especially on savage and ill-disposed natures, of aggravating their reciprocal distrust and animosity. No man, indeed, of common information now believes that the sanguinary vindictiveness, with which the revolutionists persecuted each other, was exclusively the recoil of the terror or the rage excited in their minds by the hostile attacks made on their country; but that this was to a certain extent the case, is fully established. It was whenever the French arms had experienced some reverse, that those fiends of blood, the infamous *commissaries* of the Convention, the Maignets, the Lebons, the Carriers, and the Collot-d'Herbois', were observed to exercise their peculiar and most diabolical refinements of cruelty. It was when the brilliant successes of the allies in the year 1793 seemed to threaten the very existence of the republic, that the Anarchists determined on delivering their vanquished rivals, the Girondins, to the murderous *revolutionary tribunal*. It was the victories of Suvaroff that occasioned the revolution, as it was called, of the 30th Prairial. If, in these instances, divisions were provoked by the war, in others they were encouraged by it. The insurrections in the south and west were not only favoured by the absence of the armies, but, in some memorable cases, stimulated by the hopes of assistance from the enemy. Of the Vendéans and the Chouans, this fact is notorious; but even revolts that had originated in a mere resistance against the existing government, terminated in secret negotiations

tations with foreign powers. Lyons furnishes us with one example;* and, as another, the name of Toulon will occur to every reader.

The question, then, at issue must, we repeat, be decided by observing what were the dispositions of the early revolutionists; and here, it cannot fail to be noted as a distinctive and prominent feature in the character of revolutionary France, that, even from the outset, she paid an eager attention to the concerns of other nations. The forked tongues of the popular leaders were systematically and incessantly employed in hissing forth the cant of *philanthropy* and *cosmopolitanism*. Their conduct was exactly what might have been expected from their language. It is pretty notorious that, in the year 1790, there subsisted a perfect understanding between the demagogues of Paris and the malcontents in Flanders and Brabant; and the national act of annexing Avignon to the French territory, was, to say the least of it, far from evincing a forgetfulness of the affairs of foreign countries. Now of this busy spirit of interference, it plainly was the necessary tendency to bring France more and more into close contact with the rest of Europe, particularly with the continental states, and thus perpetually to afford fresh excitements to her vigour and violence. The single principle into which all the conceivable causes of human contention resolve themselves, is that of *intercourse without sympathy*; and what then shall we expect, when audacious strength is made immediately contiguous to haughty imbecility?

It will not escape observation that we have here gratuitously narrowed the ground of our argument, by limiting our references to such facts as are of a date prior to the famous conference at Pilnitz, from which some politicians are apt to deduce all the subsequent misfortunes of Europe. The falsehoods, indeed, once so prevalent, respecting secret treaties, secret articles, and secret contracting parties at Pilnitz, have long since been chased or shamed into their native darkness; but the opinion seems not yet extinct, that the weak, ambiguous, and vacillating declaration of the Austrian and Prussian sovereigns, signed at the conference in question, first provoked France to entertain views of a warlike nature, and thus laid the foundation of her present aggrandizement. Let us, for the sake of brevity, concede it to have been possible that, without any pre-disposition to such views on the part of France, such effects should be produced on her by the *conditional* menaces of the sovereigns in question;—that a timid whisper of merely contingent hostility should strike the ears of the revolutionists like the blast from the trumpet of Alecto, inspiring them with horrid recollections of war and havoc. If so much be thought possible, it still cannot be

* Vid. Lacretelle, *Revolution Française, Convention Nationale*, liv. 3.

thought possible that the declaration framed at Pilnitz in August 1791, should have occasioned the rapacious seizure of Avignon by France twelve months before; or should have suggested the ludicrous but very significant farce exhibited by Anacharsis Clootz; or should have given birth to the whole system of revolutionary cosmopolitanism. Place France, therefore, at the point of time instantly anterior to the issuing of the declaration at Pilnitz; or, which is equivalent, suppose no such declaration ever to have been made; and it is manifest when it is that, by its very nature, the revolutionary power, if on the one side it was precipitating itself towards a state of civil warfare, was hastening with no moderate celerity towards a state of foreign warfare on the other; nor is it obvious to perceive which of the two biasses was the more likely to prevail.

It would certainly be difficult to conceive a more singular spectacle than that of a nation thus anxiously watchful of its neighbours, at the very instant when it is struggling amidst the throes of a domestic revolution unexampled in history. In contemplating such a phenomenon, we might almost be tempted to concur with those speculators who have thought that the scheme, great as it was, of the French revolution, formed only a limb of some more comprehensive project; whether that project was, as some contend, one of universal disorganization, or, as others maintain, one of universal conquest. Opinions, however; like these, are perhaps too captivating to the imagination, to be weighed with calmness. Nothing can be more imposingly magnificent than the notion, that a revolution which overthrew the most splendid monarchy in Europe was, together with all its attendant system of minor changes, designed only for a satellite to some more vast and central innovation. Nothing can be more horribly interesting than the combined idea of that grandeur of conception, and that boldness of purpose, which could meditate iniquity on so stupendous a scale. But the suppositions want proof, and do not seem necessary. Of the phenomenon which they are intended to explain, a sufficient solution may surely be found in the operation of that restless, pragmatismal, and unprincipled vanity, which, miscalling itself philanthropy, and, in a measure, probably mistaking itself for that virtue, sustained all the leading parts in the earlier scenes of the revolutionary drama. Greedy, not of fame, but of plaudits, the chiefs of the Assembly soon discovered that the theatre of their own country was far too confined for their strutting consequence and frisking activity. They, therefore, determined to embrace the whole world (such was their own lofty phraseology) in their system of benevolence. This resolution once taken, the grand principle of assisting subjects against their governors would readily occur to those who had treated their own governors with so little ceremony. To many of the philosophers,

phers, indeed, the principle was already associated with all their notions of liberty; for they had caught their notions of liberty from the contagion of the American alliance. In *essence*, there can be little doubt that the French revolution would have come to pass, even had America never revolted from the British yoke; but America must answer for much of what was mere *circumstance* in that event. To render France highly dangerous to her neighbours, was, as we apprehend, of the very essence of the revolution; but, without the impressions suggested by the remembrance of the American war, that danger might possibly have made its first appearance at least under some other shape than that of the encouragement of universal rebellion. Thus much, at any rate, is certain, that the doctrine was warmly cherished by a party whose American prepossessions are well known to have been strong,—the Brissotins.*

But it is needless to form conjectures respecting the motives which led the new state so early to interfere in the concerns of its neighbours, and not, in this place, very important even to examine the character or complexion of its first acts of interference. For the purposes of our present argument, it will be perceived that the mere fact of its having interfered is sufficient. Of what consequence can it be to ask, at whose bidding, or of what materials, the bridge was constructed, that opened an access to Europe from the pandæmonium of robbery and murder? If the new state was resolved to hold an intimate communication with the rest of mankind, some conjuncture could not fail shortly to arise, which would betray to it the terrible secret of its destiny. Whatever might be the forbearance of other powers, the suggestions of its own characteristic arrogance and impetuosity would not be wanting; and its subsequent career would have been little different, whether it had originally been provoked into the field of blood by the challenge of an adversary, or beckoned to it by the hand of its own Evil Genius.

We have thus attempted to throw some doubt on the proposition, that the French revolution naturally gravitated rather towards a state of civil, than towards one of foreign warfare. Let us next, however, concede the truth of this proposition in its utmost extent; and, imagining revolutionary France to have become the absolute victim of domestic commotion and bloodshed, let us inquire how far, according to all rational conjecture, it would have been the effect of these convulsions to reduce her portentous

* It is observable that Brissot, in his Address to his Constituents, though he condemns the famous decree of the 19th of November, of which the doctrine in question formed the basis, is yet so far from disclaiming the doctrine itself, that he vehemently censures the Anarchists for not having better attended to it in their foreign policy.

strength, and incapacitate her for the business of molesting her neighbours.

The very sensible author of the 'Letter on the genius and dispositions of the French government,' in treating a question somewhat similar to this, has disposed of it at once, by a reference to the acute observations of Montesquieu respecting the influence of civil war on national character. In presenting the reader with the greater part of those observations, we shall very nearly adhere to the spirited and substantially faithful translation given of them by the author in question.—'There is no state which so seriously menaces the world with conquest, as one which is afflicted with the miseries of civil war. Every man, the noble, the citizen, the labourer, becomes a soldier, and, when peace unites their strength, such a state possesses great advantages over the rest who have citizens alone. In civil wars, moreover, great men are formed, because, amidst the confusion,* those who possess merit, make their way and rise to their proper level; whereas, in other periods, the subordination which must exist, counteracts the buoyancy of superior minds.†—Montesquieu is too much a writer for effect, to be fond of qualifying the theorems which he lays down; and to that which has just been cited, cases of exception might easily be imagined, if indeed they were not already supplied by history.‡ Declining, however, all general disquisition on the subject, we will content ourselves with mentioning the circumstances which eminently bring France, situated as our argument presumes her to be, within the pale of Montesquieu's rule.

The revolutionary tumult, as has already been observed, was a *struggle of minds*; and to this description it would have continued to answer, whether we suppose it to have taken the form of an armed, or to have remained a forensic contest, to have been carried on by armies or by mobs. Had it become a general civil war, it is easy to perceive that such a civil war must, beyond most others, have allowed that scope, of which Montesquieu speaks, to the ascendancy of military talent. Such wars have usually originated in the operation of some profound feeling or some particular interest; they have been the explosion of traditional antipathies or

* *Dans la confusion*,—which the author of the Letter unnecessarily generalizes into *times of confusion*.

† *Grandeur et Decadence des Romains*, chap. xi.

‡ Machiavel (*Discors*, lib. 2. c. 25.) lays down a principle somewhat similar to that of Montesquieu; but necessarily implies the possibility of exceptions to it when he prescribes some most Satanical expedients for taking advantage of the divisions in a state. These expedients may be summed up in the old rule *Divide and conquer*; the force of which, indeed, Montesquieu admits in other parts of the *Grandeur et Decadence*. Vide chap. vi.

religious intolerance; they have been excited and guided by the ambition of nobles or the bigotry of hierarchs. In all these instances, some obstacle has still been opposed to the emergency of naked ability; some prejudice has still been respected; some institution has still been held sacred; the confusion, to adopt the term of Montesquieu, has not been complete. In the civil war, on the contrary, which we are now figuring to ourselves, all artificial distinctions having been utterly swept away, nothing would be held sacred but the 'divinity of mind,' nothing would give rank but merit.

In intimating our opinion that such a civil war must, in a peculiar degree, sharpen the martial faculties of a people, let it be remembered that we are not indulging ourselves in a merely imaginary exemplification of a general rule, but referring to a chapter in the actual history of the French revolution. Revolutionary France has already sustained the lustration of a civil war, and has come forth invigorated and refreshed; nor is there apparently any reason for believing that, if the experiment had been tried on a grander scale, it would not have terminated in the same manner.

Of a civil contest to which the combatants had been respectively dragged as the vassals of some quarrelsome baron, or to which they had been respectively impelled by the dictate of some deep and inexorable passion, it is perhaps conceivable that, from the mixed effect of its length and its violence, it might break and debilitate both the parties engaged. But the commotions in France, if the views that we have ventured to afford of them be at all correct, were of a character far different. By the influence of powerful individuals, if they were in some sense excited, they were yet in no respect guided or governed; and, on the other hand, they involved hardly any thing that could be called either a principle or a prejudice. They amounted, in fact, to nothing less than a rebellion against all influence, all principles, and all prejudices. They were spontaneous, or, if we may so apply the epithet, *autonomous* movements of the popular mind. From this account of them, two inferences seem to result; the first, that they were not of a nature easily to be exhausted; the second, that they were likely to stop of their own accord at some point short of actual exhaustion.

In all civilized countries, the burden of making war falls chiefly on that class of the comforts of society, which, superfluous by nature, have been rendered necessary by taste or fashion. If, however, a people should become, by taste and fashion, strongly addicted to martial pursuits, if those feelings which are commonly abhorrent from a state of warfare, should declare themselves in its favour,—to the warlike capabilities of such a people imagination can hardly affix a boundary. If we reflect on the enormous mass of unproductive labour which the surplus-resources of even the

least civilized nation in modern Europe effectually buoy up and sustain, we shall perceive that it is always within the option of any of those nations, by diverting the greater proportion of its surplus-resources to the maintenance of one particular species of unproductive labour—the labour of making war—to provide itself with an almost imperishable capital of military strength. True it is that the invaluable treasures of social happiness are the only price at which this advantage is to be purchased; but the revolution fully wound up France to make that sacrifice; and, putting the case that she had been immediately plunged into an universal turmoil of civil war, it is yet but too probable that the same cause which had produced the emergency, would also have armed her with the means of encountering it.

At the same time, nothing could have been more idle than to expect that the conflict which we are imagining would continue interminably. A civil war which, as we have before expressed it, originated in no permanent feeling or particular interest, could not have been long protracted. The parties would have tired of the game, and that considerably before they were exhausted by it.—Victory would have delivered, to the one side or the other, the whole national fund of alacrity and alertness unabated, and with an insurance of just so much peace, as might suffice for the work of effectually directing it to some foreign theatre of action.

Farther, it plainly is material to the argument maintained in the preceding extract from Montesquieu, that *peace shall unite the strength* severally acquired by those who have been opposed in civil contention. On the intimacy of this union, the subsequent energy of the entire nation must in no small degree depend. In this view, the *neutral* nature, already described, of the revolutionary agitations of France, is well worthy of remark. Such a struggle was not calculated to leave behind it much of party antipathy.—M. Puisaye, an eye-witness of the earlier scenes of the revolution, informs us that, within his own observation of it, no such firm association of political men had existed, as could deserve the name of a party; * and the sequel of the contest does not seem to have

* ' Si je me suis servi, jusqu'à présent, comme je le ferai, sans doute, encore, du mot de *parti*; c'est faute d'expressions propres aux idées que j'ai voulu rendre: car à cette époque il n'y avoit point de partis: et je doute qu'en observant, avec attention, tous les mouvemens qui se sont succédés, dans les commencemens de la révolution, on puisse s'attacher à rien, à qui ce mot puisse réellement convenir. . . .

Enfin, parmi les adhérens de ceux à qui on a voulu donner le nom de chefs de *parti*, a-t-on reconnu quelques réunions d'hommes attachés les uns aux autres, et à leur chef, par ces liens imposans qui, de tous les membres, ne forment qu'un tout indissoluble? ont-ils montré l'ensemble, la fermeté, le courage, la générosité, le devouement, le mépris de la mort, la loyauté, la bonne foi, la fidélité réciproque, la détermination toujours fixe, et jamais démentie, d'affronter les plus affreux tourmens, plutôt qu'd'exposer leurs associés ou leurs secrets; toutes dispositions sans lesquelles on ne peut pas se former l'idée d'un parti? *Memoires*, liv. ii.

belied its former character. It was throughout a general popular scuffle;—a scramble, in which each man strove against his neighbour only because he was such, and in which the combinations that took place were little better than fortuitous. Of a few signal exceptions to this description, we are perfectly aware; but, on the whole, there never was, we are persuaded, a conflict which, on a scale of equal extent, exhibited fewer instances of co-operation on principle, or which united so much of general with so little of particular malignity. It was merely the heavy surging and tossing of a vague restlessness. Every observer of nature must have amused himself with remarking, on a rocky shore, the meeting of the advancing and the reflux wave: the shock is violent, but instantly they mix together, and but one billow remains. The jarring waves of the French revolution were almost all composed of a common element. By whatever tempests of civil war the nation might have been distracted, it must still have remained susceptible of re-union, and would have been sure at length to re-unite. Under some leader of commanding genius, the troubled spirits would have coalesced, incapable indeed of more than a momentary repose, but dreadfully capable of a joint impulse and a conspiring action. They would thus have constituted, if we may so describe it, an immense but a compact mass of *neutral violence*, absolutely subservient to the ambition or vindictiveness of an individual; murmuring, indeed, like the winds in the *Æneid*,* within the cavern where the force of his genius had confined them, but prepared, whenever he should pierce the mountain with his spear, to rush forth with a common movement.

But we shall perhaps be told that, on this supposition, it would at least have been an advantage to Europe that the frenzy of jacobinism had been superseded by the comparatively civilized policy of an established ruler. Would it, then, have been so mighty an advantage, if, for that vague and frenzied malignity which seemed to trample down kingdoms out of pure wantonness, there had been substituted, as every consideration authorises us to conjecture, something like the cool, deep, calculating malignity, which actually impels the present government of France along its measured march of desolation? Or, in what respect is the desultory raging of 'the multitudinous sea' more terrible than the uniform sweep of an overwhelming torrent, or the steady suction of a devouring whirlpool? Once imagine the universe destitute of the presiding care of a supreme Intelligence, and the best philosophers pronounce that the

* Hæc ubi dicta, cavum conversâ cuspide montem
Impulit in latus; ac veni, *reclut agmine facto*,
Qua data porta, ruunt.—Æn. lib. i. vv. 61—63.

effect will be precisely tantamount, whether we suppose the reins committed to chance or to fate. Once dethrone from the supremacy of the political world those wise and just principles which alone can protect the independence of nations, and it is a matter of complete indifference, whether we be made the sport of lawless wickedness, or the spoil of wickedness on system.

What weight may be attached to the reflections which we have now, at some length, offered on the nature of the French revolution, we presume not to guess. It will be observed, however, that they are not irrelevant to the most popular argument that has ever been urged against the policy of the antigallic coalitions,—the argument *from the event*. The vulgar, it is a trite remark, are apt to estimate the merit of measures by their success; but the fact is, that, in ordinary cases, success is a very tolerable criterion of merit. The case of the French revolution, however, is not of an ordinary kind; nor, because the revolutionary power has appeared to thrive by the warfare which was intended to overthrow it, must we therefore conclude that a pacific policy on the part of Great Britain and her allies, would have more effectually answered the purpose. If, indeed, the greatness achieved by France, has been adventitious and, as it were, accidental, there may be some colour for such a conclusion. If the revolutionary energies were, in their nature, temporary and precarious, the opinion may be tolerated that they have been compressed into their present state of consolidation and consistency only by the reiterated impulses of the hostility to which they have been exposed. But if the aggrandizement of France was, as has been argued, the natural terminus of her domestic troubles,—then we shall rather be led to the belief that she has become thus powerful and formidable, not in consequence of opposition, but in spite of it. In that event, indeed, it may without any paradox be affirmed that the ill success of the experiment furnishes the best evidence of the wisdom of making it, by supplying a practical proof of the tremendous malignity of the mischief which it was designed to counteract.

But to what end embark on an enterprize confessedly so unpromising? Why this painful descent into an abyss, down which we should soon have subsided by the mere force of gravitation? These questions assume, first, that the experiment of an antigallic war might from the beginning have been pronounced to be desperate, and secondly, that the failure of the experiment has in fact been complete: assumptions, both unwarrantable; but were they as just as they are in reality arbitrary, the questions would still deserve to be treated with little ceremony. To such questions as these, the conduct of the Athenians spoke a thousand answers in one, when, with

with scarcely the remotest prospect of a successful resistance against the armies of Persia, they yet stoned to death the calculating adviser who recommended to them a timely submission. Nor, in the brighter æras of our national history, would such inquiries have obtained a much more tolerant reception at the hands of our ancestors. If indignation had left them any other language than that of incensed and denouncing looks, they would have reminded the inquirer, that, however hopeless the contest might appear, they could never expect forgiveness, either from their descendants, or from themselves, were they to abandon it without a struggle; that, if the Genius of European liberty was doomed to perish, he could not perish more becomingly than with arms in his hands; that, if matters were really reduced to the last hazard, that last hazard was well worth the trial,—a desperate remedy in a desperate case.

But the grounds on which the interrogatory proceeds, are, as we have already observed, totally false. To confine ourselves for the present to the first, it is not true that the plan of a coalition against France might, from the beginning, have been pronounced to be desperate, nor is our adoption of that plan to be justified merely as having been a gambler's last throw. Now, indeed, that the battle seems decided, it is not very difficult for men to foresee the event of it retrospectively, and to plume themselves on ex-post-facto prophecies and on dreams that have been fulfilled by advance. This inverted species of soothsaying appears, in the present day, to flourish. But, though it might certainly have been guessed, as in this country, at least, it *was* guessed, that the combat with France would be most arduous, the termination which that struggle has actually reached, lay far without the scope of human conjecture. It was undoubtedly not within the conjecture of Mr. Fox, when, in allusion to a reported defeat of Dumourier by the Duke of Brunswick, he thus expressed himself in the House of Commons: 'I freely confess that, when I heard of the surrender or retreat of Dumourier, and that there was a probability of the triumph of the armies of Austria and Prussia over the liberties of France, my spirits drooped, and I was dejected.—I honestly confess that I never felt more sincere gloom and dejection in my life; for I saw, in the triumph of that conspiracy, not merely the ruin of liberty in France, but the ruin of liberty in England, the ruin of the liberty of man.*' Such was the avowal made by the leader of a party by no means particularly disposed to underrate the vigour and resources of French liberty; although, had some of our juvenile politicians been present on the occasion, they would doubtless have informed

* Debrett's Parl. Reg. 13th Dec. 1792.

this illustrious man that he was ill-versed in the mysteries of his own trade; that a rumour so impolitic as that in question ought not to have imposed on his credulity, or, at least, that, if he credited it, he should have too well estimated the existing state, both of France, and of Europe in general, not to perceive that the revolutionary power would only grow greater by defeat. If, however, the members of opposition, in spite of the bias under which they made their observations, were deceived by the perplexing appearances of the times, the leaders or supporters of the antigallic confederacy are surely entitled to some forgiveness, if, in observing the signs of a heaven so strangely crossed, and so fearfully obscured, they somewhat misread its annunciations in their own favour. Who, indeed, that beheld almost the whole of the ancient power and majesty of Europe, of whatever was splendid in fame or exalted in dignity, of whatever was venerable in establishments or sacred in prejudices, marshalled in array against a single nation, could possibly have divined that the destined portion of so much collected strength and constellated brightness was to be discomfiture and disgrace?

‘—————what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these should ever know repulse?’*

It must be owned, indeed, that so early as on the retreat of the Duke of Brunswick, the *Nostradamuses* of opposition altered their tone, and began to foretel the final success of the French, animated, as they conceived that people to be, with the genuine spirit of liberty. The radical unsoundness of any predictions made under such a conception, we have on some former occasion observed. If the augury has proved true, it has manifestly been ‘more through happiness than pains.’ The words which we last quoted from the mouth of the eloquent chief of the party opposed to Mr. Pitt, not obscurely imply that, in the belief of that person, the triumph of the French arms would be the triumph, not only of the liberty of France, but of liberty in France, and farther, of the liberty of man. On such an opinion, how remarkable a comment is furnished by the present condition of France and of Europe! Nor let it be thought that, in noticing this curious instance of the fallacy of human wisdom, we are actuated by a pitiful eumity towards a celebrated name. Our motive is far different;—not to disparage the memory of departed greatness, but to repress the presumption of living insignificance. It might indeed easily be shewn that, in some important

* *Paradise Lost*, B. 1.

respects,

respects, the phenomena of the French revolution embarrassed even the eagle perception of Mr. Burke; and the errors into which, in a greater or less degree, all our most experienced statesmen were betrayed in their judgments of that event, surely read us an emphatic lesson of modesty. Amidst the difficulties which, at the period alluded to, surrounded the political path of England, it appears to us—and the opinion, though perhaps a mistaken, or even an absurd one, is certainly the result of no slight examination and reflection—that the conduct of Mr. Pitt exhibited a mixture, singularly happy, of wariness and decision. Unquestionably, in spite of all the blunders charged on him, he did not commit himself in any thing like an equal degree with his great opponent.

Mr. Pitt had strongly imbibed the notion that the circumstances of this country enjoined to it an habitual, though a cautious interference in the concerns of the European commonwealth in general. A constant attention to those concerns, he believed, not only might greatly promote, on occasion, our immediate interests, but would tend to form us to that largeness of views and that elevation of spirit, which constitute the very germ of national greatness. No man could more thoroughly despise the meagre policy which would condemn England to bask in ignoble ease amidst her own cliffs, content with uselessly displaying her stores of barbaric treasure, or idly vaunting her naval wreaths and Neptunian descent. This island could, in his judgment, maintain its title to be considered as

‘——the greatest and the best of all the main,’

only so long as it should be ‘chained to the continent,’ according to his own expression, ‘by the bands of a liberal and enlightened policy.’ Entertaining these sentiments, he was ever prepared, while in power, to act on them up to any extent in which he should feel himself to be seconded by the nation. He, farther, was vividly impressed with the idea, that, in the present age of refined policy and diffused intelligence, there existed, in the system of Europe, a *principle of self-conservation*, which, if properly called into action, would ever secure it against such frightful disorders as those by which it is now deranged. Though well aware of the evils, resulting from the difficulty of a perfect concert among numbers, which common-place wisdom so readily ascribes to warlike confederacies, he yet recollected in how many instances such confederacies had saved Europe. The general spirit of independence had, at times, appeared relaxed or even broken, but had, on the whole, shewn an elasticity fully proportioned to any given pressure imposed on it. After William III. had, through a life of indefatigable activity, hardly upheld the fainting fortunes of Europe,
the

the energies which that monarch in vain summoned to his standard, had yet rallied round his memory, and vindicated, by their glorious exertions, the justice of his plans. Why was it arbitrarily to be supposed that such days would never recur, or that the vigour which had prevailed to cast a bridle over the neck of regal ambition, would sink before the violence of regicide rapacity?

It has already been observed that, even had Mr. Pitt hoped less from the system of antigallic warfare than it, in fact, appeared to promise, that system might still have been the best to follow, as furnishing Europe with at least a chance of safety. But there can be no doubt that his hopes were sanguine, and that he adhered to them even amidst the seeming reclamations of experience and the undisguised despair of some of his followers. The general grounds on which these expectations were built, we have attempted to point out, and the reader must judge whether they are adequate to the superstructure. For ourselves, however, we are not content with maintaining that the system in question might rationally have been expected to succeed; we will advance one step farther, and assert that, even with the event before his eyes, any man may again rationally expect it to succeed under similar circumstances. In a word, that event seems to have been, in many instances, governed by fortune rather than by virtue. How strange, for example, the concurrence of events, that checked the victorious career of Suvaroff, and, in the issue, detached the Russians from the antigallic coalition! We are aware that, with respect to the Austrian cabinet, we must call a part of those events only by the name of gross misconduct; but, with respect to England at least, it was simply misfortune, and misfortune even now almost unaccountable. As a kindred and an equally memorable example, we may cite the successful return of the present ruler of France from Egypt; an occurrence so much out of probability, that it might almost seem to afford some colour to the adulation of his admirers in representing him as the immediate care of destiny. We certainly cannot be of opinion that any censure attaches to Mr. Pitt on these accounts. 'Fortune,' observes an ancient historian, in commenting on the ill success of a distinguished commander, 'sometimes counteracts the enterprises of the great man;' and the remark, trite and even vulgar as it may appear, yet derives some dignity from the consideration that it is Polybius who thus applies it, and that he applies it to Hannibal.*

It

* 'Ἔστι μὲν γὰρ οὗτε καὶ ταυτομάτῳ ἀνέμῳ αἱ τὰς ἐπιβολὰς τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀδρῶν.'—

We have no objection to add the alternative supposition of Polybius, though we do not think it applicable in the present case, any more than we are persuaded Polybius himself

It is not only by the paltry jealousies to which they have at times given way, that the continental powers have ruined their own cause. It is in a great measure by their inactivity and indecision. With the exception of some few brilliant exertions that have illuminated, as it were, individual names amidst the general darkness, they have at no time proportioned their endeavours to the demands of the crisis. It was not easy for long-established governments either to sacrifice inveterate antipathies, or to shake off their habitual imbecility; but it might have been expected that an emergency so uncommon would rouse them to uncommon virtue. Matched against a competitor of such extraordinary activity, it was incumbent on them to lay aside the embarrassments of ancient forms and ancient prejudices; and to gird up the skirts of their luxurious and effeminate magnificence. They should have suited their weapon and their thrust to the dangerous importance and evil vigour of the life which they aimed to destroy; like the hero in Virgil, who, attacking a gigantic enemy, grasps a spear of peculiar size, and whirls it with tempestuous strength,

Non jaculo—neque enim jaculo vitam ille dedisset;
Sed magnū stridens contorta phalarica venit,
Fulminis acta modo.—

On the misconduct of these several states, there can be but one opinion; how far the British government was responsible for that misconduct, is a distinct question. Certainly, if either influence or example could have taught the Continent alacrity at least, in the prosecution of the common quarrel, neither the influence nor the example of the British government was wanting. At the same time, as the war was, not merely in the narrow sense which might satisfy diplomatic nicety, but in the most comprehensive meaning that can be affixed to the term, *defensive*, it was necessary for us to unite to ourselves not always such associates as we should have wished, but such as we could find. Old states might not be the most active allies, but no other allies than old states were to be had. Mr. Pitt therefore availed himself of such materials, better or worse, as were placed within his reach; and drew forth in array, for the battle of liberty, the strength and weakness of Europe.

Does no part of the blame then, it may be asked, rest on ourselves? Were the efforts of England as judicious as they were active? That every single war-measure of Mr. Pitt's cabinet was

himself thought it applicable to Hannibal, however he might think it proper, out of deference to the masters of the world, and of his own destiny, to throw out a compliment to Scipio,

“Ἔστι δ’ ἔτι πάλιν, κατὰ τὴν παρεμπίαν,

“Ἐσθλὸς ἔν’ ἄλλου κρείττους ἀντίτυχον,”

ᾧ δὲ καὶ τότε γινώσκαι· περὶ ἑκείνου φάσκειν ἂν τις.”

Polyb. Hist. lib. xv. c. 16.

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the wisest possible which the occasion allowed, we will not affirm; and indeed it must have been regarded as altogether a miracle, if experience had pointed out no defect in operations so extensive, and conducted under circumstances so extraordinary. It has been violently contended that a capital error of Mr. Pitt, was his neglecting to join the main battle of our allies; his not uniformly aiming to break the center of the enemy's projects, and to pierce the heart of his power. Even in this censure, had it been confined to one or two individual points of the policy of Mr. Pitt, we should have seen nothing absurd or outrageous. Our attachment, indeed, to the memory of this great minister, is, unless we deceive ourselves, subservient to the love of truth; and it would gratify us to accompany some able and discriminating judge through a detailed and an impartial review of the whole of his foreign administration. But though we feel diffident of our own fitness to grapple, unassisted, with the minuter parts of such a discussion, we have sufficiently considered the subject to satisfy ourselves that the censure to which we have alluded, in the broad and indiscriminate manner in which it is urged, is equally rash and unjust. It is indeed of such a preposterous latitude, that it would inevitably have the effect of excluding from our national catalogue of worthies, not only the name of Mr. Pitt, but those of all the most illustrious ministers that, for more than two centuries past, have possessed and have justified the confidence of the English nation.

Much ridicule, although, as it appears to us, ridicule rather more remarkable for its sourness than its pungency, has been cast on the *little secret expeditions* of Mr. Pitt. Why is this retrospective vengeance which preys on the illustrious dead content with a single victim? Why are none of these caustic drops of satire suffered to light on the numerous expeditions sent by Queen Elizabeth against the Spaniards in the West Indies; and sent at the very time when the great and critical battle of European liberty was raging in Flanders? Why are the laurels of the Godolphin administration under Queen Anne suffered to bloom unblasted, — of that administration which, during the most important periods of the contest which French ambition and English influence had kindled on the Continent, successively issued little expeditions against Cadiz, Vigo, and other parts of Spain; wasted the talents of an excellent general, and the bravery of an excellent body of troops, in the capture of Barcelona; and sacrificed one of the most gallant of armies at Almanza? Why does Lord Chatham sleep unmolested in that grave from which the ashes of his son have been torn; — Lord Chatham, who, at the very moment when the Duke of Cumberland was struggling with his fate in Germany, dispatched the celebrated expedition against Rochfort; who, during that desperate campaign,

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when the Prussian and Hanoverian allies of Great Britain, were, with the utmost efforts of consummate valour and consummate skill, barely upholding the common cause, the campaign of 1758, embarked sixteen regiments of foot and nine troops of horse on an attempt against St. Malo; and, instantly on the failure of this expedition, followed it up with another which was eventually still more unfortunate?—We say nothing of Lord Chatham's attacks on the French settlements in Africa, the West Indies, and America.—We have enough in Europe.

As to the little expeditions of Mr. Pitt, all that we can say is, that by them one entire limb of the enemy's might—the commercial and colonial strength of France—has been almost utterly crushed. There is at least one of those little expeditions, for which we had hoped the undivided and unqualified approbation of mankind; but we were undeceived by finding that even the expulsion of the French from Egypt could be quoted as a signal instance of the folly and improvidence of the Minister by whom it was planned. That great undertaking of which, we will dare to affirm, that the object was still more wise than the achievement was brilliant; an undertaking essential to the maintenance of that vast column of our empire which is composed of our power and influence throughout the Asiatic continent;—could be impeached only through the medium of misrepresentation. Accordingly, the world has been told, and with a very culpable ambiguity of language, that ‘much about the time when the last struggle was making for Austria, away sailed our excellent army to Egypt.’—It is not mentioned, that the capitulation of Genoa to the Austrian arms, aided by the British navy, took place within twelve days of the fatal battle of Marengo; a battle, be it remembered, lost by Austria for want of generalship, not of troops;—that the Austrian general signed an armistice on the morning after his defeat, and immediately followed up this armistice with a convention, by which he resigned to the French all the fortresses taken from them by the Austro-Russians in the preceding campaign;—that thus, the events which put Austria in possession of the last post held by the French in Italy, and restored every thing to the conquering arms of France, were in effect simultaneous; and that, consequently, there was no one moment in which the British arms could by possibility have so interfered as to assist what is called the ‘last struggle’ of Austria. Such is the scrupulousness of party resentment! On the whole, though we are far, as we have intimated, from vindicating every individual part of the foreign policy of this country under Mr. Pitt's administration, yet we entertain no doubt that posterity will recognize, in its leading features, a system of measures worthy of a great and magnanimous nation.

We have all along been conceding that the experiment of war with

with France has failed. It is time however to remark, that this concession is restricted to the circumstance of the *aggrandizement* of France; by which we mean the actual extension of French territory and authority. In that respect, undoubtedly, the failure has been most portentous, and the disappointment of mankind bitter indeed. Amidst the successive assaults which have threatened to overwhelm the revolutionary power, it has still appeared like the burning mountain cast into the sea in the Apocalypse, which, instead of being extinguished by the waves, converts them into blood. No sagacity has hitherto availed to discover the secret of the strong man's strength. Cords and manacles have repeatedly been prepared for him, and he has slumbered while they were binding on, only to rend them into shreds with his waking fury. The experiment, therefore, has thus far failed; and its failure has been signalized by the 'distress of nations,' and the subversion of the social system. Public law, the personification, as it were, of natural justice, which it was the glory of modern wisdom to have called up from the recesses where it had lain buried during the darkness of feudal barbarism, seems fast relapsing into its sleep of ages. The balance of power, which, like the balance of the zodiac, was the brilliant creation of these later times, proves to be, like that, a mere nonentity, the beautiful figment of philosophers, and destitute of all real influence on the fortunes of mankind.

On the first view of this widely-extended desolation, it might almost appear as if England, the single survivor of the wreck, had been spared only to tell the tale. The very mention, however, of that name, may suggest to our recollection how much is saved. The ark, if we may so express it, still floats on the waters. The experiment has, in this respect, succeeded in over-measure. It will be remembered, that one, at least, of the original objects of the war against France was the security of England; but the fact is, that she has been more than preserved; she has triumphed. In influence and in fame she perhaps occupies, at the present moment, a more exalted situation than at any former period. She has baffled the enemy in every effort against her native coasts, while at the same time she has trodden out the train of domestic sedition which he had laid within her bosom. Thrice, indeed, he has collected himself to assail the very citadel of her power; and thrice, by the determination and stern preparedness of her attitude alone, she has scared him from his purpose. Her financial resources have only been rooted by the storms which were intended to overthrow them. She is rampired about with the fleets that she has won; and every bulwark which the maritime exertions of her opponents have erected against her, has only added a fresh enchasing to her mural crown. The vast system of communication which the destroyer attempted

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to establish with the East, the bridge by which he arched over, not the Hellespont, but the Mediterranean, she has dashed to atoms. But the most striking part of this sublime exhibition consists in her domestic prosperity and her commercial vigour, when these are viewed on the dark ground of the wars which she is compelled to wage. At home, all is calm; and even abroad, she drives an extent of commerce which no other nation has ever attained, even with the advantage of the most profound tranquillity. Unlike the goddess of old, she has, as it were, wielded her weapons of celestial proof without once unclasping her garment of peace*; and, amidst violence and tumult, she has displayed uninjured a robe whose richness would have shamed the woof of Ormus and the purple of Tyre.

It is impossible to contemplate this magnificent spectacle without paying a tribute of respect to the memory of the great Minister under whose auspices so much was accomplished. The colonial strength of old France, the navies of three nations, the resources of Egypt and of Syria—these were the engines by which the adversary attempted to overthrow the British empire. These were the arms which Mr. Pitt wrested from his grasp; and these, conqueror as that adversary was, Mr. Pitt might have inscribed to the Providence under whose protection he won them,

Æneas hæc de Danaïis victoribus arma.—

We have thus considered some of the principal features of Mr. Pitt's administration. There are however other parts of it of scarcely inferior importance, on which we feel no little anxiety to deliver our sentiments. But we fear that we have already continued these remarks to an unwarrantable extent, and have certainly too long forgotten the author before us. The discussion of the topics alluded to we must therefore be content to relinquish till another opportunity may lead us again to the tomb of Mr. Pitt. In the mean time, we shall present our readers with the closing scene of that eminent man's life, and a sketch of his character as drawn by Mr. Gifford.

Mr. Pitt's health experienced a rapid decline, in the autumn of 1805; and he was recommended to go to Bath, having, in a former illness, derived great benefit from the waters of that place, which, it was hoped, might still have a beneficial influence on a frame now reduced almost to the last stage of debility. He accordingly went thither in December.—Soon after his arrival he had a fit of the gout; and thought himself better for a short time. But the gout appeared again during his stay at Bath; and he never afterwards recovered even a moderate degree of strength. His appetite almost entirely failed; and, it being deemed improper for him to drink the waters, he left Bath, and was in such a debilitated state, that he was four days on the road to Putney, at

* *Iliad* i.

which place he arrived, on the 11th of January, accompanied by Sir Walter Farquhar, his medical attendant.

'When a consultation was held the next day, with Dr. Baillie and Dr. Reynolds, they told the Bishop of Lincoln, who had repaired to Putney, that they saw no danger, no disease, but great weakness, in consequence of the gout, and they thought he might recover in a few weeks. They stated the necessity of *quiet*; but the approaching meeting of Parliament, and the state of Mr. Pitt's affairs, were such as to leave him little prospect of enjoying it.

'Mr. Pitt felt better on the Sunday; and on the Monday morning he took an airing in his coach; but, in the evening, Lord Castlereagh and Lord Hawkesbury, having obtained permission from the physicians to see him, entered upon some points of public business, probably relating to the dissolution of the new confederacy, by the peace of Presburgh, (which had been concluded about three weeks before) which visibly agitated and affected him. Mr. Pitt, after this interview, observed, that, during the conversation, he felt some sensation in his stomach which, he feared, it might be difficult to remove. On Tuesday, the 14th, Mr. Pitt again went out in his carriage, for the *last* time. His strength was manifestly diminished. On his return, he saw his brother, Lord Chatham; and on Wednesday, the 15th, Mr. Rose was admitted to him for a few minutes, and was very much stricken by his emaciated appearance. He was able to take but very little nourishment; his powers of digestion were greatly impaired; and scarcely any thing would remain on his stomach. He seldom spoke, and displayed an anxiety to follow the directions of the physicians, "to be as quiet as possible, and completely to divest his mind of all public business." He desired the Bishop of Lincoln, who remained with him, from the period of his return from Bath to the day of his death, to open all his letters, and to communicate only such parts of them as he should consider it necessary for him to know.

'On the 17th, the physicians admitted, that Mr. Pitt was much weaker, but still maintained that there were no unfavourable symptoms. —At the same time, they declared their opinion, that he would not be able to attend to business in less than *two months*, and expressed a doubt of his ability to take an *active* part, in the House of Commons, during the winter.

'The Bishop of Lincoln was, naturally, very urgent with the physicians to allow him to apprise Mr. Pitt of the probable duration of his confinement, in order that he might decide on the propriety of resigning, or of retaining, his office. But the physicians were unanimously, and decidedly, of opinion, that nothing should be said to their patient on the subject. Mr. Pitt daily grew worse; and on Monday, the 20th, the physicians declared, "the symptoms were unpromising, and his situation was hazardous." In the evening of that day, he became much worse; and his mind, as is usual in cases of extreme debility, occasionally wandered.—Sir Walter Farquhar passed the night by his bed-side, and, at four o'clock, on Wednesday morning, he called up the Bishop of Lincoln, telling him he was much alarmed, and could now no longer object

object to any communication which the Bishop might think proper to make him. The Bishop, who appears never to have entertained those hopes which the medical attendants encouraged, had continually pressed the physicians to permit him to intimate to Mr. Pitt that his situation was *precarious*, in order that he might receive his instructions, respecting his affairs and papers, and call his attention to religious duties; but they had constantly affirmed, that they saw *no danger*, and could not sanction any proceeding which might create agitation of mind; as such agitation might be productive of serious mischief.

'The Bishop immediately went to Mr. Pitt's bed-side, and told him he found it to be his duty to inform him, that his situation was considered as precarious, and requested his leave to read prayers to him, and to administer the Sacrament. Mr. Pitt looked earnestly at the Bishop for a few moments, and then, with perfect composure, turned his head to Sir Walter Farquhar, who stood on the other side of the bed, and slowly said,—“How long do you think I have to live?” The physician answered, he could not say, and expressed a faint hope of his recovery. A half smile on Mr. Pitt's countenance shewed that he placed this language to its true account. In answer to the Bishop's request to pray with him, Mr. Pitt said,—“I fear I have, like too many other men, neglected prayer too much to have any ground for hope, that it can be efficacious on a *death-bed*—but,”—rising as he spoke, and clasping his hands with the utmost fervour and devotion,—“I throw myself *entirely*” (the last word being pronounced with a strong emphasis) “upon the *mercy* of God, *through the merits of Christ!*” The Bishop assured him, that the frame of his mind, at this awful moment, was exactly such as might, reasonably, be expected, to render prayer acceptable and useful.

'The Bishop then read prayers, and Mr. Pitt joined in them, with calm and humble piety. He repeatedly expressed, *in the strongest manner*, his sense of his own unworthiness to appear in the presence of God; disclaiming all ideas of merit, but with a conscience clear and undisturbed. He appealed to the Bishop's knowledge of the steadiness of his religious principles, and said, it had *ever* been his *wish* and *endeavour* to act *rightly*; and to fulfil his duty to God and to the world; but that he was very sensible of many errors and failures. He declared that he was perfectly resigned to the will of God; that he felt no enmity towards any one; but died in peace with all mankind; and expressed his hope, at once *humble* and *confident*, of eternal happiness through the intercession of his Redeemer.

'Mr. Pitt desired that the settlement of his affairs and papers might be left to his brother and the Bishop of Lincoln. Adverting to his family, he said,—“I wish a thousand, or fifteen hundred, a year to be given to my nieces—if the public should think my long services deserving it; but I do not presume to think that I have *earned it*.” He expressed great concern about Lady Hester and Mr. Stanhope, but his anxiety, on their account, seemed to be abated by the recollection that they had a *father*. He attempted to give some written directions respecting the disposal of his papers; but, finding himself unable to write

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legibly, he resigned the pen to the Bishop, who wrote what Mr. Pitt dictated. Mr. Pitt afterwards read what was written, and signed the different papers, in the presence of Sir Walter Farquhar, and of several of his servants, who had remained in the room a part of the time in which Mr. Pitt was engaged in religious duties, and heard this great and good man profess the faith, and hope, and charity, of an humbly pious Christian.

‘Mr. Pitt was much exhausted by these exertions, and very soon grew much worse. About two o'clock on the Wednesday afternoon, he suffered much for some time, and seemed to struggle for breath. He then fell into a kind of stupor; but remained sensible almost to the last. About a quarter past four on Thursday morning, the twenty-third of January, 1806,—the anniversary of that day on which, five and twenty years before, he had first become a member of the British Senate,—he breathed his last, without struggle, and without pain. He was then in his forty-seventh year.’—Vol. iii. pp. 776—779.

‘As a Statesman, the resources, as well as the firmness, of Mr. Pitt’s mind, have been amply demonstrated by the measures which he adopted, to meet the various, and unforeseen, difficulties with which this nation was surrounded, during the period of his administration. Abroad, he had to struggle with the most gigantic power, which ever raised itself in opposition to the greatness of his country; while, at home, he had to support, at the same time, commercial and national credit, to allay the turbulent spirit of mutiny, to extinguish the raging flames of rebellion, to provide even for the importunate calls of famine. The energies of his mind were most eminently exerted upon those important occasions; and, in spite of internal distractions, he carried the power of the nation to a greater height than it had ever attained, at any former period.

‘It will not soon be forgotten with what industry and effect he applied himself to the management of the revenue, and how speedily he restored order to the confused state of our finances. By simplifying the public accounts he rendered a subject easily intelligible, which had before been involved in extreme intricacy: and, by pointing out the defects of former plans, and suggesting new and more approved systems, he carried with him the sense of the nation in providing for that heavy expenditure, which the peculiar exigency of the times brought upon the State. Nor was he less fortunate in removing, upon difficult occasions, those embarrassments in which the trade of the country was involved, and which, at one period, threatened it with total stagnation; and when they, who, from their habitual pursuits, might have been thought best qualified, and most likely, to suggest a remedy for these evils, were lost in astonishment, distrust, and dismay, he dispelled their fears, as it were by a charm, revived the confidence of our merchants and manufacturers, and restored our commerce to its accustomed activity and enterprize. The plan of Commercial Exchequer Bills;—the establishment of the Sinking Fund;—the suspension of Cash Payments at the Bank;—the System of War Taxes;—were measures which originated, exclusively, with himself; and were calculated, with profound ability,

ability, to meet the various exigencies to which they were applied. Even his enemies, who were disposed to deny him almost every other merit as a Minister, acknowledged him to be the ablest financier whom the nation had ever produced; and, while they made this acknowledgment, they did full justice to the pure disinterestedness, and the inflexible integrity, with which he conducted that branch of the public business.

As a parliamentary orator his powers were various. In statement he was perspicuous, in declamation animated. If he had to explain a financial account he was clear and accurate. If he wanted to rouse a just indignation, for the wrongs of the country, he was rapid, vehement, glowing, and impassioned. And whether his discourse was argumentative or declamatory, it always displayed a happy choice of expression, and a fluency of diction, which could not fail to delight his hearers. So singularly select, felicitous, and appropriate, was his language, that, it has often been remarked, a word of his speech could scarcely be changed without prejudice to its harmony, vigour, or effect. He seldom was satisfied, with standing on the defensive in debate; but was proud to contrast his own actions with the avowed intentions of his opponents. These intentions, too, he often exposed with the most pointed sarcasm; a weapon which, perhaps, no speaker ever wielded with more dexterity and force than himself. He admired much, in Mr. Fox, the happy effect with which he illustrated his arguments, by the application of well-known anecdotes, or by passages from modern authors; but he did not imitate him in this respect;—on the other hand, he used to condemn his habit of repetition.

Mr. Pitt's love of amplification has been sometimes urged as detracting from his excellence as an orator; but, it was his own remark, that every person who addressed a public assembly, and was anxious to be distinctly understood, and to make an impression upon particular points, must either be copious upon those points or repeat them, and that, as a speaker, he preferred copiousness to repetition. Of his eloquence, it may be observed generally, that it combined the eloquence of Tully with the energy of Demosthenes. It was spontaneous; always great, it shone with peculiar, with unequalled, splendour, in a reply, which precluded the possibility of previous study; while it fascinated the imagination by the brilliancy of language, it convinced the judgment by the force of argument;—like an impetuous torrent, it bore down all resistance: extorting the admiration even of those who most severely felt its strength, and who most earnestly deprecated its effect. It is unnecessary, and might be presumptuous, to enter more minutely into the character of Mr. Pitt's eloquence;—there are many living witnesses of its powers;—it will be admired as long as it shall be remembered. A few of his speeches in Parliament were published by his friends, and some of them under his own superintendence;—but, it has been observed, that they were considerably weakened in effect by his own corrections; that, if they gained any thing in accuracy, they lost more in vigour and spirit;—and that he had not himself the power

of improving, upon reflection, the just and happy expression in which his thoughts were conveyed, as they occurred in the course of debate.

As a public man, Mr. Pitt trusted his character to his public conduct; he rejected those arts and aids to which inferior men have sometimes had recourse to prop their fame; and he disdained to court popularity at the expence of unbecoming condescension; he never failed to be generally esteemed where he was generally known; but his public occupations did not permit him to enjoy much of the pleasures of private society, and his hours of retirement and relaxation were chiefly confined to the circle of a few friends, which circle he did not seem inclined to extend. Those hours, indeed, were few, for his life may be said to have been devoted to the public service; and, perhaps, to have been sacrificed by that devotion; for his health had gradually declined for the last five years of his life; but the vigour of his mind was unimpaired, and directed, in spite of a feeble frame, with the most unremitting anxiety, to promote the interests and welfare of the country. With him, indeed, his *country* was ever the *first* object, *self* the *last*.

It would be highly unjust, however, to dismiss the character of Mr. Pitt without correcting the erroneous impression which has too generally prevailed, that he was, in society, cold, distant, and reserved. So far from it, that, in the relations of private life, he was no less amiable, than he was eminent in his public conduct; and, in the company of his select friends, none charmed more by the ease, playfulness, and vivacity of conversation. He possessed a peculiar sweetness and equanimity of temper, which, under all the varying circumstances of health and sickness, of good and adverse fortune, was never ruffled. The victory of Trafalgar, though he felt at it the honest pride of an Englishman, elated him to no unbecoming height; nor did the overthrow of his dearest hopes at Austerlitz, though it affected him most sensibly, sink him to an unmanly dejection. Yet this calmness and self-possession arose not from any apathy or coldness; on the contrary, the varied expression of his countenance, and the fire of his eye, shewed him to be, what he really was, exquisitely sensible to every feeling;—but they were the natural result of a strong and well-regulated mind—of the conscious rectitude of his measures, and of the happy mildness of his disposition.

The same benevolence and simplicity of heart strongly marked his manners and deportment, which were, in the highest degree, prepossessing. They bespoke the total absence of any thing like moroseness in his nature. With the most playful vivacity, he assumed no superiority in conversation; nor ever oppressed any man with the strength of his talents, or the brilliancy of his wit. It was matter of surprize how so much fire could be mitigated, and yet not enfeebled, by so much gentleness;—and how such power could be so delightful. Modesty was a striking feature in Mr. Pitt's character; he was attentive to the humblest, and kindly patient to the weakest, opinions. No man was ever more beloved by his friends, or inspired those who had the happiness of living in his society with a more sincere and affectionate attachment.

ment. In his conduct, he was rigidly just, and strictly moral; and, as his virtues were greater, so were his failings less, than fall to the lot of most men.—Vol. iii. pp. 780—784.

This extract is very creditable both to the powers and to the feelings of the author. We originally indeed entertained the intention of following Mr. Gifford with minute exactness through the review which he has here taken of the character of Mr. Pitt, and of fully and candidly stating, at the same time, our own ideas respecting the merits of that minister. A nearer sight, however, of the magnitude of such an undertaking, would probably have deterred us from it; even were it not now become impracticable, in consequence of the enormous demands that we have already made on the patience of our readers. Yet we cannot prevail on ourselves completely to forego our design. We will, therefore, venture to offer, in this place, a slight sketch of what we conceive to have been the peculiar style of Mr. Pitt's genius. Afterwards, we shall perhaps be indulged in a few reflections on the distinctive character of his eloquence, a subject which seems to invite particular notice from a work of literary criticism.

The mental constitution of Mr. Pitt appears to us to have been one of the most nearly perfect ever bestowed on a human being. His powers of intellect are generally allowed to have been of the highest order; and he was equally rich in those more practical qualifications, which alone can render intellect of avail in the actual conduct of affairs.

It is interesting to observe the characteristic varieties of manner, which mere differences of temper, habits, and disposition, impress on human genius. On the theatre of public life, it is by modes infinitely diversified, that great men of nearly equal talents achieve a nearly equal degree of greatness. Some, ordinarily indolent or negligent, yet break out in starts and sallies of fortunate boldness, and may thus be said to absolve their race of glory by a series of gigantic but irregular bounds. Others, uniformly ardent and impetuous, are apt by their vehemence to over-reach their own purposes, but finally succeed in bearing down all opposition. A third class, coldly cautious and silently persevering, appear to weary out the jealousy of fortune by their unremitting vigilance and unconquerable patience. A fourth set are distinguished by an infinite delicacy both of perception and of management;—by a sensibility which is aware of the most latent dangers, and a nicety of hand that can unravel the most perplexing difficulties. There are persons, yet distinct from all these, who make their way by a certain homely good sense and plodding vigour, which is little alive to wire-drawn scruples, and cuts without ceremony the knots that it cannot

untie. To enumerate the subdivisions into which these several descriptions of characters respectively branch forth, or the compounds formed by their partial intermixture, would be endless. The character of Mr. Pitt, however, if we have not greatly mistaken it, collected in itself the better portions of them all. It would be difficult, we believe, to discover in all the records of history the name of any other individual, who to so much alacrity and active courage has joined more constancy and equability; who has exhibited the same strenuousness and keenness of spirit, with so little of busiling and boisterousness on the one hand, or of precipitancy on the other; who has possessed the same soundness of mind and practical sense, untinctured by the smallest infusion of coarseness or vulgarity; and whose refinement, at the same time, has been equally free from all nervousness, hesitation, and irritability.

In the assemblage of qualities which we have attributed to Mr. Pitt, it will be observed that the component features are of very various cast and character. Yet it is curious to remark that, when such a combination is once formed, the resulting expression of the whole will naturally be one rather of grandeur and loftiness than of sweetness and amenity. It is thus that the mixture of the prismatic colours, instead of constituting, as might have been expected, a medium between the brilliancy of some of them and the softness of others, issues in one dazzling effulgence of white. However we may account for this physical wonder, the mental phenomenon is by no means hard of explanation. A mind comprising an union of all the highest faculties, mutually adjusted with the most correct symmetry, too little resembles minds in general, to be secure of exciting general sympathy; and, if not our firmest or deepest, yet our fondest attachments will rather incline to objects whose greatness either is qualified by some manifest imperfection, or at least occasionally deviates into excess. It is only a disproportion of the ingredient hues, that can produce the prevalence of that *soft green* on which the soul has been justly and beautifully described as loving to repose.

Yet let us not therefore be imagined to maintain that the majestic description of mind which we have attempted to picture, is ill calculated to attract popularity. Of such a position, the actual history of Mr. Pitt would singly furnish a sufficient disproof. So far, indeed, from holding this opinion, we are persuaded that the character in question is the natural centre of that species of popularity, at which alone a leader of the public counsels should aim, because on no other can he rely,—the popularity into which the elements of veneration and confidence are deeply infused. Whatever of fraternal regard mankind may withhold from such a character, they will
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more than repay to it in filial respect. It would be perfectly erroneous to suppose that the reverence which we yield to an individual thus gifted, is the mere homage of the judgment, and dictated rather by our reason than by our nature. The reverse is the fact, Much has often been said of the *besoin-d'aimer*, as of a feeling natural to man; but the truth is, that to man, in a political capacity at least, the *besoin d'obéir* is a feeling in every respect equally natural. The human mind is rarely of so firm a contexture as, on matters of moment, to think independently; men lean on each other; and the community collectively on a few vigorous and self-supported spirits. These may be said to form the *piles* of the social fabric, and the rest consists by grappling and contignation. Nor must this remark be explained as referring to the case of a despotic government; for, on the contrary, the peculiar feeling of subjection here described, is, under a despotism, anticipated and overborne, and can have scope to operate only where restrictions of a merely physical kind are very sparingly imposed. It is to this sentiment, then, that the political leader must look, as to the true *seminary* of popular attachment. He who fills this void in the hearts of a people, possesses precisely that hold on their favour, which is best adapted to the reciprocal relations subsisting between a statesman and his country.

It will be remembered, that the question here agitated has exclusively respected the *public* character of Mr. Pitt. The private friends and associates of men possess means of estimating the degree of their amiableness, from which the world is unavoidably precluded; and it is, therefore, perfectly conceivable that a mind which appears awful in its state-robes, shall, in its undress, be of all others the most engaging and delightful. In fact, it is now perfectly well known that this was actually the case with the statesman of whom we are speaking. Mr. Gifford has justly remarked, that 'no man was ever more beloved by his friends, or inspired those who had the happiness of living in his society with a more sincere and affectionate attachment.' On this pleasing quality of Mr. Pitt's character, it would much gratify us to dwell; but our space is circumscribed, and we have now barely left ourselves room to subjoin our promised observations on his style and powers as an orator.

The eloquence of Mr. Pitt, with great beauties, had, like all the other eloquence of these latter days, great faults. It had not, however, the fault, which is sometimes imputed to it, of a deficiency in large and philosophical speculation. In this sort of excursion, though it dealt sparingly, it could with no propriety be called *deficient*, for it dealt enough. Mr. Pitt's speeches exhibited fewer ostensible references to general principles than, perhaps, might satisfy a hearer who was very metaphysically disposed; but,

as the objections which they have drawn on themselves from such persons, have not been sanctioned by the feelings, in general, of the audience to whom they were addressed, so we feel pretty well persuaded that they will not be echoed by posterity.

The objectors appear to forget that oratorical, like poetic composition, is, in its very nature, not philosophical but popular. The object of both is to *affect strongly*; and no critical precept can be more universally familiar, or more deeply founded in human nature, than this, that the mind is strongly affected only by *near* and *individual* representations. The abstract theorems and generic conclusions of the metaphysician, are destructive of that warm interest, that feeling of intimate concern, that *sense*, as it were, of *home*, which it should be the business of the orator to excite. They call forth no passion: they produce nothing that can be called even an *affection* of the mind, unless it be something like that tranquil and indolent pensiveness, with which the deities of ancient poetry

‘ ——— from heaven survey the fatal strife,
And mourn the miseries of mortal life.’*

They present us with a bird's-eye picture, in which distance, while it adds a certain faint and tender tint, mellowing down and blending together the whole expanse of prospect, almost entirely extinguishes that rich and varied vivacity of colours, by which the ocular spectrum is alternately stimulated and refreshed.

In what precise degree, philosophical discussion may enter into a popular oration, there can be no occasion to consider, so long as we recollect that, being in its very nature extraneous, it can hardly appear too little. Nor is it, therefore, intended to question the doctrine that an orator must build his reasonings on a solid basis of general principles. He must undoubtedly so build, if he would not have his edifice overthrown by the first blast; but it is not the less important that this basis should be concealed from sight. The structure of his composition must be reared on the most massy foundations, while, in semblance, it is self-poised and pensile. His oratory must throughout be governed by an enlarged philosophy, but a philosophy which, though hidden from sense, is yet (we make the allusion with reverence,) distinctly visible in its effects.

Such is the general rule. But all oratory is a compromise between theoretical perfection and prevailing prejudices; and he who addresses an assembly of metaphysicians, must condescend to be in some measure metaphysical. Even thus tried, however, Mr. Pitt will not be found wanting. Although those who constitute our parliamentary auditories set too little value on *impassioned elo-*

* Dryden's *Æneid*.

quence, yet that they are, generally speaking, inclined to *philosophising* eloquence, does not follow, and must seem very dubious. But whatever their inclination, that Mr. Pitt contrived, if not to satisfy, at least to quiet it, may be inferred from the fact of his popularity as a speaker, which unquestionably equalled, and indeed, as far as our observation extended, surpassed that of any of his contemporaries. On the other hand, if the matter be brought to the test of authority, this orator will be equally borne out. Of philosophy, technically so called, there is scarcely more in Cicero and Demosthenes than in Homer; and certainly, on this score, they would be found at least as lamentably deficient as Mr. Pitt.

‘ Ut redeant veteres, Ciceroni nemo ducentos
Nunc dederit nummos.—’

Were those masters of eloquence to re-appear on earth, it cannot be doubted that some of our little philosophers, who cant about *things in general*, only because they are profoundly ignorant of things in particular, would find it necessary to read them lectures on the science of generalization, and would exhort them to substitute the paltry retorts and digesters of a metaphysical laboratory for those *inimitable* bolts which ‘fulminated over’ the civilized world, and shook even the centre of barbarism.

What then, it may be enquired, were, in our opinion, the real faults of Mr. Pitt as a speaker? The faults of Mr. Pitt as a speaker, we certainly should pronounce to be those which have been described in the former part of this article as characteristic of the British orators of his age, though, at the same time, as chargeable rather on the age than on the orators. But we have too great a respect for our readers to re-conduct them over a ground which we have already attempted so fully to explore. It may, perhaps, farther be remarked, that Mr. Pitt occasionally offended by monotony; and, although, for the general diffuseness of his style, a very satisfactory and even a triumphant plea is offered in the passage which we last extracted from Mr. Gifford, yet we are inclined to think that, in his statements at least, he sometimes exceeded the necessary measure of amplification. These, however, were trivial blemishes, and do not demand from criticism more than a bare notice. We shall, therefore, close, in this place, our censures of this eminent master of eloquence, and direct our attention to the qualifications which entitled him to that appellation.

The *seat of the soul* in the human frame, has been an object of anxious but fruitless search to philosophers; and, with little less labour and scarcely greater success, have physiognomists endeavoured to detect the *seat of expression* in the human face. In the mean time, however, we all recognise the existence of a rational nature

nature in its external agency, though with the secret of its residence we are unacquainted; and a fascinating countenance finds us all more or less vulnerable, though its shafts are shot, as it were, from an ambush. Oratory, in like manner, or, at least, the most exalted kind of oratory, appears to act by virtue of some hidden principle, which eludes analysis, and becomes tangible only in its effects. It would seem as if the element of eloquence, like the æther of the ancients, owed its penetrating quality to its being impalpable. The oratorical merits of Mr. Pitt, as of other speakers of the first rate, we have frequently witnessed attempts to particularise, but always with a sensation that there was something, however undefinable, left untold,—that, at the best, we had an inventory rather than a description. His admirers expatiate, and with justice, on the perfectness of his arrangement, the comprehensiveness of his reasonings, the power of his sarcasm, the magnificence of his declamation, the fluency and correctness of his language, the majestic tone of his voice, the legislative authority of his manner, and his felicitous observance of the temper of his audience. These qualifications Mr. Pitt possessed; and these qualifications could hardly have subsisted together without constituting a great orator; but, at the same time, they might, as we believe, have subsisted together without exactly constituting Mr. Pitt. The effect of such an enumeration is as if the statue of the Belvidere Apollo should be extolled for its admirable proportions, jointly expressing strength and swiftness—for the anatomical truth of its attitude—for its beauty of feature—for its fineness of workmanship. The catalogue of excellencies would, so far as it extended, be faithful; but yet would not convey even a tolerably distinct impression of that air of celestial grace and dignity, which electrifies every spectator of the wonderful production in question, but of which, probably, the constituent characters can no more be described than they can be misunderstood.

But grace and dignity, though they cannot be dissected, may be felt. The more ethereal emanations of exalted talents, the *invisible rays*, if we may so apply the term, of genius, though they do not, in themselves, admit either of perception or of description, may yet be described, as they are perceived, in the effects which they operate. It is on this principle only, that we shall attempt to point out what, as it strikes us, was the distinguishing excellence of Mr. Pitt's oratory; and let us not be accused of the spirit of hypothesis, if we shall assert this to have exactly corresponded with what we have already mentioned as the distinguishing excellence of his whole mental system. Every part of his speaking, in sentiment, in language, and in delivery, evidently bore, in our judgment, the stamp of his character. All communicated to us, a definite

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definite and vivid apprehension of the qualities of strenuousness without bustle, unlaboured intrepidity, and serene greatness. To trace analytically the features, from the combination of which this general expression resulted, we have already declared to be a task beyond our ability. When, however, it is remembered, how visibly the minds even of ordinary men are embodied in their outward demeanour, it may readily be conceived that the grandeur of a superior spirit, and especially when it is in the very act of exerting its influence on human subjects, should exuberate into every tone, glance, and gesture. The deportment and bearing of Mr. Pitt in debate might not unaptly be compared to those of his countryman, Marlborough, in the field. His courage, always unconquerable, was never busy, impatient, or passionate, and seemed totally independent of the ebullitions

‘Of mounting spirits or fermenting blood.’

The distraction or dangers of the most tumultuous scene could not disturb his self-possession, or shake the steadfastness of his foresight. His firmness and command of hand were such, that he could ever volley or check his fury at the given instant; ever *graze the goal*, without effort and without danger.

It is particularly worthy of remark, that, to those who know Mr. Pitt only through the medium of his reported speeches, a great portion of him must necessarily be lost. The voice, the countenance, the manner—to say nothing of the thousand proprieties that depend on an intelligence of the feelings of those addressed—are wanting; and we may add that no distinguished speaker of the day seems more to have suffered from the inaccuracy of reporters. Still, unless we much deceive ourselves, even in his reported oratory, not a few traces of its original elevation are preserved.

As this moral sublimity formed the great charm of Mr. Pitt's eloquence, so the distinguishing virtue of that of Mr. Fox consisted in the inimitable appearance, which it always wore, of perfect genuineness and sincerity. If the quality that gave character to the oratorical displays of the former was *greatness of soul*, that which informed and animated the speaking of his rival was *depth of heart*. If this account be correct, the eloquence of each of these extraordinary men principally owed its ascendancy to a property of a *moral* nature; understanding by that epithet, according to its more enlarged meaning, something that pretends to *mind*, as distinct from mere intellect. Probably the observation might be extended to all eloquence of the highest order. Oratory is one of the means by which man exercises an empire over the minds of his own species; and the only firm basis of mental dominion is mental
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superiority. These considerations seem to suggest an interesting view of the oratorical art, although a view of it which writers on rhetoric, if they have taken it at all, have at least never taken distinctly. The fact is, that the subject falls within the province of the philosopher, rather than of the rhetorician; for it is conversant with that class of the human faculties, which must be born with us;—which education, and above all, a merely rhetorical education, is incompetent to bestow. Nothing can be more inaccurate than to represent the human mind as resembling some of those curious manufactures, of which the raw material is, in itself, worthless, and derives its whole value from the workmanship bestowed on it. There are certain innate powers and endowments, which, if they must be compared to matter at all, can be compared only to the most rare and delicate among those original configurations of it, the manufacture of which, if the expression may be allowed, is conducted in the secret and inaccessible recesses of nature.

We could expatiate farther on this topic; but have already expatiated on too many, and at too great length. In closing here the present article, we cannot but repeat the observation made in a former page, that the sentiments of approbation and favour, with which we have always been accustomed to regard the political conduct of Mr. Pitt, stand remarkably confirmed by that careful examination of his public life, which the act of paying a proper attention to the work of Mr. Gifford necessarily imposed on us. In preparing ourselves for such an examination, we experienced all that mingled impression of doubt, uncertainty and solicitude, which men naturally feel, when they are about to submit an early prepossession to the test of a renewed acquaintance. It was as if we were on the eve of revisiting some scene, endeared to us by many youthful recollections, but from which we had long been estranged. Nor let it be thought that, in such a case, impartiality of judgment must of course be precluded by the eagerness to find a favourite sentiment justified; for that eagerness is apt only to counterwork its own purpose, by exciting a strong sensation of fastidiousness and self-mistrust. In the event, however, the scene has re-opened on us, substantially unaltered; it presents the same features with which we were familiar, and even its brilliancy would appear but little impaired, if the slightly sombrous hues which remembrance always throws over the past, were not, in this instance, deepened by the shadows of mortality. In this one respect, indeed, there is but too visible a change; but a change which, adding solemn touches to every object, only consecrates the prospect which it saddens.

Dr.

Dr. Parr has, in a recent publication,* intimated his belief, that the memory of Mr. Pitt is not so tenderly cherished by feelings of personal regard and veneration as that of Mr. Fox. Why will Dr. Parr, than whom no man, we believe, is better able to appreciate the sacredness of such feelings, degrade them into a foundation for invidious comparison? We will not, on our part, follow his example; nor, indeed, can we conjecture on what principles the relative estimate which he institutes, could satisfactorily be made. We know of no contrivance by which attachments can be subjected to a comparative measurement, or rival sorrows weighed in a balance. But if it was the design of Dr. Parr to insinuate that the memory of Mr. Pitt does not live embalmed in the fondest recollections and regrets,—many, indeed, are the fond recollections and regrets, to the history of which he is a stranger. And, if an affection founded on the highest and most grateful sense of public merits can be considered as constituting an exception to his remark, then let him be assured that one exception to it at least, most insignificant in authority but in degree most complete, he would have found himself compelled to admit, if he had stood beside the desk at which these imperfect strictures have been penned, and could have looked, for a moment, into the heart by which they have been dictated.

* Philopatri's Letter.

Erratum, page 205, for hanc read hunc.

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